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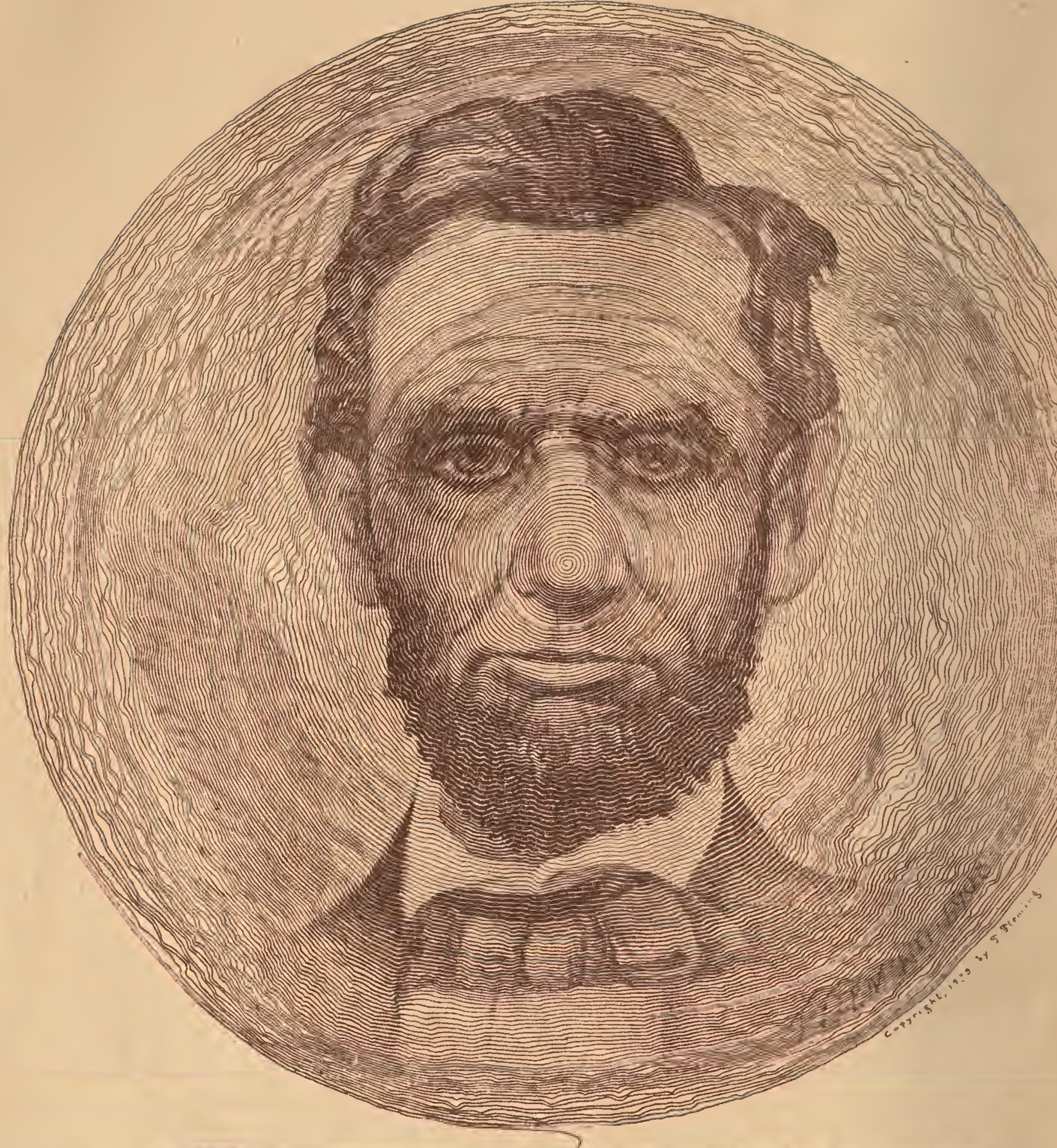

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Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure We are met on a great battlefield of that war We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a resting place for those who here gave their lives that the nation might live It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate we cannot consecrate we cannot hallow this ground The brave men living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract The world will little note nor long remember what we say here but it can never forget what they did here It is for us the living rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom and that Government of the People by the People for the People shall not perish from the earth

Abraham Lincoln

# LINCOLN.

This portrait of Abraham Lincoln was drawn by the author in one single, continuous line from centre to circumference, and is considered unique among the rare engravings of the world. It is after the manner of the "Head of Christ" engraved in 1649, by Claude Melan, and which at the time was deemed inimitable.

# THE CAPITAL

BY

**TOM FLEMING**

CARTOONIST

Author of "Around the Capital", "Around the Pan", Etc.

## A Book about the City of Washington and the Public Men therof

CAPITAL CARTOON SYNDICATE
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THIS WORK IS INTENDED TO SUPPLY AN UNCONVENTIONAL PAGE IN THE HISTORY OF THE NATIONAL CAPITAL AS IT EXISTS IN THIS DAY —A RECORD OF MEN AND EVENTS FROM A NEW ANGLE—A SIDE-LIGHT WHICH MAY, PERHAPS, HELP TO DISCLOSE A PHASE OF LIFE OTHER THAN THAT DEPICTED IN SOMBRE, DRAB, AND UNEMOTIONAL HISTORY.

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# ··FOREWORD··

*The city of Washington today is vastly different from the Washington of our Daddies. ⊗ And most probably the Capital of tomorrow will be as widely different from that of today. ⊗ Every epoch is more or less replete with peculiar personalities and characteristics which are lost when prosaic history comes to be written, and fortunate indeed is the age possessing satirists and caricaturists skilful enough to seize upon and perpetuate these individual idiosyncracies for the enlightenment of future discerning posterities. ⊗ The value of caricature as a means of accentuating personal peculiarities is well known. ⊗ What a value today would be set upon a caricature of the great Shakespeare by some contemporary artist of his period; and who would not value a Julius Caesar caricature drawn with the grotesque pencil of some skilful artist of his time who had the opportunity of viewing the great Roman as he haughtily strode through the corridors of the Forum in ancient Rome? ⊗ It is an*

# ··FOREWORD··

*undeniable fact that we know our public men best by the caricatures made of them. Roosevelt's teeth and eyeglasses will probably never be forgotten. Woodrow Wilson's handsome-homely face in repose is far from unattractive, but when the caricaturist shows the genial smile and the keen, alert eye of the "School-master in politics" then the face takes on an attractiveness somewhat similar in tone to that possessed by the kindly, melancholy and thoughtful visage of Abraham Lincoln. ⊗ The best caricature is the one which accentuates the better qualities of a personality, and when this is done successfully the result is far more effective than any abusive distortion could possibly be. ⊗ If this volume, written as it is, in not too serious a vein and illustrated with caricatures drawn with no unfriendly hand, will partly accomplish for this epoch that which one might wish had been done for bygone days, then this book will achieve the purpose for which it is intended.*

·Tom Fleming·

# THE GAUGE OF WASHINGTON.

In no land, at no time, ancient or modern, was there ever a man that stood so high in the estimation of his fellow-men as the noble patriot who is affectionately styled the "Father of his Country." As one contemplates the majestic monument; lofty, upright and true in lines which point upward to heaven, the similitude to the character of the great man it is designed to honor, at once becomes strikingly apparent. It is singularly appropriate that the highest monument in the country should be erected to its greatest man.

# CHAPTER I.

## FAIR WASHINGTON.

THE finest tribute ever paid to any man was that which was rendered to George Washington when a grateful country named its beautiful Capital in his honor—a very pleasing exception to the rule which declares that Republics are ungrateful.

The National Capital is unquestionably destined to become a most beautiful and important city—a veritable queen among the many fine cities of the nation. With all the hauteur and grace of a queen, she is correspondingly arbitrary and contradictory, inasmuch as her social leaders are exclusive and reserved, while her greatest social light, the President, is most democratic.

In the matter of adornment she appears somewhat lax and inconsistent. She has some of the worst specimens of statuary in the country—and some of the best.

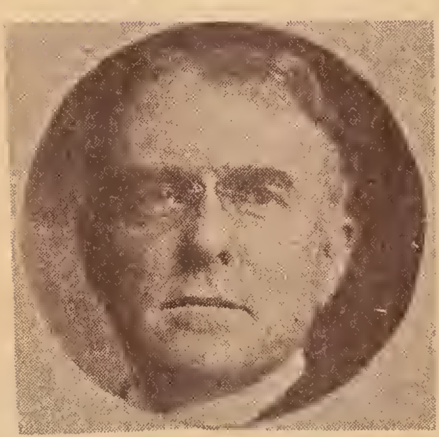
With the incoming of a new administration, it is characteristic of her to change her mood

Hon. Lee S. Overman
U. S. Senator, N. C.

**Hon. Fred. E. Lewis**
**Rep. Pennsylvania**

to suit—today a smile for the present incumbency—tomorrow a kiss for its successor.

The glory of Washington seems to pervade the very air you breathe. It inspires all who walk its streets. It inspires the visitor. It inspires the women. Their manner, their carriage shows plainly a consciousness of superiorty. They know a little better how to do justice to a fine city than the women of any other capital. There may be something in the thought that the humblest woman in the land may be the mother of a President, in this great land of opportunity—or the wife of one.



**Hon. Milton W. Shreve**
**Rep. 25th Dis., Penn.**

It is often a great shock to the new member of Congress, upon his arrival at the Capital to learn of his comparative unimportance. Way back home he was some pumpkins, but the first time he essays to sign his name to the Hotel Register and notes the autographs of Senators, Generals, Admirals and Plenipotentiaries scrawled all over the page, it is calculated to somewhat submerge his ego.

No city can show a sight so exhilarating as that shown in the hotel lobbies after night-fall.

Groups of Congressmen discussing legislation; individual members conferring with constituents; department heads chatting with subordinates, and above the hum of conversation, the dreamy music from the stringed orchestra lends an air of enchantment to the scene not soon to be forgotten. But there is another aspect to all this; another phase not so exhilarating to the "Lame Duck" who has met defeat at home. As he surveys the scene his heart is heavy with the reflection that his term has only a few more weeks to run, and the place he has grown enamored of, must be yielded up to his successful rival. So far as he is concerned, the orchestra is playing the dreariest dead-march.

The colored race is ubiquitous at the Capital. Colored porters, waiters, barbers, newsboys, letter-carriers, etc., seem to be everywhere. It is quite amusing to note the way in which the colored man is designated by visitors from different sections. The New Yorker calls him a "coon." The Chicagoan refers to him as a "Darkey." The Philadelphian alludes to him as a "Black Man." The New Englander knows

Hon. Ben Johnson
Rep. 4th Dis., Ky.

him as a "Negro," while the Southron addresses him as "Nigger." Nevertheless, the African is a pleasant and agreeable feature of life if you understand his nature. With his optimistic disposition, his humility and general air of cheerfulness, he would be sadly missed should he ever be eliminated, for he belongs to the Capital just as much as a pinch of salt belongs to a boiled egg.

The Gregorian Calendar is *passe* in Washington. With the initiated, the mystic letters A. D. have a new meaning. Anno Domini has been superceded by what is known as Administration Date. For example, A. D. 1861, means Lincoln Administration; A. D., 1913, Wilson's. If you were on sufficiently intimate terms with an average society belle to inquire into her marital affairs, she would most probably answer your queries as follows: Married in Taft's administration; divorced in Wilson's.

This is a progressive age. We have trained an administration period to act like an epoch. We have crowded more action into a single Presidential term than our precedent-shackled

## UNDER THE DOME.

The most looked-up-to place in Washington is the Dome in the Capitol. Here you will find the true rubber-neck. None other could view with any degree of comfort, the historical paintings and allegorical puzzles which adorn the interior, away aloft. These masterpieces can better be contemplated from the tiled floor beneath than from the gallery directly surrounding them; as distance—in this instance—lends enchantment to the view;—the greater the distance the greater the enchantment. The real beauty in the Dome lies in its magnificent architecture; in its symmetrical proportions and beautiful design. In this respect it is without an equal in the world.

Fleming

Hon. Edwin Chick Burleigh
U. S. Senator, Maine

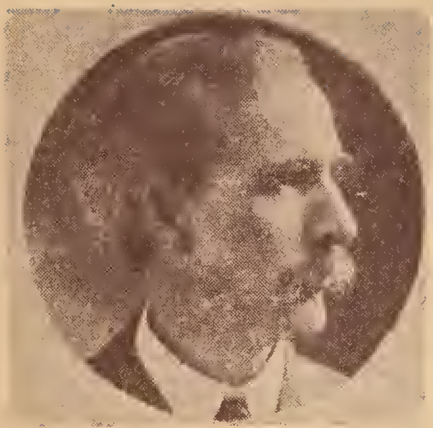
ancestry could jam into a decade. The Age of Miracles has come! See the effect of our new birth of freedom! We have compelled Niagara Falls to work for an existence. The dream of Darius Green in his flying machine has been realized into an actuality by the modern aviator. We cross the Atlantic in five days instead of five months. Shakespeare's girdle of the earth will shortly be an everyday "wireless" performance. We record history with phonographs illustrated with moving and talking photographs. Minute microbes which cause plague and pestilence are dragged out into the light by the microscope and annihilated. Monster telescopes enable us to look into the back-yards of the inhabitants of Mars. We've discovered the North and South Poles and in doing so added the name "Cook" to the immortal galaxy of Munchausen. Now try to think of something we can't accomplish, and before the thought has had time to take definite shape, some genius will happen along and announce its accomplishment.

A pessimistic writer in the Atlantic Monthly once said: "Washington is the Elysium of oddities, the Limbo of absurdities, an imbroglio of ludicrous anomalies. Planned on a scale of surpassing grandeur, its architectural execution is almost contemptible. It has a monument that will never be finished, a Capitol that lacks a dome, and a Scientific Institute which does nothing but report the rise and fall of the thermometer."

This was written in 1858. What can be written today? The Monument has been completed and the beautiful shaft is the most imposing memorial ever erected to the memory of any man, at any time, and in any country. The Scientific Institute has grown to be one of the greatest of its kind. The Capitol has its Dome, surmounted by the figure of Liberty, which beautifully symbolizes the loftiest attainments of mankind. And the plan of "surpassing grandeur" has already been realized to an extent far in excess of the conceptions of its designers.

To make Washington a model city is now the dream of the patriotically inclined. The

Hon. Joshua W. Alexander
Rep. 3rd Dis., Mo.



Hon. Dick Morgan
Rep. 2nd Dis., Oklahoma

national capital offers a field for the employment of scientific methods of city government, unlike that of any other in this country. Many plans have been submitted to the city which are especially suitable to the District of Columbia. Washingon is not a self-governing community. Its taxpayers and other residents have little or nothing to say about the administration of the city's affairs. The most beautiful plans; the most beneficial laws and the most exalted civic features that the counsels of perfection may suggest can be inaugurated without the hindrance of grafting politicians who so often retard the progress of other cities. This should eventually make her the queen of cities—the model for all.

In her relation to the other cities of the Republic, her position is unique. Kansas City may be envious of St. Louis or Chicago; Chicago, Philadelphia or Boston may be jealous of New York, and the big metropolitan city may look with lofty disdain on all other cities; bu it may safely be said that there is not a municipality within Uncle Sam's domain which does not entertain the kindliest feeling toward the beautiful Capital city of the nation and heartily wish it god-speed toward that goal which it is sure to reach in time—the fairest daughter of all of Columbia's family of fair cities.

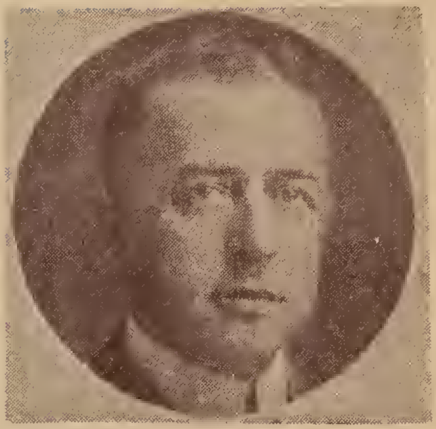
## CHAPTER II

## THE PORTAL OF THE CITY.

IN olden times the only entrance to the cities was by way of massive gateways pierced through the protecting walls that encompassed them. The armored knight surrounded by his cohorts, here stood guard to defend the city against invading foes, to admit the peaceful traveler, or to inspect the merchandise of the visiting merchant from whom he exacted a tariff tax for the benefit of his lord, the Feudal baron who ruled the city.

We have a somewhat similar system in vogue in this Twentieth century. Our cities are entered through magnificent gateways, termed Terminals. They are guarded by handsomely uniformed men who inspect all incoming travelers to ascertain if possible, if they have anything left after escaping the clutches of the Pullman porters.

## THE PORTAL OF THE CITY.



Hon. Arthur C. Rupley
Rep. Pennsylvania

In periods of great excitement and confusion, like Inauguration time, these Knights of the Terminal secure great quantities of tribute from travelers, which swell the coffers of their lords, the Feudal barons who own the Railroads.

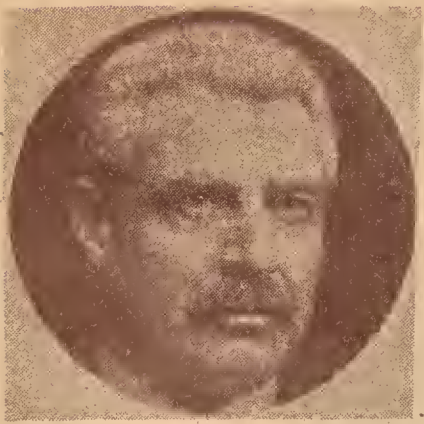
Exceedingly profitable is this business of carrying the multitudes to Washington. So profitable, in fact, that the two companies that monopolize the business put their heads together and induced Uncle Sam to join them in erecting the magnificent Union Station near the Capitol.

Hon. William J. Fields
Rep. 9th Dis., Ky.

This great terminal is truly of magnificent proportions, being seven hundred and sixty feet long by three hundred and forty feet wide, and was designed by Daniel H. Burnham ,who was the architect of Chicago's World's Fair. The inspiration for this great structure is said to have come from his contemplation of the majestic proportions of Trojan's Arch in Rome.

The passenger concourse is the largest room in the world under one roof. Fifty thousand passengers could find room to stand on its floor.

Hon. Frank O. Smith
Rep. 5th Dist., Md.



Samuel Rea
Pres. Pa. Railroad

## THE CAPITAL.

There is an overpowering sense of bigness in this concourse when it is first entered and a powerful opera glass is needed to discern the features of a friend or acquaintance standing at an opposite end, so great is the distance.

The architecture of this modern Terminal was designed to harmonize with that of the public buildings in the Capital. With this end in view, a commission of distinguished architects and artists was appointed by the government to visit European cities to examine Terminal buildings. When the plans of Major L'Enfant (the French engineer who planned the city of Washington), were consulted, it was decided to conform to them in the matter of location.

The Pennsylvania Railroad was requested to abandon its station and tracks across the Mall and the Union Terminal for the use of all the lines entering the city, was built facing the plaza which is also faced by the Capitol.

The building and north approach cost thirteen million dollars, quite a tidy sum when we consider what was considered adequate a few

## JOSEPH PATRICK TUMULTY.

Like oil upon troubled waters is Tumulty in the tumultuous atmosphere that surrounds the President. Suave, tactful, and diplomatic; with all the graces of a courtier, he is the Chesterfield of the White House. President Wilson's private secretary can say "Yes" or "No" with equal grace. When the dazzling smile of the Emerald Isle is turned on the jobseeker by the urbane Tumulty, he is more pleased than if he had seen the President himself. Joe's motto is—"Smile, ye divil, smile!"

ye
White House
Chesterfiel

Hon. Carl E. Mapes
Rep. 5th Dis., Mich.

years ago. Whether one prefers the artistic to the utilitarian is a matter of taste. The economist condemns the magnificence on account of cost. The artist approves the outlay on the ground that they improve the taste of the millions who use them.

Special accommodations for royalty are common in European terminals. The President of the United States is honored in the Union Station by the allotment of a "state suite," including his special room for the use of himself, foreign diplomats, and other high officials, so that they can make entrances and exits without coming in contact with snap-shot photographers and the like. No other terminal in America is similarly equipped.

President Wilson was standing in the terminal with a party of friends one day, when one of the party facetiously remarked that "It was a fine train-shed!"

"Yes, it is," retorted the scholar President, with a twinkle in his eye, "but if I was the architect and anyone called it a train 'shed,' there'd be blood-shed."

Sen H F Hollis N.H.

## THE PORTAL OF THE CITY.

Hon. John J. Casey
Rep. 11th Dis., Penn.

The Union Station is the only one ever designed to meet the requirements of a quadrennal crowd. It's daily business is far below its capacity, but at Inauguration time it is taxed to its full limit.

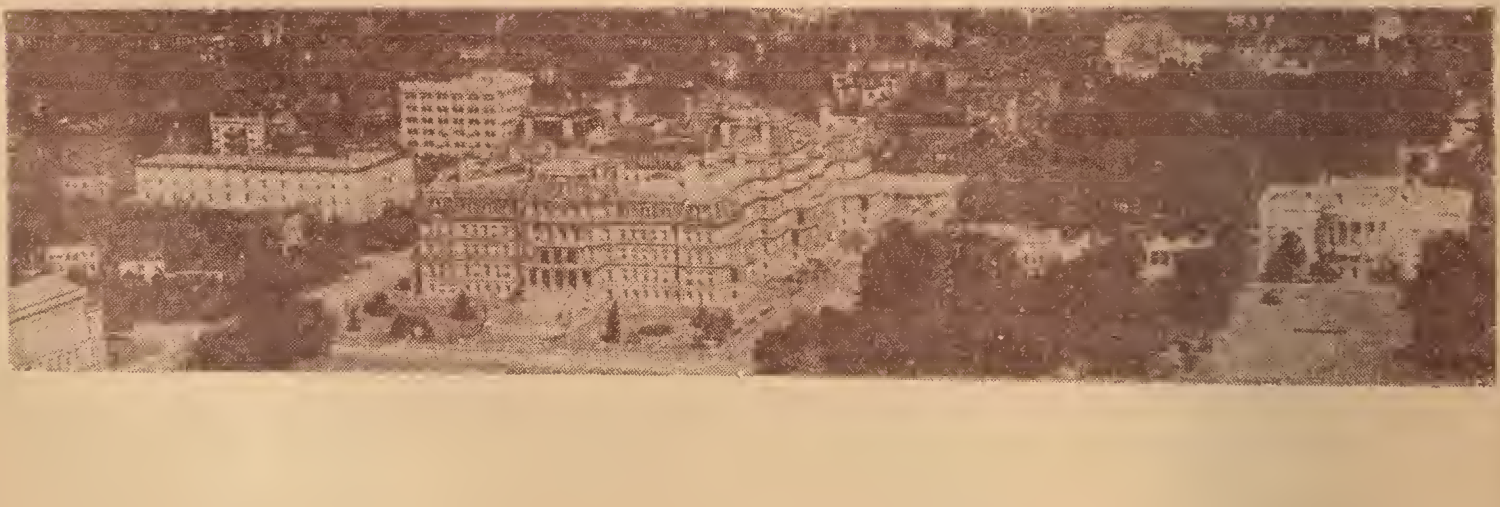
It is a most exhilarating sight to see these great masses of people ebb and flow through this great structure. In no other like place will you find so many eminent men; men whose faces have been made familiar through the newspapers and periodicals of the day.

As you emerge from the great terminal you begin to realize how grand was the Capital plan conceived by the young French engineer who formulated it at Washington's behest. Directly in front is the beautiful white marble monument erected to Christopher Columbus by the Knights of Columbus. Here the majestic figure of the Genoaese navigator seems to stand in silent contemplation of the magnificent outcome of the little expedition of discovery which sailed from Palos in 1492.

Hon. Warren Worth Bailey
Rep. 19th Dis., Penn.

Within the line of vision can be discerned the majestic group of public buildings domin-

ated by the stately Capitol building, while far in the distance looms the sky-piercing shaft of the Washington monument overtowering all the public structures at the Capital, like some huge prophetic finger pointing upward, as an incentive to the young republic to achieve the high purpose of its founder.



## CHAPTER III

## THE LIFE OF THE STREETS.

IF you wish to know a city intimately, walk its streets. "Let us walk abroad in the fields and forests and study nature," urged a poet to Ben Johnson. "Rather, let us walk along Fleet street and study human nature," replied the sturdy old philosopher and poet.

Hon. Stephen M. Sparkman
Rep. 1st Dis., Florida

The National Capital is always thronged with visitors from every clime. Foreign ambassadors, European travellers, emissaries from Asiatic countries, Indian tribes, American sight-seers, Bridal tourists and the like make its streets of kaleidoscopic variety, just the sort to have enchanted the pen of Rare old Ben Johnson.

Hon. Lincoln Dixon
Rep. 14th Dis., Mich.

In no other city will you see so many venerable gray-heads as will be encountered in a survey of its great thoroughfares.. It is easily explained however. Young men for action, old men for counsel. The big commercial cities attract the young, the governing city demands the grave and reverend. An additional reason

for this apparent preponderance of the elderly might be found in the maxim of the office-holder. "Few die; none resign."

At many of the street corners are to be found large boxes painted a bright red with the lettering TRASH BOX in bright white letters. These receptacles for street litter resemble large mail boxes in shape to such an extent that a tipsy congressman one evening dumped an armful of franked speeches into one of them—a somewhat significant working of the laws of affinities.

Apparently there is little virtue in the old, the time-honored or the venerable. The old hotels and theatres are strangely called "new." The "New" Willard, "New" National, "New" Ebbett are a few of the "new-old"; while the old National theatre is conspicuosly signed as "New" National Theatre. How we hate to grow old.

It is not easy for the visiting stranger to get away from Pennsylvania avenue. Its reminiscences hold him fast, although it looks woefully run down at the heel at the present time. One by one the fine establishments that once graced this historic thoroughfare are deserting to more aristocratic avenues. As you leave the Capitol grounds you will encounter nothing but cheap restaurants, dingy souvenir stores, second-hand book-shops and Chinese laundries. A conspicuous sign to be seen in front of an eating place reads:

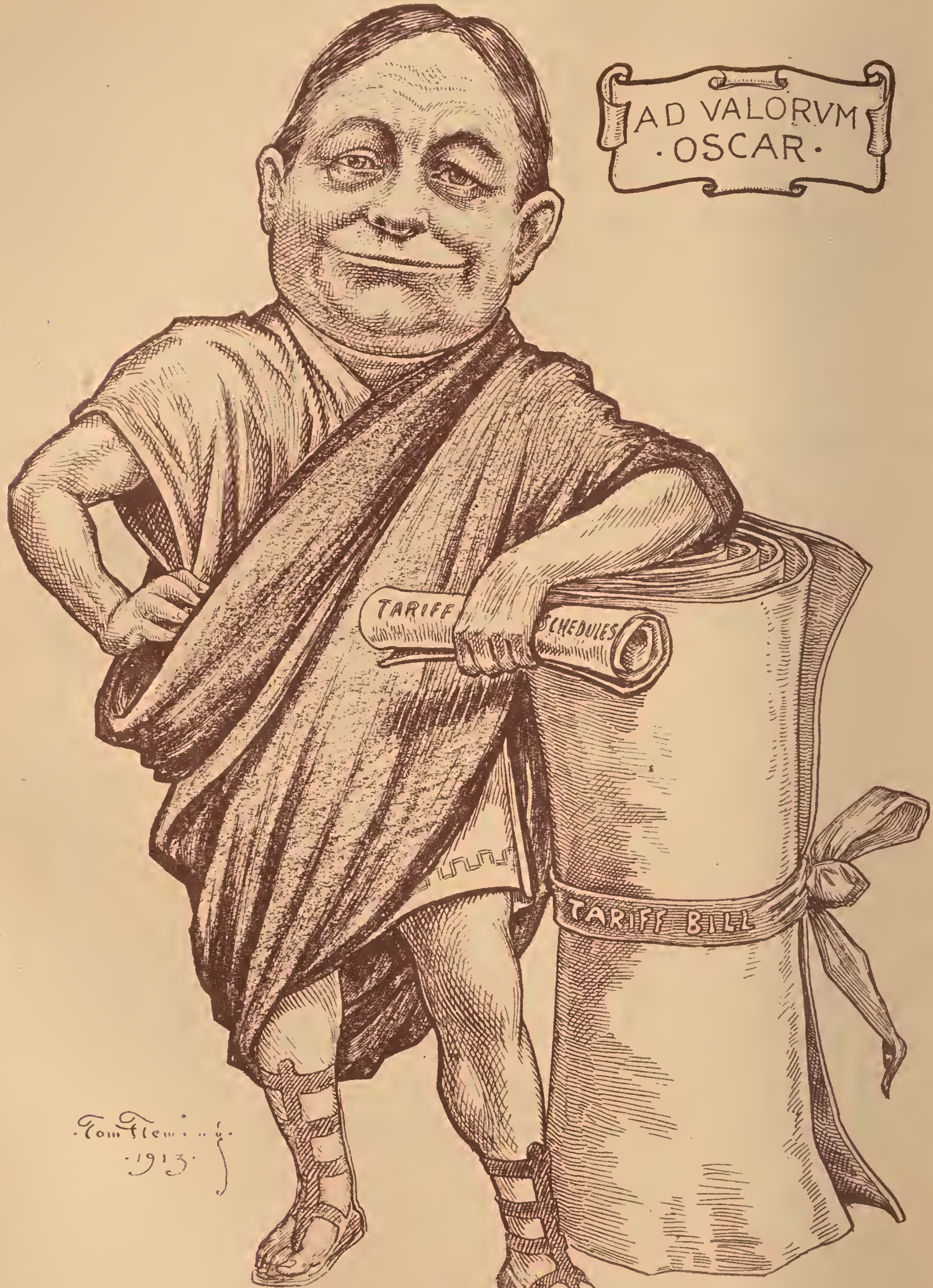
OUR 3 CENT COFFEE IS THE
TALK OF THE TOWN.

This is evidently the truth—scandalous talk.

A little farther on, a barber shop announces a cut-rate shave, which might be taken to imply that a rate is made after the cut.

As you progress farther up the avenue you will find that its character improves to such an extent that a cup of coffee in the fine hotels will cost you a quarter, and the tonsorial parlors will have no cut rates to offer.

A conspicuous phase of street life at the Capital is the constant recurrence of well known men whose faces have been made fa-


AD VALORVM
·OSCAR·
TARIFF
SCHEDULES
TARIFF BILL
·Tom Fleming·
·1913·

## OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD.

The Tariff has long been a vexed question. But there is an answer to every question. Underwood found one for the Tariff question in his little Bill. Having gone to the head of his class, he naturally looked for promotion. Gazing through the long corridor in the Capitol which leads from the House to the Senate, he spied the vacant Alabama seat. "'Tis mine!" he cried—and it was. He has a motto which runs—"Senatorships should be on the Free List."

miliar through the medium of public prints. This leads to a general custom of addressing everyone by some distinctive title. Don't be surprised when your barber calls you "congressman"—he's only looking for an extra tip.

A lady shopping on F Street N. W. happened in a millinery establishment in quest of some millinery. The proprietor blandly proffered the information that a certain very expensive hat he offered for her inspection was the very style needed at a White House reception. So pleased was she at being taken for one of the exalted set that she purchased a $50.00 millinery creation instead of the $10 hat she had come to buy.

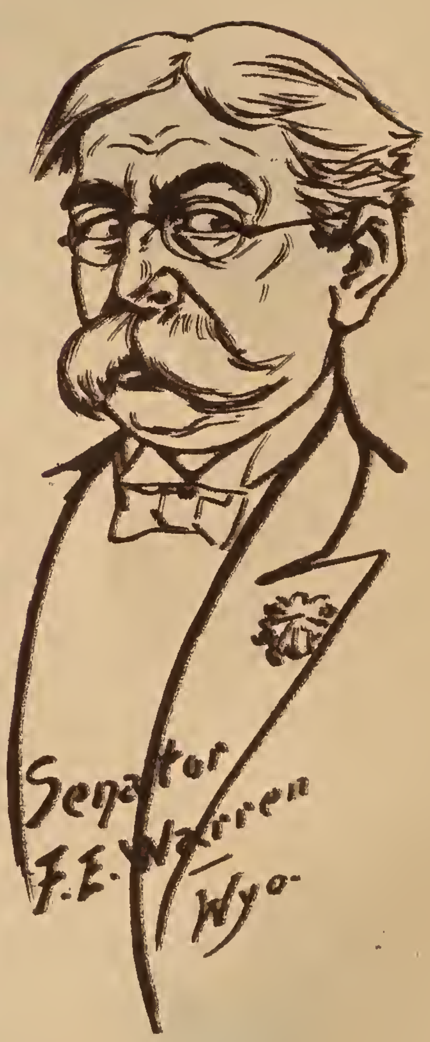
A large proportion of the population of of Washington are Southern bred. This is clearly evidenced in the universal courtesy to be met with in street cars, hotel lobbies and other places of congregation. No lady will be permitted to stand in a trolley car if a Southern gentleman occupies a seat, and courtesy is the rule rather than the exception if the Southron occupies an official position which comes in contact with the impatient public.

It would be difficult to find more beautiful types of womanhood than the Southern beauties so often encountered in the social gatherings, both public and private, which abound in the Capital throughout the season. The superior chivalry of the South can possibly be accounted for when we look into the beautiful eyes of these fair daughters from Dixie.

The persistence of the Washington monument in obtruding itself upon the visitor is remarkable. Apparently every time you turn a corner the giant monumental pile looms up before you. Were there not so many other distinguishing monuments, this alone might serve to give distinction to the city, like the Campanile, at Venice, or the leaning tower, at Pisa.

As you ride on the trolley cars you notice that there are no overhead trolley-wires. All are underground, as are also the telegraph, telephone and other wires necessary in electrical transmission. This is equally true of the political wires—they, too, are perfectly invisible —see?

Moving picture shows are much in evidence along the avenues. A group of Sioux Indians approached the entrance of one of these shows, attracted by the bright lights and glaring posters. The chief of the party noticed a large poster which depicted the exciting scene of an attack by Indians on a stage-couch. The scene evidently brought back reminiscences of former days on the plains. After an earnest pow-wow respecting the merits and demerits of the picture, the big chief dug down into some receptacle concealed within the voluminous folds of his blanket, produced the necessary amount of wampum, purchased tickets, and the entire tribe passed within to witness the wonderful invention of Tom Edison.



The streets are beautifully puzzling to the stranger, who finds it difficult to disentangle "Northwest" from "Southwest"; and the best advice in such a dilemma, when you find yourself irretrievably lost—is to jump on a trolley-car, get back to the Capitol and start all over again.

Washingtonians will tell you that the system

of dividing the city into four sections of the compass is a beautiful one—when you understand it; but before you acquire this knowledge, and you inadvertently find yourself miles from where you expected to land, simply because you failed to notice the talismanic N. W., S. W., N. E., or S. E., attached to the end of your address, it is small wonder if you explode in wrath and heap anathemas on the man who invented the system.

The negroes in great numbers, are to be met with everywhere throughout the busy thoroughfares, and a picturesque lot they are; usually clad in cast-off raiment, poor and improvident; but lighthearted, happy and good-natured. They frequently indulge in wordy warfare, calling each other "niggers," but rarely coming to blows. The negroes employed in the hotels are, as a class, somewhat better off, and are inclined to dress flashily. But appearances are often deceptive with them. A loudly attired darkey was once asked by a traveller to change a $10 bill. "'Deed I ain't got no change fo' no ten-spot, Boss," he replied, "but I thank you fo' de' compliment jes' de same."

On market days, the negro truck-farmers can be seen coming to Centre Market, in every conceivable form of ramshackle vehicle known. They have come from within a radius of many miles to vend their little burden of poultry, eggs, vegetables and an occasional 'possum or two.

Many famous men have come to this famous old market place in person to do their marketing, among the more notable are mentioned the names of Chief Justice Marshall, Daniel Webster and William Henry Harrison—but times have changed since then. Imagine, if you can, Chief Justice White, Oscar Underwood or Senator Elihu Root wandering through the Market looking for bargains in poultry, sampling choice print butter, or poking a forefinger into a sirloin steak to test its tenderness. Orders are given to the market men, through telephones now, and oleomargarine, cold-storage eggs and canned vegetables are delivered in automobiles. Yes, the times have changed.

## FAIR WASHINGTON.

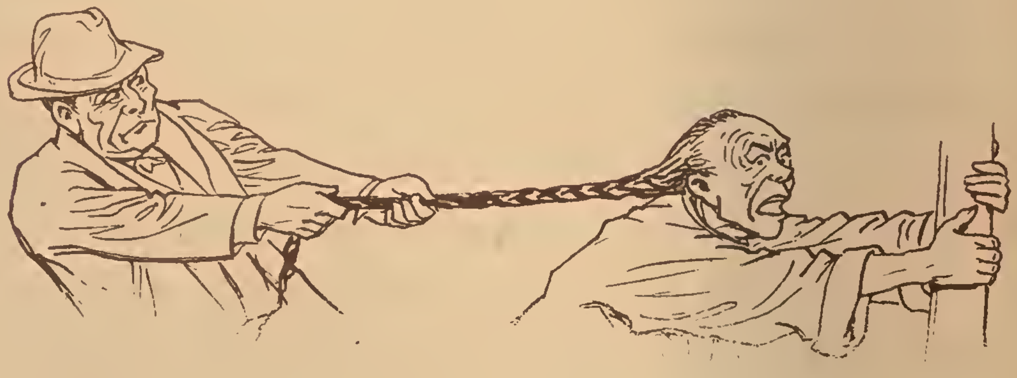
Washington, being situated in a climate below the Mason and Dixon line, the greatest care is not exercised in keeping the street-cars warm in winter time. One day a broad shouldered martial-looking man entered a car and after a while bitterly complained to the conductor that the car was wretchedly cold. After a while he disgustedly left the car. After he had departed, the conductor remarked, "That man always kicks about cold cars—his name is Admiral Peary—he's the man who discovered the North Pole!" You never know who's your next door neighbor in a Washington street-car.

President Wilson is rapidly becoming the most popular chief executive seen in the Washington streets in a generation. His genial manner and cheerful smile endears him to all, from the policeman on the corner, to the storekeeper on the avenue. His figure is familiar to all and he invariably has a pleasant greeting for every one he meets—excepting the office-seeker who has caught him off-guard. He refuses to work overtime. But to the urchin on

The man that put the saw in ARKINSAW

the street, selling papers he will talk for ten minutes in a teasing way before he will make a purchase and then, when the youngster notes the silver quarter he has received for a paper, his eyes show no end of wonderment as he scampers off to tell his chums of his good fortune.

One day the President unwittingly violated a street-traffic regulation of the Capital which decrees that a street must not be crossed except at the corners. Upon being taken to task by a smiling policeman, he instantly retraced his steps and recrossed at the proper place. As he repassed the minion of the law he jocosely retorted, "Now I've obeyed your dratted law!" and the President and the policeman laughed heartily in unison.



## CHAPTER II

## CUPID'S MECCA.

IT is safe to say there are over one hundred thousand newly-weds who come to Washington on their wedding-tours in the course of the year.

With the coming of spring, comes the birds, the buds, the blossoms and with them the newly-wed birdies, the fairest of all. And not only in the spring time do they come, but when the snow flies and the evenings are long there is rarely a reception, or social function of any kind that is not graced and enlivened by their presence.

If on any bright day you do not encounter, about the Capital or White House grounds, scores of couples who plainly demonstrate the fact that they are just married, then you have had an unusual experience in Washington.

It is a most perplexing question to Congressmen as to the proper sort of hospitality to extend to these newly-weds. They usually come equipped with letters of introduction from friends at home to their member in Congress, and he is often at his wits ends to devise ways in which he can be of service to them without entailing too great a sacrifice of his valuable time. He usually squares himself by providing them with cards of admission to the Congressional gallery, and an itinerary of the places of interest to be seen in Washington. But the wisest course, and the most satisfactory to all concerned is;—let them entertain themselves.

One pleasant afternoon in June there appeared at the entrance to the rotunda of the Capitol, a young couple so engrossed in each other that they scarcely knew the name of the big building they had just entered. As they wandered aimlessly about they attracted the attention of the important functionary who apparently has dominion over the whole floor beneath the dome.

"There, Billy!" he said with a knowing wink to his assistant, "Run them through in half an hour!" Then approaching the bashful couple he assumed a fatherly air as he described briefly the wonders of the historic building. Without waiting for a response from the bewildered couple, he signalled "Billy" to approach. "Make it a dollar for them," he commanded, and Billy conducted them away.

It was considerable over an hour before Billy returned with his charge. They paused at every painting, not so much to admire its attractive features, as to admire each other's attractive features. Every statue served as an excuse to stop and hold each others hands, while they listened to Billy's rapid-fire answers to their questions.

Billy was in despair. Cut the trip as short as he would, he could not make the time he anticipated and when he at length reappeared at the rotunda his chief met him with a look of sheer disgust that sorely wounded his pride in his profession.

The explanation he vouchsafed to his chief, while it did little to assauge his displeasure at the tardiness of the trip, was nevertheless naive. "Why," he exclaimed, "when I got them to statuary hall and pointed to the round spot on the tiled floor, and said, 'Here's where John Quincy Adams fell,' blow me if the bride

Sen. Norris
of Neb.
in his new
Tax Act.

didn't look up to the ceiling and exclaim, 'Oh, my, what a fall!'"

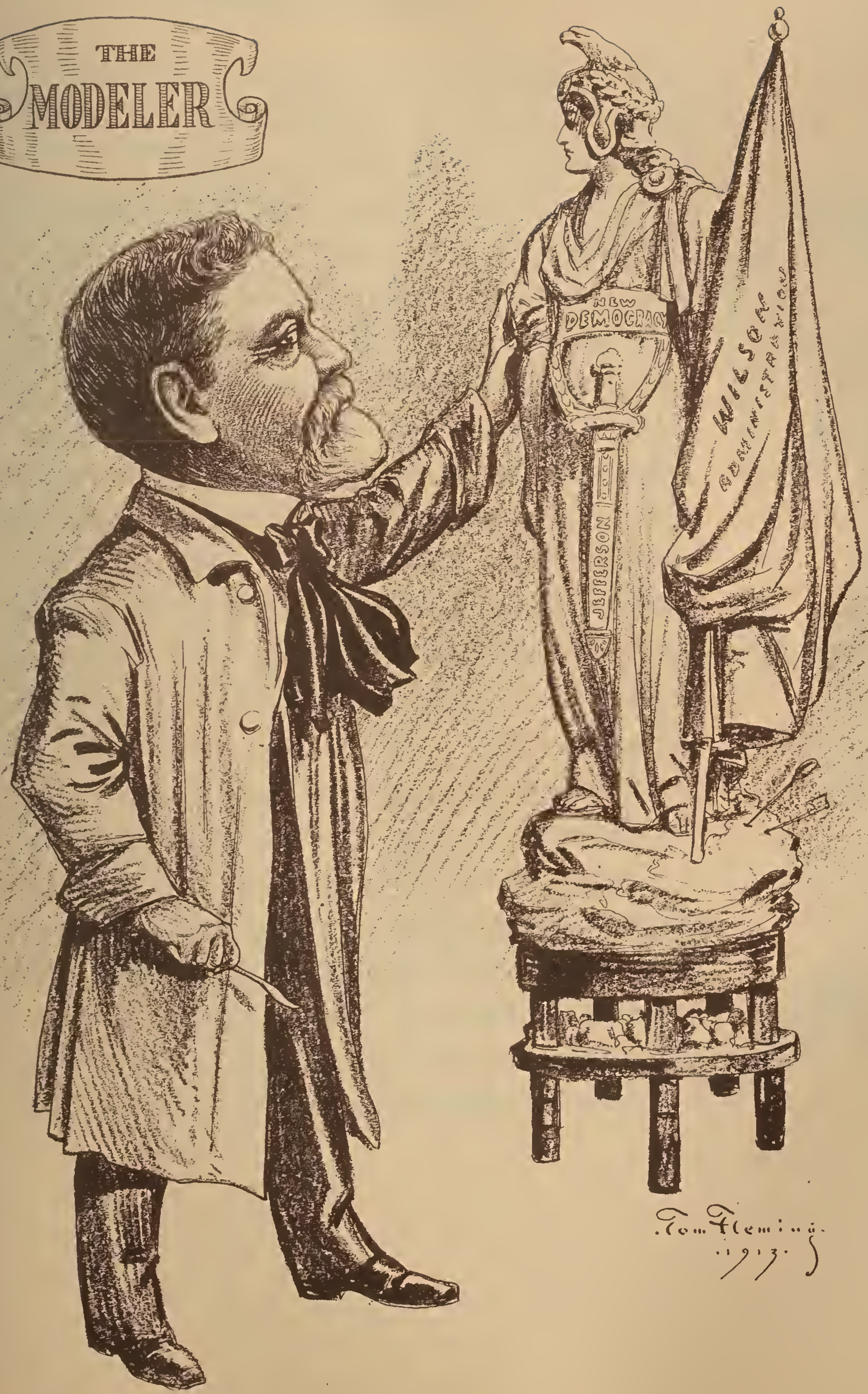
It is when the newly-wed birdie flits into the jewel-like Congressional Library building that she is at her best. There is no prettier picture than that of the June bride tastefully arrayed in a beautiful lavender gown, (all brides seem to affect lavender tints) with cute little white booties on her pattering feet, rosy cheeks, and a pair of sparkling eyes peeping from the recesses of a charming little peek-a-boo hat. And there are dozens of them to be seen every pleasant day amid the beautiful marble columns, flitting about from chamber to chamber in this ornate and elegant repository of books which seems to have been designed especially for her kind.

En passant, a few words should be said for the mates of these fair brides,—but only a few words,—for in these latter days Woman and only Woman is "it," and mere man is relegated to the rear. When, in her estimation, she is not sufficiently "it," she takes the most strenuous means to assert herself, even to the extent

## SENATOR JAMES A. O'GORMAN.

Senator O'Gorman has constructed a beautiful model of New Democracy. It will be noticed that there is no Party Graftism or Predatory Politics in its makeup. Jeffersonian simplicity has been skillfully blended with Wilsonian aggressivenesss, and the result is a model for all true Democrats. His motto is—"A Clause in the Constitution is no bar to the Tiger's Claws."

# THE MODELER

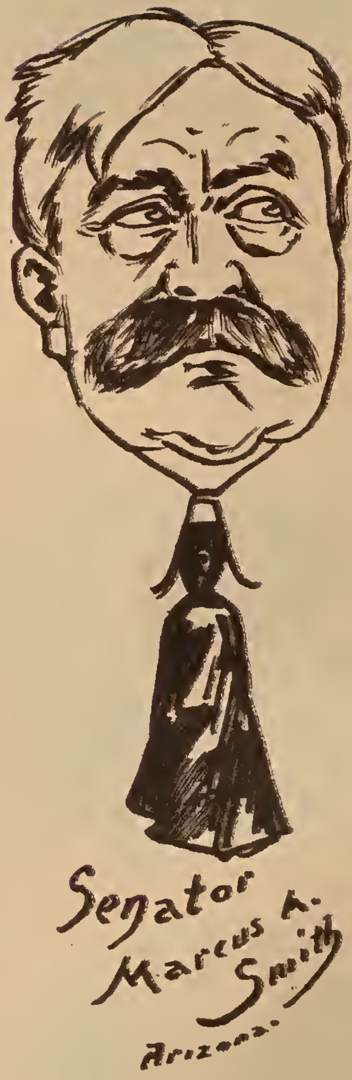

NEW DEMOCRACY
JEFFERSON
WILSON ADMINISTRATION
Tom Fleming 1913

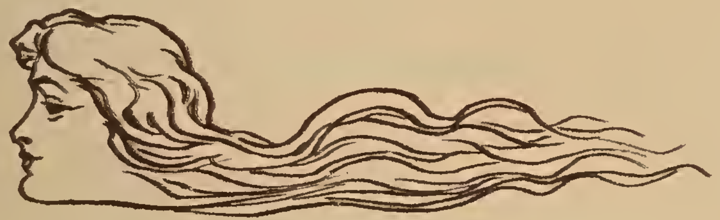
of a recourse to the club or hammer, or any weapon within her grasp that will enable her to reach her ballot-box;—or gaol.

As for man, he had best submit gracefully, for Woman, when she won't, she won't; but when she will, (vote) she will, depend on't.

When the Suffragists last invaled Congress one of their number addressed a mottly group on the Capitol steps. She was middle-aged and somewhat the worse for wear. Her costume was severe black, which sharply accentuated her lean figure, but what she lacked in physical attractiveness was more than counterbalanced by an earnestness of manner that compelled attention if it did not completely command admiration. Her address was very much to the point and was applauded again and again as she delivered her keen thrusts at "mere man."

"I am here in Washington fer th' purpus uv discussen the rights of wimmen and cussen the men. Th' sexes was creeated equal with us wimmen more equal than th' men. To my mind this world would be better off without the men. They're a nuisance anyhow, an' I'm glad my mother was a woman. Nearly all us wimmen maintain the principles of our croosade besides maintainen shiftless husbands as well. The Bible sez we wimmen wuz created out of a rib from man—well all I've got to say is that rib wuz the best thing ever taken from man. The reason woman is better than man is because man wuz made first and first attempts are always failures. What we want is the ballot; we're bound to hev it even if we hev to beat the idee into them Congressmen's heads with rolling-pins." Her speech came to an abrupt end when the moving picture man completed his film. She was a made-up suffragist enacting a scene on the Capitol steps for a moving picture company.





# CHAPTER III

## CONGRESS.

THE American Congress is unique among the Parliaments of the world. Its problems are those of a newly conditioned system of government—which will in time surely show how absurd are those forms of hereditary government which still remain in force in some of the older countries.

Hon. Henry M. Goldfogle,
Rep. 9th Dis., N. Y.

In the matter of parliamentary methods, the American Congress compares favorably with any of those of Europe.

In the British Parliament,—that mother of parliaments,—members are not any too fastidious about their methods of parliamentary procedure during the sessions. Frequently they are to be seen lounging about with hats on, and with feet on benches in the most unseemly attitudes.

Periodically they yield to violent spasms of anger, in which books and other missiles are hurled across the chamber in wild profusion and all dignity is cast to the winds.

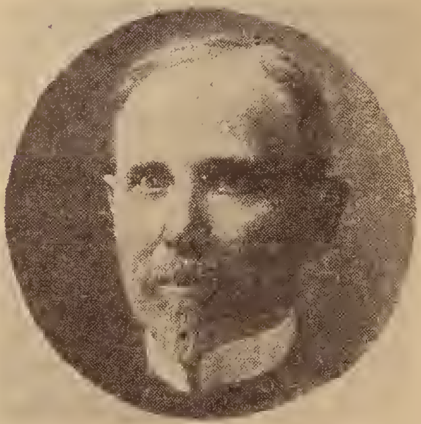
## CONGRESS.

The French Chamber of Deputies is often a scene of riot; and when the Socialists break out of bounds in the German Reichstag, pandemonium prevails.

Hon. Luther W. Mott,
Rep. 32nd Dis., N. Y.

In contrast with these European parliaments the American Congress gauges very favorably. Occasionally our law-makers will boil over, however—just to vary the monotony of making laws. A representative from the Palmetto state sometimes gets heated up over a chance remark by a New Englander respecting the propriety of hanging a "Nigger" without the formality of a trial by a jury of his superiors, and then the air is surcharged with electricity for a while. But not for long. Soon they will be seen hobnobbing like brothers in the discussion of some bill they are both interested in.

As the House of Representatives holds the purse strings of the nation, the appropriation bills are the principal bones of contention, and the member who is successful in securing a liberal allotment for his district is pretty sure to be returned for the next term. It was shortly after the cessation of the Civil War that a



Hon. Joe J. Russell,
Rep. 14th Dis., Mo.

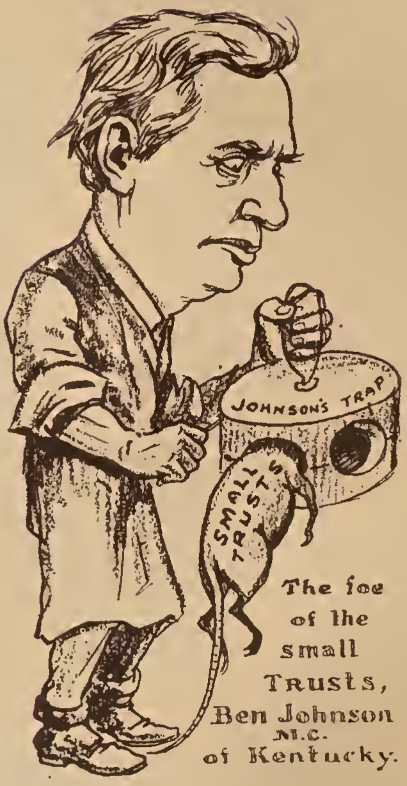
Confederate Brigadier in Congress in loudly acclaiming his complete reconstruction, exclaimed "I'm for the old flag and—an appropriation." This was quite in line with the general sentiment, however— Patriotism and Patrimony—with the accent on "money."

Although there are scores of alert newspaper correspondents in the Press gallery to report any and every speech delivered on the floor, still Congress finds it expedient to conduct its own journal,—"The Congressional Record." The reason is obvious. A speech reported by a non-critical hand, suitably punctuated with "laughter" and "applause" makes a vastly more creditable appearance than it would were it subjected to the merciless blue pencils of those unfeeling and unsympathetic editors who so often fail miserably to appreciate at their true worth the splendid oratorical achievements of the doughty disciples of Demosthenes who frequently address the "House." z

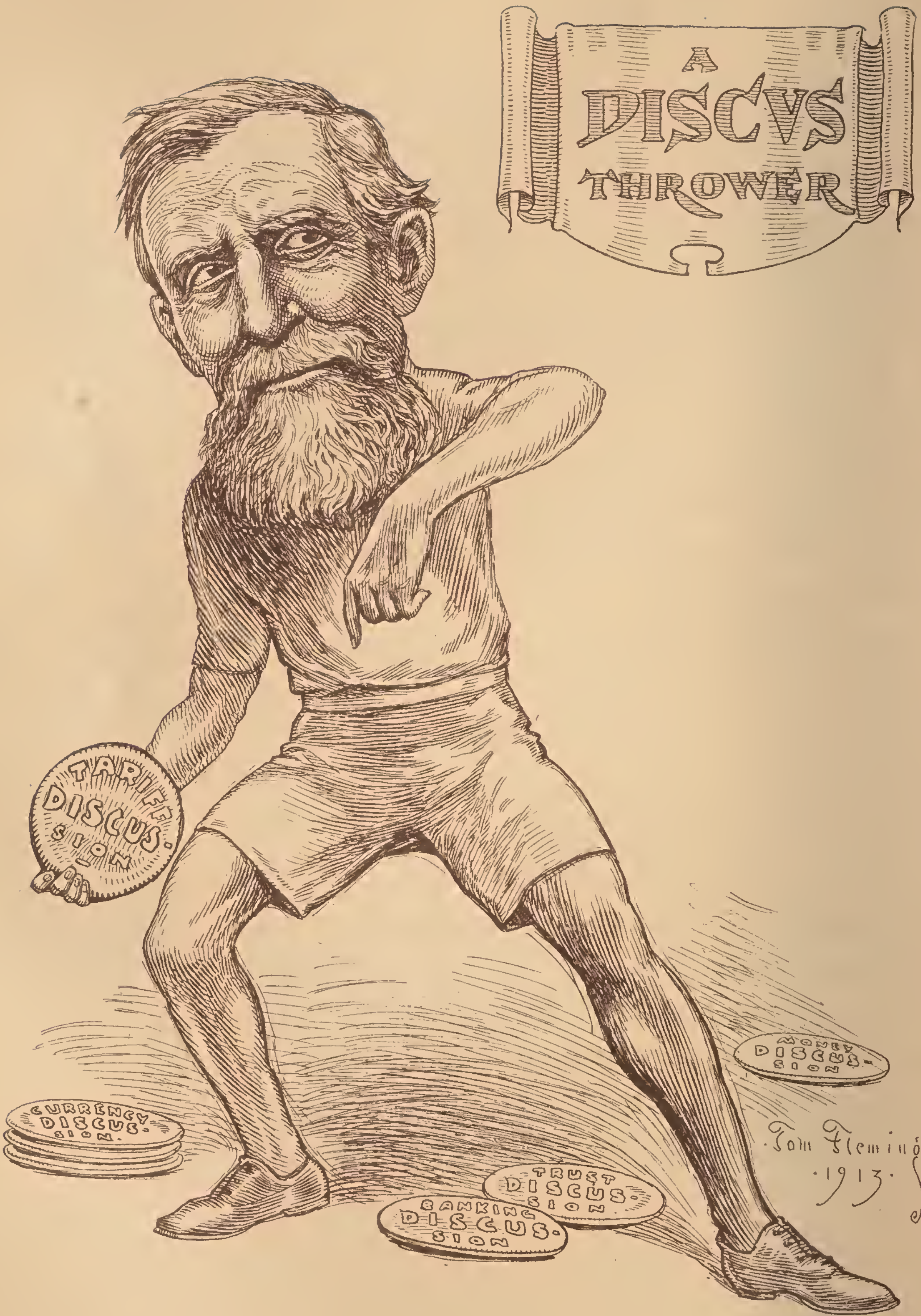
"The Congressional Record" is the new member's best friend. If the older members persistently treat him with disdain and desert the chamber in droves every time he essays to speak, the "Record" will faithfully report every word of his peroration—and in quite as large type as that employed in recording the speeches of the more seasoned.

There are many anomalous features pertaining to the House of Representatives. For instance, there are no cloaks to be seen in the cloak room. The Speaker never speaks; and a maiden speech is not delivered by a maiden—or at least will not be until female suffrage becomes an assured fact.

It will be a distinct pleasure to be a congressman when the women arrive as members. No more lonely evenings, lounging about Hotel lobbies and Billiard rooms. When the romantically inclined young congressman from New York notes the attractive features of the blonde beauty who represents her native state of California, the impulse to ingratiate himself in her good graces by extending Theatre and Concert invitations will be quite irresistible; and it will matter but little if their political interests clash between Progressiveism and old-



The foe of the small Trusts, Ben Johnson M.C. of Kentucky.


A DISCVS THROWER
TARIFF DISCUS-SION
CURRENCY DISCUS-SION.
MONEY DISCUS-SION
TRUST DISCUS-SION
BANKING DISCUS-SION
Tom Fleming ·1913·

## SENATOR JOHN WORTH KERN.

To say that the eminent, proficient and worthy Hoosier statesman would be worthless without his middle name would be exceedingly unfair, to say the least. The Ancient Greeks were adepts in the art of throwing the Discus, but if they could have foreseen how U. S. Senate floor-leader Kern throws the Discus—(which is short for discussion) they would have turned green with envy. His motto is—"Leaders are born—in Indiana."

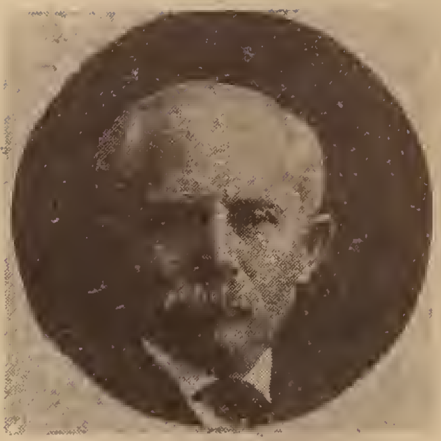
partyism, for it will be found that little Dan Cupid is as potent in the House of Representatives as elsewhere—if the conditions are right.

Of course, lady members will wear their hats in the coming chamber, and the member trying to catch the Speaker's eye—or ear, with a big hat bobbing up and down in front of him, will probably use the most unparliamentary language in doing so.

Many a proud mother-member will bring her baby into the Congressional arena in the coming days of female suffrage; and then fancy some crusty old bachelor member growling a protest. "If the member from Kansas will only keep her baby quiet for a few minutes we may be able to hear the speech now being made."

Then watch that Kansas mother turn her back on the discourteous member; give her baby a little pinch to make it cry the louder, and haughtily resume her reading—after the usual style of mothers.

But when the women elect a Speaker, then will come an innovation in parlimentary usage



Hon. Sam'l W. Smith,
Rep. 6th Dis., Mich.

worth noting. The following will probably suffice as a sample:

"Mistress Speaker?"

"The lady from Illinois has the floor."

"Mistress Speaker, I rise at the request of several of my lady colleagues to ask if the Chair will kindly inform the House where patterns of the lovely gown she is now wearing can be obtained?" Congress will most certainly take on a most interesting atmosphere when lovely woman gets a vote.

Robert Lee Henry M.C.
The Texas Giant.

Now that the Congressional chamber is arranged in benches, the Press Galley is a most advantageous place from which to study the personnel of the House. The chamber now looks like the British House of Commons, with the exception that they look better-mannered, for they leave their hats in the cloak-room before they enter the chamber.

The session has not yet begun. Members are arriving in groups, chatting noisily. Pages are darting hither and thither in the aisles. The new arrangement of benches makes writing impossible, but it induces free consultation among the members, and this probably makes amends. The Congressmen as a rule do not like the new arrangement and some have contemptuosuly alluded to the new House as the "Congressional Bench-show."

A few members are in their seats busily engaged in conversation with colleagues, while others are eagerly scanning newspapers from home, perhaps in the hope that their legislative derelictions are overlooked by the hawk-eyed editor who conducts the leading paper in their home town. In the centre of the chamber sits a stockily built man with snow-white hair and ruddy complexion. He is evidently popular for he is surrounded by a group laughing and chatting pleasantly with him. As he turns his face around he is recognized as the author of the famous Tariff Bill which bears his name—Sereno Payne, of New York. The members are now coming in rapidly as the hour of opening approaches. The aisles are soon crowded so as to be almost impassable.

"No more Chimmie Fadden business!
I'm CONGRESSMAN TOWNSEND!
of New Jersey NOW"

Representative Edward W. Townsend is regaling his friends with some of his humorus

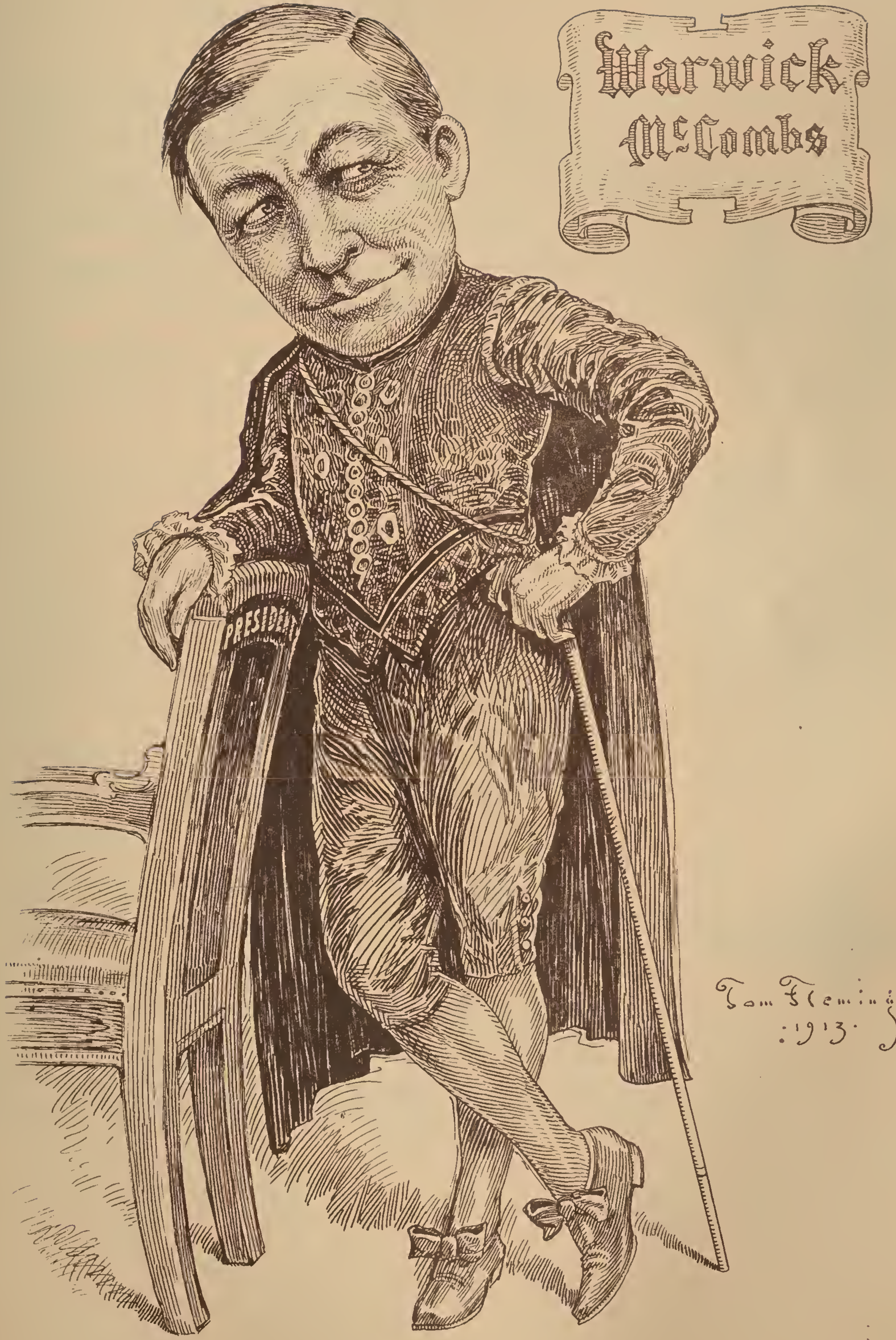
Hon. Wm. S. Vare,
Rep. 1st Dis., Pa.

stories and his efforts are rewarded by salvos of hearty laughter. Some dozen years ago he was famous as the author of "Chimmie Fadden." Just back of him stands his colleague, Walter I. McCoy, who believes the Tariff to be a colloqual issue—hence he is always talking about it. An immaculately dressed man enters the chamber from one of the cloak rooms and is immediately surrounded by friends eager to sake his hand. His rotund face is wreathed in smiles. Everyone present recognizes him as Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, the Democratic floor leader. In addition to his many admirable qualities, he has the reputation of being the best dressed member of the House. Eugene Kinkead is earnestly discussing New Jersey matters with his intimate friend, James Hamill, who secured Jersey City's new Post Office building, during his last term. Jersey City in grateful remembrance thereof sent him back to Congress for another term.

Down the centre aisle comes a member with both hands filled with documents. He is evidently popular as he pauses frequently to

## WILLIAM F. McCOMBS.

William Warwick McCombs is the revised name of the young man who is conceded to be the Warwick of the present administration. While pursuing his studies at Princeton University he read of the exploits of one Warwick who figured in early English history as somewhat of a Kingmaker. Thus he imbibed an ambition to excel in this line and he determined to go into the monarch-making business himself. Kings having gone out of style, he turned his attention to the more up-to-date article. With what result—ask Clark, or Teddy. It will be noticed that he stands very close to the President's chair as a reward for helping to fill it. The Democratic Party has a very able chairman. His motto is—"Hitch your auto to a star if you wish to be in the spot-light."


Warwick McCombs
PRESID
Tom Fleming.
1913.

answer salutations from fellow members. He's addressed as "Bob" by all who salute him. This is Robert E. Bremner, of New Jersey, one of the best writers on the floor, who is serving his first term in Congress, and who is already one of its most popular members.

How strange are the uses of adversity. Republican Leader Mann is conferring with one of his floor lieutenants. The jaunty air which pervaded the Republican ranks when Joe Cannon was in the chair is gone. Adversity has taught them humility to such an extent that old war horses like Dalzell and Cannon no longer prance and cavort in the chamber. The "Bull Moose" created sad havoc in Congress, and as a consequence, the "Hee! Haw!" of the Donkey is heard reverberating and echoing throughout the land.

Rap! Rap! Rap!—All eyes are turned toward the Speaker's desk. Champ Clark's fine old Roman face is seen scanning the House. What an exhilarating sight is here presented. The best men in the country are assembled to make laws for the guidance of the Republic—with a capital R. Their faces plainly show the ability that is within them. These men are not here to make money. There are no fortunes to be picked up in Congress. Men of mediocre ability often make big fortunes in mercantile life, but in the Congressional arena, mediocrity drops to the bottom and is submerged. Plainly, the best brains of the country are not money-mad.

The Chaplain has just concluded his invocation and the Horse is astir. Appeals for the floor are heard on every side. To the casual visitor in the gallery the recognition of a member by the Speaker is a queer performance. A member may be standing right in the centre of the chamber calling for recognition in the loudest tones, while the Speaker, looking over his head, designates a member far in the rear as being entitled to the floor.

A pugnacious member is creating quite a commotion on the floor in an angry argument with a fellow member who is trying to make a set speech. The Speaker is trying to bring him to order. Bang! Bang! goes his gavel—

Hon. Charles A. Lindberg,
Rep. 6th Dis., Minn.

there is a crash—Speaker Clark has broken another sounding board with his gavel—the third this session.

Oratory is of secondary importance in modern legislative halls. The member who has the ability to write a good speech for which "leave to print" has been obtained can reach a far greater audience through the medium of the Public Press than could possibly be attained by an address delivered on the floor.

A member from Arizona is addressing the House on his Immigration Bill. He is citing statistics by the yard. Nobody pays the least attention to him, in fact, he is especially ignored. Dry figures evidently make his hearers thirsty, for there is a general exodus to the restaurant.

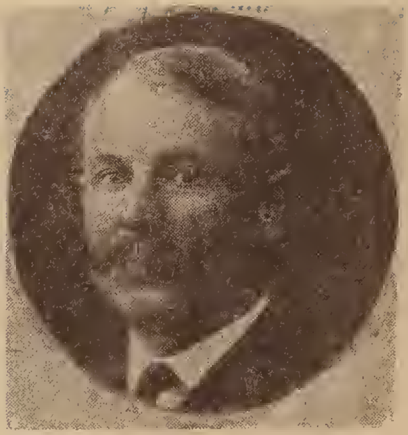
The wealthiest member is probably Jefferson M. Levy, the millionaire real estate operator of New York City, who owns Monticello, the old home of Thomas Jefferson. The poorest member is the one who finds it impossible to make ends meet on the $7,500 salary so generously supplied by Uncle Sam.

## CONGRESS.

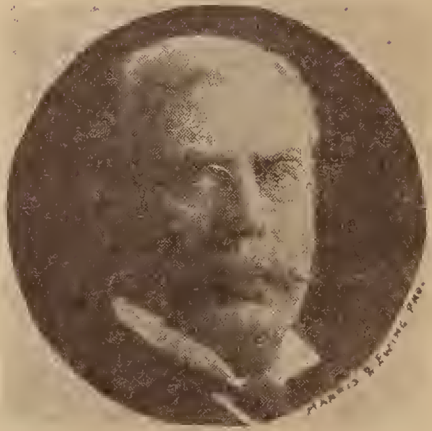
In addition to their salaries, members are allowed $125 for stationery, which those impecuniously inclined, draw down in cash on the opening day of the session and then trust to luck and fortunate committee assignments which will serve to supply them with the free committee stationery necessary during the meeting.

A recent investigation by Representative Willis of Ohio disclosed the interesting fact that among the articles furnished to members at government expense are powder puffs, music rolls, vanity bags, side combs, reticules, etc. Hurry up girls! Hurry with your suffrage plans—Congress is ready for you.

These are but small side lights, however. The main illuminating feature of this splendid law-making body is the fact that it is successfully guiding the ship of state on its true course and a few "pork barrels" more or less will not deflect her to any appreciable extent.



Hon. Eugene E. Reed,
Rep. 1st Dis., N. H.



Hon. Halvor Steenerson,
Rep. 9th Dis., Minn.

# CHAPTER IV

## THE SENATE.

THE United States Sentae is the most sedate and dignified body of its kind in the world.

In some respects, however, this matter of dignity is rather overdone, somewhat like the righteous man who walked so upright that he leaned back.

Sen. J.W. Smith, The sweet singer of Maryland

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

Just take a peep into the Senate Chamber. Note the slow, measured tread of the Senators as they enter. Totally oblivious of the presence of crowded galleries; thoroughly wrapped up in their own importance, they move about the chamber in stately dignity and in perfect harmony with the aristocratic traditions which have enveloped the dignified Senate ever since its first session.

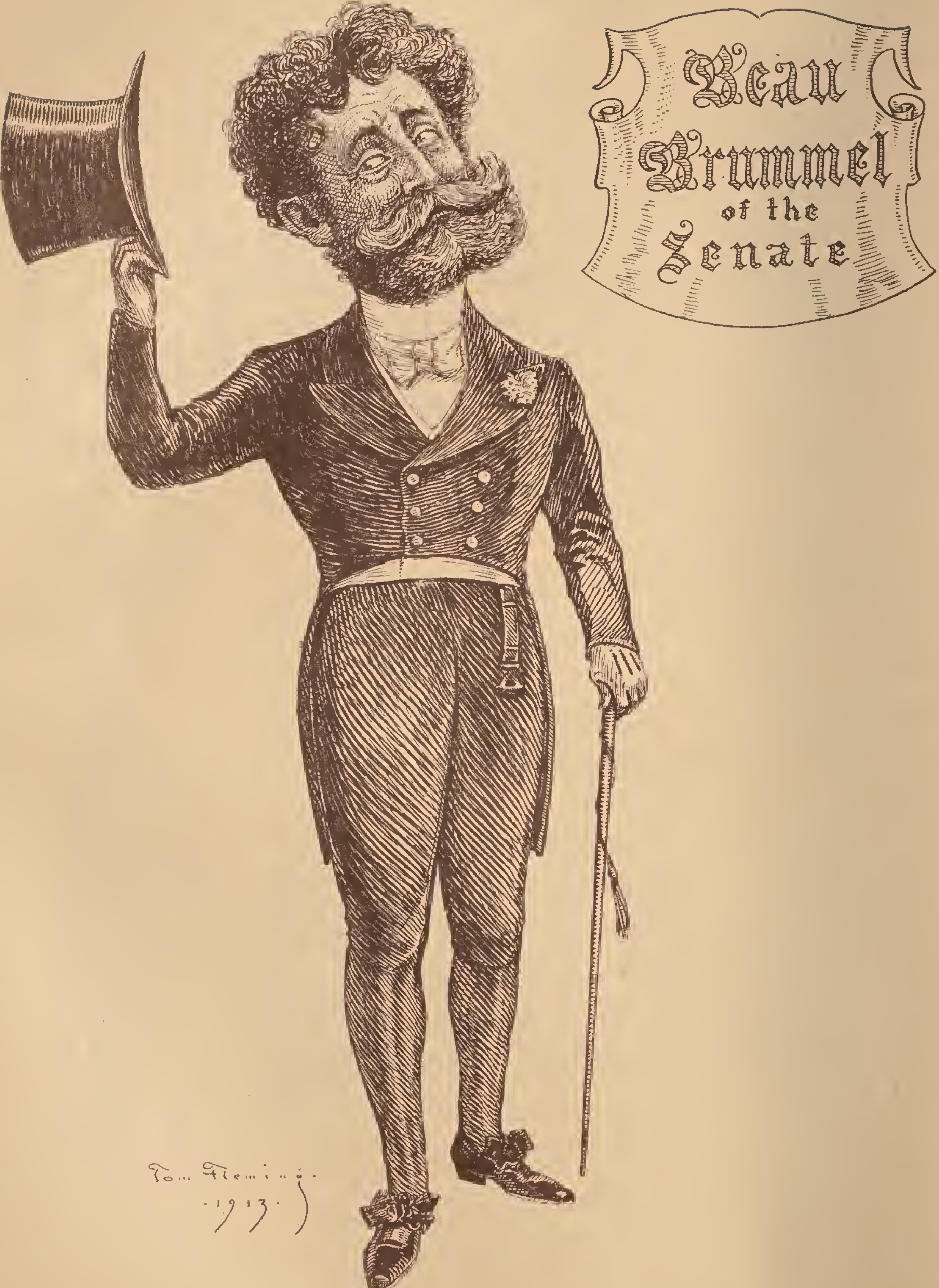
But, dear reader, don't be misled. The worthy and honorable Senators don't mean it. Their dignity is only assumed for the occasion. It's part of the play. When they are off the stage, as it were, they become the most approachable and democratic statesmen imaginable.

Step out into the corridor, and into the anterooms of the chamber and note the hearty and unreserved manner in which senatorial dignity unbends when the Senator greets his agricultural friends from the prairies. How he beams and smiles with all the unctuousness of the politician. There is no mistaking the fervent handshake and the caressing hand placed upon the shoulder of his visitor. It goes far to explain why he is a Senator. The ability to become democratic on occassion is a great asset in political life.

A glance over the Senate chamber will show that the average of age is much greater than in the House. Gray heads predominate. Gray, grave and reverend is the tone; like that which prevailed in the Venetian Senate before which the dusky Othello pleaded.

Senator Miles Poindexter, Highbrow from Washington.

It is fully an hour before the Senate convenes, but some of the Senators are at their desks, busy with mail and personal correspondence. The galleries are well filled with strangers who eagerly watch for the entrance of well known men into the chamber. When a Senator


Beau Brummel of the Zenate
Tom Fleming. 1913.

## SENATOR JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS.

The suave, graceful, polished, and courtly manners of the junior Senator from Illinois have earned for him the enviable title of "Beau Brummel of the Senate." Senator Lewis, however, needs not the reflected light of the old London Beau to shine at Washington. His motto is—"Manners make a man;—Senator sometimes."

enters whose face is familiar through the medium of the public prints, a buzz of recognition is audible throughout the galleries and if, perchance he should be a popular man, they would likely greet him with applause—did the rules permit—for be it understood that visitors in the galleries view the proceedings below somewhat after the manner of the gallery-gods at the melodrama who cheer the hero and hiss the villain.

The most punctual to arrive is the blind Senator from Oklahoma, Senator Gore. He is led to his seat by a page who carefully adjusts his papers on the desk before him just the same as though he was not unfortunately bereft of his sight. Senator Perkins of California is another unfortunate who requires the assistance of a page to reach his seat. Although badly crippled by paralysis he is a keen, alert participant in the proceedings.

Quite a commotion is occasioned by the entrance of a group led by Senator Martine. The Senator is the personification of senatorial courtesy. He enters with his arm about the

neck of his colleague "Billy" as he endearingly terms Senator Hughes. John Sharp Williams and John W. Kern are in the group engaged in a pleasant conversation for they continually laugh as they talk.

Senators Lodge and Root enter from the opposite side and repair to their seats which are close together. In a few minutes they are engrossed in a most earnest consultation. It is evidently of an important nature for they seem totally oblivious to their surroundings, and frequently consult papers which lie in profusion on Senator Root's desk.

The chamber is filling up rapidly now for the time for opening the session is near. Senator Hoke Smith has just reached his seat accompanied by white-haired Senator Martin who has stopped for a minute to say a few words.

A thick set man with a large head and strongly marked features makes his way to a seat in the centre of the chamber. He is respectfully saluted by his fellow Senators as he passed along the aisle and there is scarcely a visitor in the gallery who does not recognize him as Senator O'Gorman from the Empire State.

There is quite a hum of conversation on the floor when the sharp rap of the presiding officer's gavel calls the senate to order and instantly there is quiet as the Chaplain proceeds to intone his invocation.

The session opens with the chair, granting permission to the Senator from Massachusetts to address the senate. Senator Lodge speaks in a resonant voice, enunciating his syllables distinctly and easily making himself heard throughout the chamber. He is delivering an argument for the right to bring a bill before the Senate for immediate action.

Democratic Floor-leader Kern protests against his contention on the ground that the consideration of the bill should be deferred on the plea of there being more important bills demanding consideration. And so it goes for hour after hour.

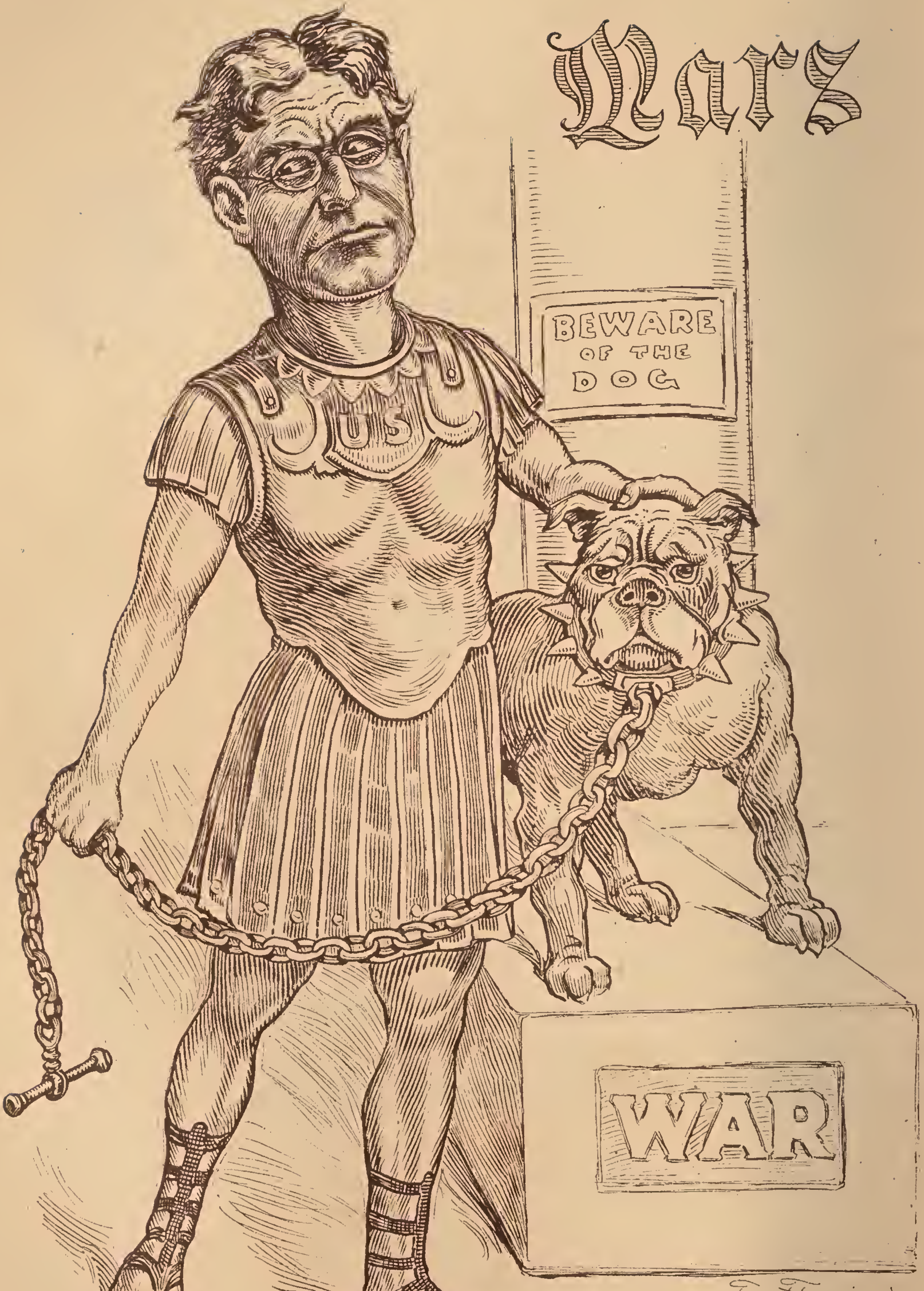
Most of the gallery visitors (who have come for entertainment) slink out when the debate

takes on a technical turn. But they should have waited. Senator Lodge has asked the senate to appropriate five hundred dollars to defray the expense of having a plate placed on each desk, on which has been engraved the names of all the occupants, past and present. This has moved Senator Martine to oratory. "I have tried to picture in mind," begins Mr. Martine, "the profound interest future generations will take in reading the marvellous history of this great country—the bloody contest for liberty. They will read of the splendid bravery of Mad Anthony Wayne, they will be able to fairly hear the clarion voice of Commodore Perry crying 'Don't give up the ship!' (Historical mistakes don't bother the Senator). Great as are the subjects I have cited," he continued, "how weak and paltry they will seem in comparison to the thrill that will come to the future reader of history when he comes to the chapter, 'History of the Desks and Cuspidors of the Senate of the United States."

"But seriously," he concluded, "with bread and butter so high in cost to the toiler and bread winner, I must vote No to the bill proposed by the distinguished and cultivated Senator from Massachusetts." As the Senator resumed his seat his eyes caught the pleased faces of those in the galleries, for they had come to be amused and the Senator's speech was very amusing.

But the real fun in the Senate chamber is to be witnessed when filibustering tactics are resorted to for the purpose of killing an obnoxious bit of legislation. At the close of President Taft's administration the Republicans wished to confirm a lot of his belated appointments. The Democrats resolved to thwart this action by filibustering methods. Senator John Sharp Williams spoke for nearly two hours on the development of aeronautics in the United States. He was supposed to be addressing himself to a motion made by a Republican Senator regarding the appointments.

After tiring with his efforts on the aeroplane speech he turned from flying machines to light fiction. He inquired of Senator Lodge, who seemed worried and fretful, how many Senators he thought had really read Dickens.


Mars
US
BEWARE OF THE DOG
WAR
Tom Fleming

## LINDLEY M. GARRISON.

What could be more appropriate than a Garrison in the War Department? Since Garrison has assumed the role of Mars his mien has been very warlike. His middle name is Mars. His war-dog is at his side, ready to leap across the Rio Grande for a fight, or a frolic. His motto is—"The best watch-dog is the war-dog."

He then pleasantly remarked that he intended opening a school for the instruction of his colleagues respecting the merits of Nicholas Nickleby, David Copperfield and Pickwick.

The Republicans' disgust deepened when Senator Hoke Smith appeared with a colored man carrying a huge clothes basket filled with Government documents, novels, and various other books and periodicals. As the Senator rose in his seat to relieve Senator Williams, the Democrats smiled broadly as he coolly proceeded to read from a document devoted to the diseases of horses. After exhausting this subject he reached down into the big basket and brought forth a work on "The Epicurean delight of eating locusts and gophers." In rapid succession he read from the "Bible," "Hoyle on Whist," and some very choice recipes for compounding mixed drinks, which finally drove half of the Senate into the Restaurant.

There are some very brilliant orators in the Senate, but oratory is going out of fashion. The most effective legislative work is done by men who never make speeches. It is in the

committee rooms that the great legislative battles are fought—and there is never a set speech delivered in the committee room.

The rule of seniority is the bane of the Senate. Under this system a small coterie of Senators controls the composition of the committees. Under this system, no matter how prominent a man may have been in his profession, when he comes to the Senate he is assigned to inferior places on committees.

Elihu Root, coming to the Senate after having been Secretary of State and Secretary of War, was placed at the bottom of the Republican membership of the Judiciary Committee and low down on the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Justice O'Gorman, resigning a place from the highest court in New York, came to the Senate with a legal reputation of the first order. He was placed at the bottom of the Judiciary Committee, below men far below him in legal ability and distinction.

There is a light dawning in the Senate chamber, however. This rule of senority is to

be relegated to the waste-basket by the Progressives now in power and "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes" will soon be a thing of the past, so far as Senatorial committees are concerned.

When a change of party comes over the Senate some curious developments ensue. The party in the majority always consigns all the best committee rooms to its members; the minority having to get along as best it can in the little obscure, out-of-the-way rooms devoted to small committees. When the Democrats came into power Senator Warren was compelled to relinquish three magnificent rooms on the ground floor which have been occupied by the Committee on Appropriations. These were assigned to Senator Tillman who moved out of a little room in the rear of the Senate document room where he has hibernated for many years, the only guidance to his hiding place having been the sign, "Five Civilized Tribes," which indicated to the public the name of a committee that has never held a meeting. The transformation of the minority "caterpillar" to the ma-

Sen. H. F. Lippitt,
The political
Colossus of Rhode Island

jority "butterfly" is a most amusing process—to the "butterflies."

There are at the present time seventy-one standing committees, of which approximately twenty are so called minority committees, the chairmanship of which is accorded to the minority, but a majority of whose members are of the majority party. These committees, however, are of absolutely no importance so far as shaping either legislative policy or enactment is concerned.

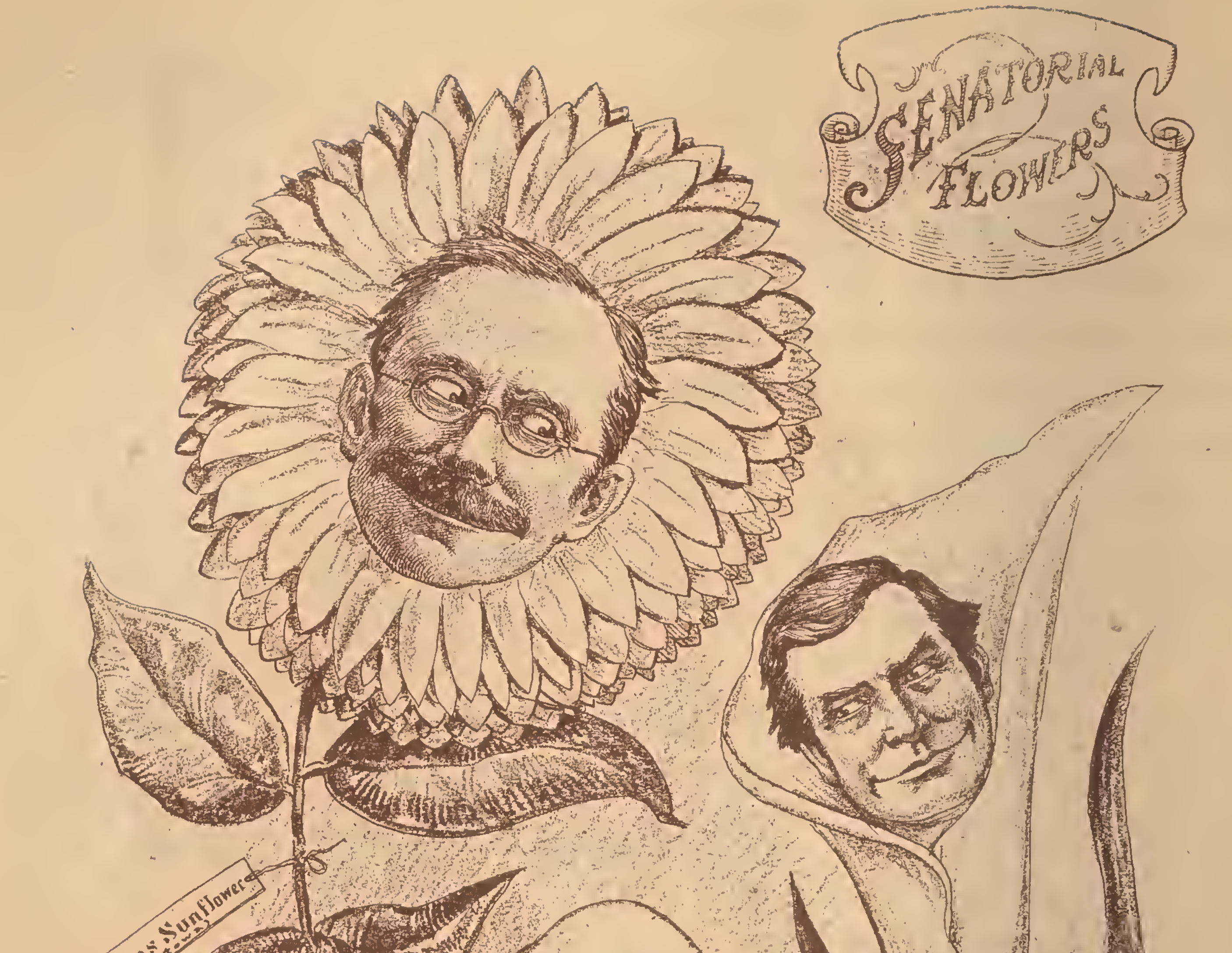
About fifteen committees control the affairs of legislation. These committees are Agriculture, Appropriations, Commerce, Finance, Foreign Relations, Immigration, Indian Affairs, Interoceanic Canals, Interstate Commerce, Judiciary, Military Affairs, Naval Affairs, Postoffices and Post Roads, Public Buildings and Public Lands.

It is in these committee rooms that the real work of the senate is done. Here the "silent" men on the floor are found to be most efficacious. Men who are seldom heard in the chamber will be found busy consulting law books, preparing bills and making researches in voluminous government reports to secure necessary data on which to frame legislation. These are the real masters of the Senate—the men who are returned term after term by their constituencies who know by results how valuable are their services.

The Senate abounds with men of great legal ability and were a commercial valuation to be placed upon their services to the country the sum represented would be very large. For instance, Senator Root, one of the greatest lawyers who ever sat in a Senate chair, could command ten-fold what Uncle Sam pays him, from any corporation that was fortunate enough to obtain his services.

Senator O'Gorman, an eminent jurist from the Supreme Court bench of New York, would most probably scorn the year's salary as Senator as a retainer for a single month's legal services for any client who sought his legal aid in a private case. Senator Borah is also a legal light whose services are of the highest monetary value; in fact the senate teems with men of

Sen. Ransdell holds the fort.


Senatorial Flowers
Kansas Sunflower (Bristow)
Colorado Daisy (Shafrothia)
Massachusetts Tea Rose
Washington Jonesia Water-Wagon Lilly
Tom Fleming

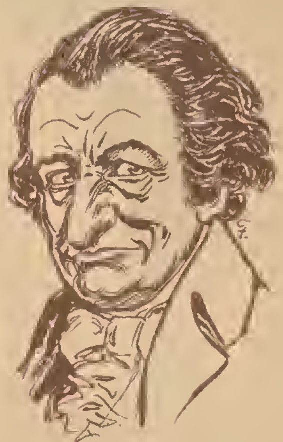
## SENATORIAL FLOWERS.

The flowers that bloom in the Senate are of high degree. There is that stately exotic, the "Bristowa," vulgarly known as the Kansas sunflower; the "Jonesia Washingtonia," otherwise the Water-wagon Lilly, a plant that thrives on water alone; the "Weeksia," a fine variety of Massachusetts Tea Party rose, and the "Shafrothia," a newly transplanted Daisy from Colorado which promises much. With such a redundancy of fragrant flowers is it at all remarkable that the Senate chamber is constantly blossoming out in flowery eloquence?

high money value who serve Uncle Sam for the honor of the service.

The quality of the service rendered by the senate magnates is vividly shown by the passage of the $180,000,000 annual pension bill of 1913 in twenty-five minutes, and with less than fifteen minutes' debate. This was the largest annual pension measure in the history of the Government and required months of patient research and careful consideration in committee rooms before its passage.

The aggressive position President Wilson has assumed in the conduct of foreign affairs has raised the interesting question whether he will fare as Washington did when he used his prerogative to discuss legislative questions behind closed doors. Washington informed the Senate on August 21, 1789, that on the next day he would meet to advise with them concerning an Indian Treaty.


PAINE.

When he left the chamber, he muttered to a member of his Cabinet:

"I've been to the Senate, and I'll be d—— if ever I go there again."

# CHAPTER V

## SIDELIGHTS ON CONGRESS.

THE "big stick" of the House of Representatives is called the Great Mace. This time-honored emblem of authority is composed of thirteen rods of ebony, bound with bands of silver, and surmounted by a finely engraved map of the world on a silver globe. On top rests a silver eagle with wings outstretched, in true spread-eagle fashion.

The mace is really a war-club, modelled after the favorite weapon used in the Middle Ages by the ecclesiastics. Forbidden by law to carry swords they got around the law by using stout, heavy clubs against their armored opponents. So Congress, the representative body of the people, adopted the people's weapon as a big stick to preserve order and maintain discipline.

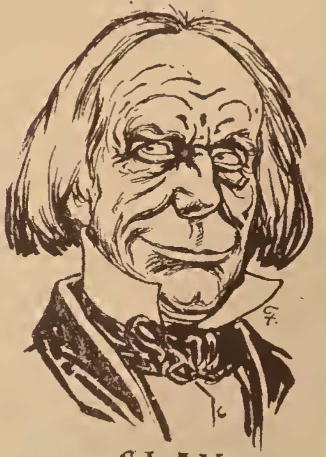
When refractory members show signs of resorting to prize-ring tactics the Speaker calls on the sergeant-at-arms to "show the mace." This generally awes the belligerants into a semblance of order.

When a member becomes too unruly he is brought before the bar of the House and reprimanded severely by the Speaker who addresses him by name. This is the only time a member is ever "named," and it is considered a distinctive humiliation.

The representative in session is always designated by the Speaker as "the member" from his respective district; never by name—if he behaves himself.

A member is never held accountable for anything he may say on the floor of the House. Sometimes the most acrimonious things are said in the heat of debate. In the early days of Congress, duels followed the hot words. John Randolph fought a duel with Henry Clay as a result of a wordy war on the floor. But modern ideas of the ethics of debate will not tolerate duels. Public sentiment has abolished any kind of reprisal for Congressional utterances. No libel suit can be instituted for anything said in open debate, and the principle has been established that there must be the utmost

Wm. H. Hinebaugh M.C.
The Illinois Butterfly.



·CLAY·

freedom of debate, with perfect immunity in the free exercise of speech in Congress.

Secret sessions are unknown in the House. From no session is the public debarred from witnessing and hearing all that goes on in the Senate, the House never goes into executive Senate the House never goes into executive session. The galleries are never cleared, and the doors are never closed, that grave and reverend lawmakers may discuss matters that would perhaps not look well in print. At all events, this is the interpretation put upon the dignified Senate's action when the dear public is thrown out of the galleries every time an executive session is called.

The proceedings on the floor of the House are in marked contrast to those of the Senate. There is a scene of constant activity in the popular branch and a persistent sound of subdued voices, like the hum of a very busy beehive. The proprieties of debate are not so much respected as in the Senate. The House of Representatives is nearer to the people—hence it is called the popular branch.

When a member rises to deliver a speech of the spread-eagle sort he is said to be talking for buncombe. The origin of this phrase is as follows: A Congressman from Buncombe County, North Carolina, in ante-bellum days, undertook to deliver a long and tedious speech about a matter that did not interest the House to any great extent. He was called to order by another member on the ground that the speech was not pertinent to the occasion. This was frankly admitted by the North Carolinian, who retorted that he was not talking for the members present, but was talking for Buncombe County, North Carolina.

The phrase was taken up by an alert reporter present and sent to his paper. It instantly became famous and was at once incorporated into the language of debate. There is never a session now in which talking for buncombe does not figure to a considerable extent.

There is a law of Congress that decrees that members who absent themselves from the sessions are to receive no pay for the time absent, but this law is practically null and void. When

Ye Preacher-Congressman.

the urgency demands, the Speaker issues warrants for the arrest of the absentees. When the deputy sergeants-at-arms bring in these recalcitrant members the excuses offered are amusing in the extreme. One will declare that an intimate friend is in serious illness and sorely in need of the ministrations of a friend. He is much embarrassed, however, by a keen witted member who blandly asks what the limit of the little game was.

Another will plead that his clock ran down and he was not aware of the lateness of the hour. The fact that he is in evening dress, with a flower in his buttonhole will be commented upon by an audaciously impertient fellow-member to his confusion and discomfiture.

During President Grant's adminisration, a newly appointed Deputy Sergeant-at-Arms, exultant over his important post, wrote to a friend in Texas that "He was a bigger man than old Grant." In some manner the letter became public and he was the laughing stock of the whole country for months after.

On another occasion, Tom Watson, the fiery

# SENATOR WILLIAM STONE.

Favorites of fortune are said to have been born with gold spoons in their mouths. The famous Missouri Senator was born with gum shoes on his feet; hence the sobriquet, "Gum shoe Bill." The direct result of this gum shoe inheritance is quite obvious; his pedal extremities are always warm. He never gets cold feet. This equipment of footgear also enables him to maintain a perfect equipoise on the political wire which leads from Missouri to the Capital at Washington, and paradoxically it may be said that the Gum shoe statesman is the "big noise" in the "Houn' dog" State. His motto is—"Step lightly, there's crape on the door of mine enemy."

"GUM SHOE" BILL
Tom Fleming

Georgian, during a debate in which he had lost the track of the discussion, shrilly shouted: “Mr. Speaker, where are we at?”

“Tim” Campbell, a well-known Congressman from New York, during Cleveland’s administration, took a somewhat naive view of the status of a stateman at the Capital when he exclaimed, “What’s the Constitution, between friends?”

Some of the members of the House are very quick witted. “Bob” Brenner, of New Jersey, is the editor of a newspaper at home and like all newspaper men, is never at a loss for a word in debate. If a member, in the course of a speech, hesitates for a proper word, like a flash it is instantly supplied by “Bob,” if he chances to be in the vicinity.

It is this bon hommie among members that makes membership of Congress so pleasant and frequently results in life-long friendships.

Congress is the sole judge of the fitness of its members. This, however, admits of great latitude in the admission of some men to seats in the chamber. In the Sixty-second Congress

Wm. C. Adamson M.C. - Ga.

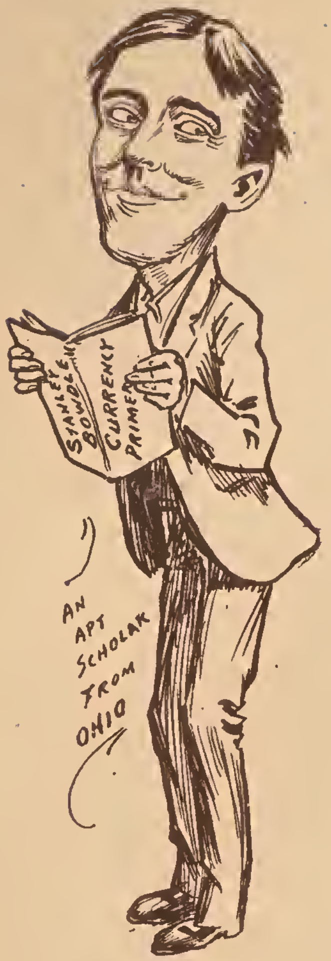
Steel-car Champion.

there sat a man who had served a term in prison for murder; and John Morrissey, a famous prize-fighter, represented a New York district at one time—but he was said to have made a good member.

"Tim" Sullivan confidently declared that he would represent his Bowery District in Congress better than Dan Webster could— and he did, if looking after the wants of his constituents constituted the best way to represent a district.

Often a man will be elected to Congress who has "too many irons in the fire"—too many business enterprises to look after to give requisite time and attention to the duties incumbent upon membership in the House of Representatives. Such a man was William R. Hearst, who seldom occupied his seat, owing to the many calls upon his time by his multifarious business demands.

It is said that a journalist cannot be a successful Congressman. The abler the journalist the more pronounced the failure. Although lawyers are in the majority, and complaint has



often been made that there are too many of them, yet it is only reasonable to expect that a law will be best made by lawyers.

The House of Representatives ought to be the most effective forum, the most earnestly sought theatre of opportunity in this country, but such appears not to be the case. The majority of members look forward to the day when they can, by some lucky turn of the political wheel of fortune, enter the more decorous and distinguished body at the other end of the Capitol. It used to be otherwise. Henry Clay left the Senate to become a member of the House because he considered it a more advantageous position of influence. We have reversed the tendency in the British Parliament. The House of Lords has been steadily declining in influence for the past century, while the House of Commons has augmented its power and prestige. In the meantime our Senate has absorbed more and more power to itself, and our House seems to have lost in a like manner the primacy it once possessed.

Mr. Gladstone declined a peerage because he

preferred a field of usefulness to one of tinsel and show. Disraeli eagerly sought it because of his vanity and love of pomp. But no man with red blood in his veins; with youth, vigor and ambition in his make-up ever wishes to go to the Lords. It is a fine old, respectable mausoleum for "dead-ones."

How different our "House of Lords!" The most powerful men in our "House of Commons" eagerly seek opportunity to enter the Senate. There is something wrong when a position of newest Senator is preferable to that of powerful leadership in the House. Plainly there has been a progressive degradation of the popular body, a grave condition which is as bad for the Nation as it is for the prestige of the American House of Commons.

The visitors in the galleries always take a keen interest in the boys who act as pages. The rules provide that they shall be between 12 and 16 years of age. Their uniforms are white blouse shirts and knee breeches. During busy sessions their duties are somewhat arduous but once in a while they break through the ice of stiff formality as they did on one occasion when the lawmakers adjourned early and left the chamber in the possession of the youngsters.

One of the boys proposed a mock session, as he saw the last member disappear for the day. Suiting the action to the word, he mounted the chairman's rostrum and called the pages to order. One youngster, with mock dignity, introduced a bill that almost broke up the meeting. It bore the title, "To prohibit members from using fire-water, and for other purposes." Another was entitled, "A bill to relieve a bull pup." It was ordered to be referred to the committee on dogs.

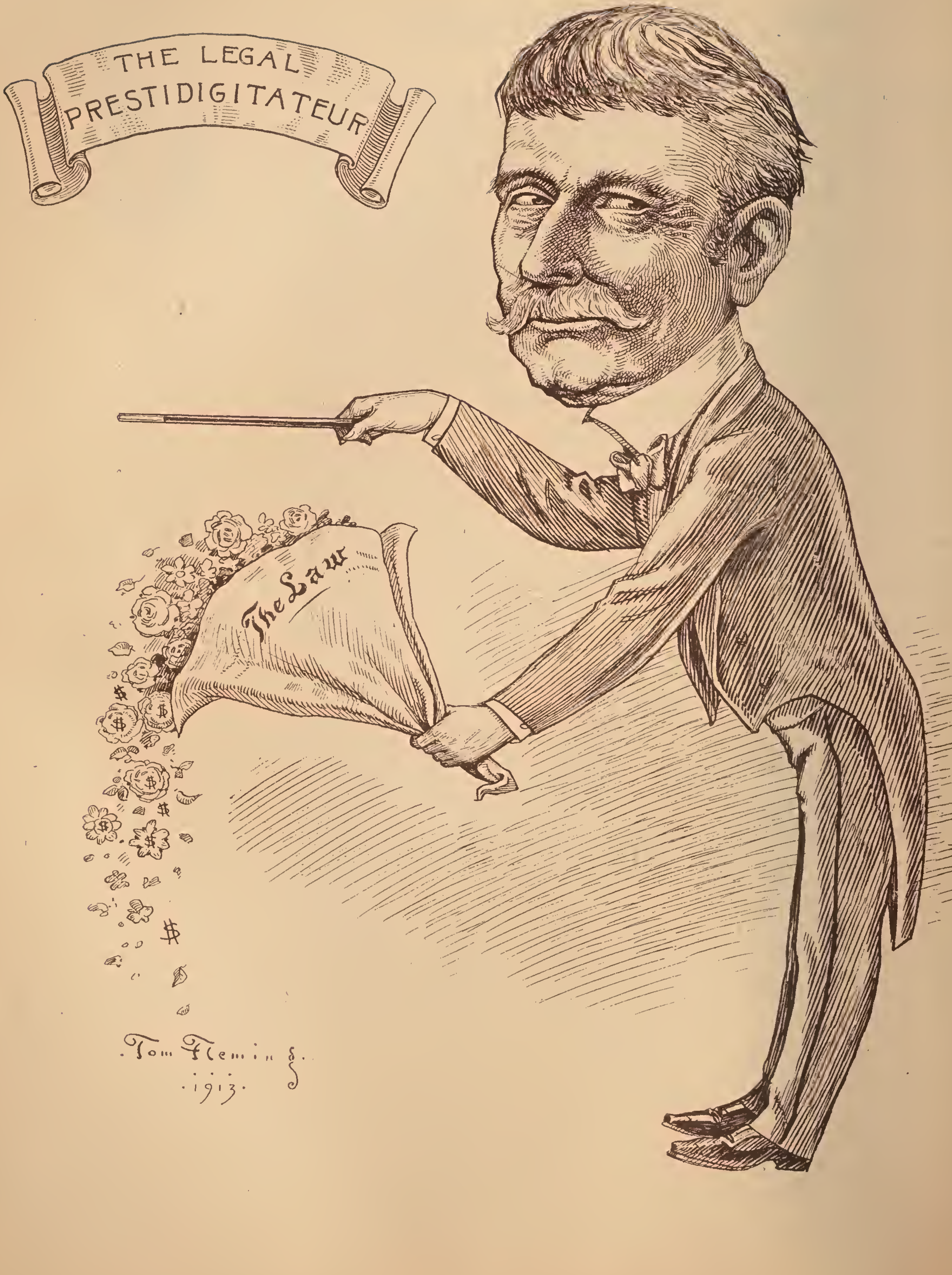
There is a little volume known to the lads as "The Soak Book," in which delinquent pages are "soaked" with various penalties for derelictions of duty. One of the embryo statesmen offered a resolution that the "Soak Book be burned." This was passed without a dissenting vote.

Their methods of parliamentary procedure were in strict conformity to the rules and served to illustrate how closely they had studied the legislative manners of their masters.

Some of the pages have attained big positions in official life.

Senator Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland, was a page in his youth, and a number have advanced up the scale to Department heads, Foreign Ministers, and Congressmen.

It is the man, not his birth, social standing, or money that ranks on the floor of Congress. With great opportunities for making money, the instances in which members have bartered their honor are so few as to be almost neglible. Hundreds of members have lived and died in honorable poverty, who have had numberless opportunities to become millionaires had they simply named a price at which they would betray their country. Diogenes would have little use for his lamp on the floor of the House of Representatives.


THE LEGAL PRESTIDIGITATEUR
The Law
$
Tom Fleming
1913

## ELIHU ROOT.

Senator Root is a statesman of wonderful versatility. As a legal prestidigitateur he has no equal. The Root of all evil to his opponents, the "root of all evil" fills his coffers and swells his bank account. Wise men aver that those Corporations that take Root are sure to flourish. Just to show his versatility at the Chicago convention of 1912, he gave an exhibition of steam-roller running that greatly astonished its famous inventor. His motto is, "Root for the biggest fee."

# CHAPTER VI

## LEGISLATIVE BURLESQUE.

FROM the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step—so runs the old adage. Many an orator soaring to sublime heights has been dashed to earth through some frivolous remark interjected at an inopportune moment.

When a Senator eloquently exclaimed that the Goddess of Liberty had her home in the mountains of Nevada, a nearby listener wrecked the aeroplane by remarking, "Quite a solitary residence for the lady."

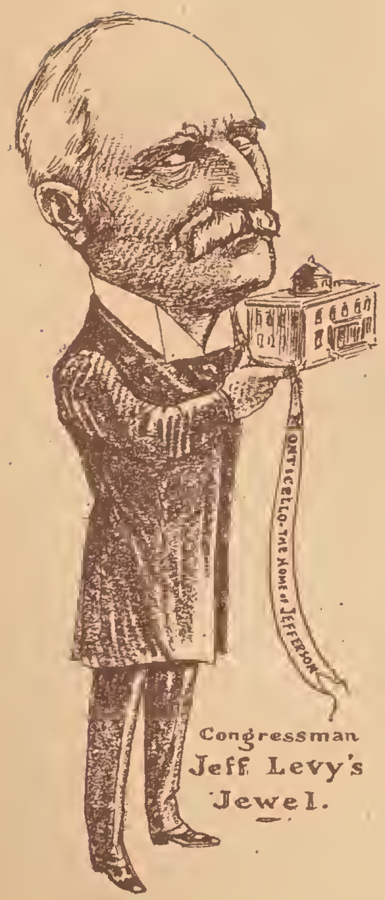
During a hot and acrimonious tariff debate on "Free Wool," a member cleared away the sullen clouds by remarking, "There is not a sheep from the green hills from Vermont to the mountain ranges of California where sheep are slaughtered by tens of thousands, that does not in his dying moments ejaculate as to both of these revenue arguments on wool, 'Baa! Baa!'"

An orator having spent some time in declaiming eloquently in set phrases, wound up with a rhetorical flight about the land drenched with the blood of millions, when his balloon was neatly punctured by a fellow member who ejaculated, "I always did like that speech."

A speaker dilating upon the odiousness of treason was neatly answered by a facetious opponent with the retort that treason never prospers, because when prosperous it is not treason.

In the course of a speech against an Indian appropriation bill the orator exclaimed vehemently, "What a mixed assortment of Quakers and blankets, saw-mills and school-books to send to vicious and unappreciative savages!"

An Indiana member, soon after the termination of the Civil War, compared the fallen condition of Virginia with Indiana's prosperity. The Virginian was quick to respond. "Where," he exclaimed, "I ask you, under the bright sun, is there a more genial climate, a more fertile soil, a more delightful region than Old Virginia? Where, oh! where rolls the rivulet more gently. Where, oh! where do the zephyrs blow so refreshingly? "You refer to Harper's



Congressman Jeff. Levy's Jewel.

Ferry," said an unsympathetic voice; and the rivulet and zephyrs ceased flowing and blowing.

During one of the many debates on the Philippine question one member in characterizing another's mania for expansion, remarked that he anticipated the introduction of a bill, "To cart the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean," to make more territory there.

Some of the speeches reported in the Congressional Record contain some wonderful word pictures. The following is a fair sample: "The crack of our rifle is being heard on the mountains of Oregon, reverberating from the Rocky Mountains across the valley of the Mississippi to the Alleghanies, thence sweeping across the Atlantic Ocean, and finding its resting-place on the shores of Europe." Quite a crack, that.

The manner in which a witticism is rendered often makes the fling doubly effective. Sheridan said that a joke in Lord Lauderdale's mouth was no laughing matter. Bolingbroke said that in comedy the best actor plays the part of the droll, while some scrub represents

A. B. Walsh, M. C-N. J.
and his little Bill.

the hero. In this farce of life wise men pass their time in mirth, while fools only are serious.

The easy repartee, the stinging witticism, the merciless jibe which too often pass for humor are not comparable with burlesque which weaves a contrast between the subject and the manner of treating it.

What an exquisite bit of burlesque was the retort of a Senator from South Carolina in answer to a taunt from a fellow member. "Why sir," he exclaimed, "one of the Senator's Sempronian speeches would raise a spirit that would induce the people of his section to charge a British fleet on horseback."

A somewhat belicose military member who had made a particularly flamboyant speech was described by a fellow member as having marched with his sword dangling from his boots, and his spurs securely buckled around his waist. This was so palpably burlesque that it was even relished by the victim.

Our best Revolutionary humorist, Franklin, employed allegory and story, as a vehicle for his burlesque. That there is not more of it recorded is due to the fact that there were no stenographers to seize upon and perpetuate it.

Proctor Knott's Duluth speech was probably the greatest bit of legislative burlesque ever delivered in Congress. He was not an active member and his speech created surprise because he spoke rarely. When he took the floor on this occasion he was only accorded ten minutes. He started by saying that his facilities for getting time were so poor that, if he were standing on the brink of perdition, and the sands were crumbling under his feet, he could not in that body get time enough to say the Lord's Prayer.

The St. Croix and Bayfield Road Bill asked for a portion of the public domain. He disavowed any more concern in the bill than in an orange-grove on the bleakest summit of Greenland's icy mountains.

"Years ago," he exclaimed, "when I first heard that there was somewhere in the vast *terra incognita,* somewhere in the bleak regions of the great Northwest, a stream of water

F.L.S. Dershem, M.C. Penn.

Ye Drummer M.C.

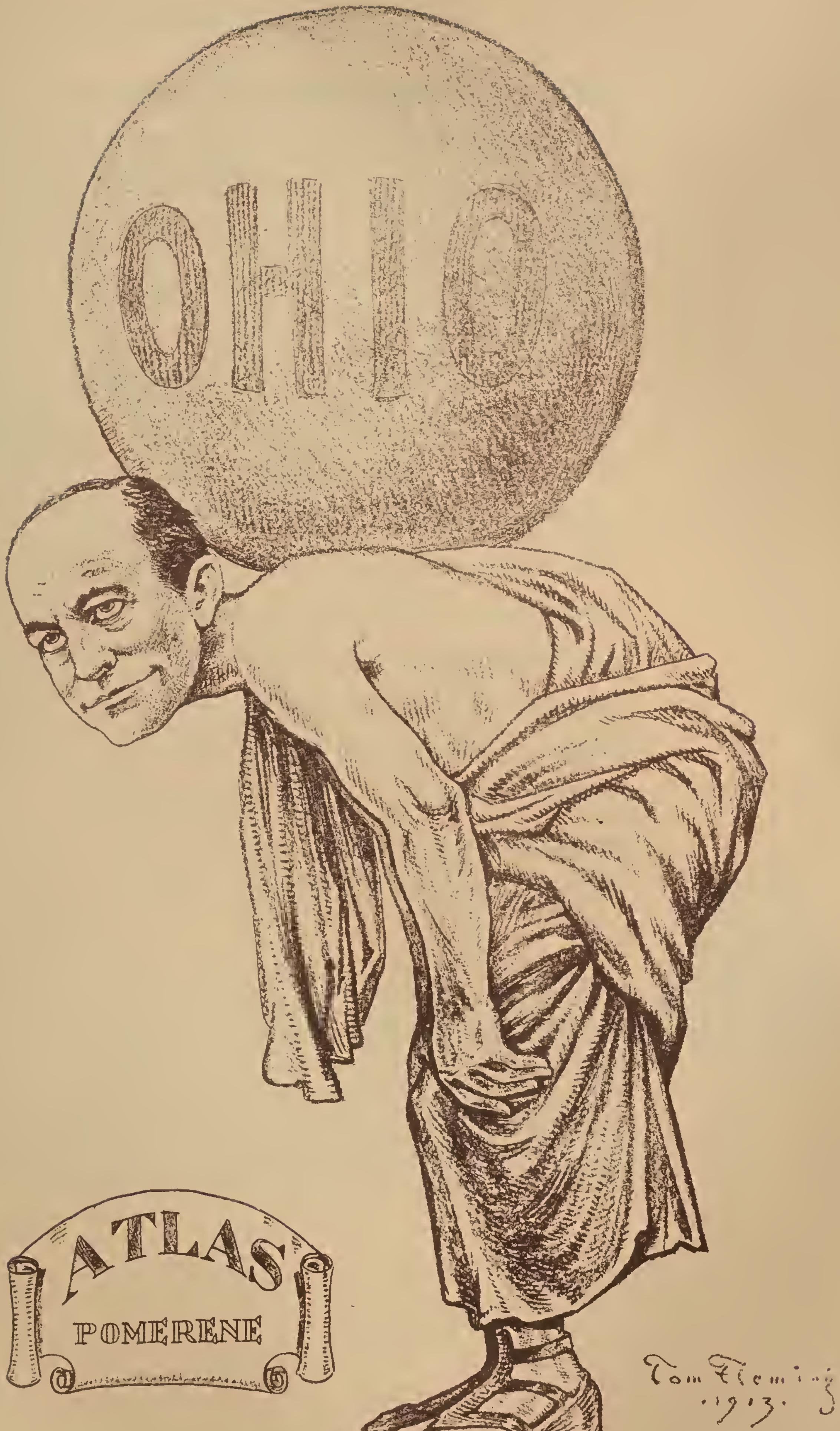
known to the nomadic inhabitants of the neighborhood as the river St. Croix, I became satisfied that the construction of a railroad from that raging torrent to some point in the civilized world was essential to the happiness and prosperity of the American people, if not absolutely indispensable to the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent."

He dilated upon the value of the lands, which he pictured as the Goshen of America. Then he was concerned because of the peril of our navy rotting in their docks for want of railroad communication with the prolific pine-thickets of the St. Croix. And then as to the proper point of connection with the teeming pine-barrens, and finally mentioned "Duluth! the Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas!"

"Duluth! 'twas the name for which my soul had panted for years," he exclaimed. "But where was Duluth? I was certain the draughtsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the

## SENATOR ATLEE POMERENE.

Atlas of yore, bore the World upon his broad shoulders. The modern Atlas lives in Ohio where he is known as Atlee. The burden he bears is a little world of politics which contains more varities of politicians than old Atlas ever dreamt of. Having produced four National Executives within a short period, she is now known as the stepmother of Presidents, and Senator Atlee would like to increase the number. His motto is—"Put your shoulder to the World, and push."


OHIO
ATLAS
POMERENE
Tom Fleming
·1913·

library and examined all the maps I could find. I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I supposed was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth."

"Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century. In fact, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowldge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchards of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer-gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death because in all his travels he had never heard of

Duluth. I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth."

"If you will examine it, you will find Duluth not only in the centre of the map, but represented in the centre of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannahs of the sunlit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantles the ice-bound North. Duluth is so exactly in the centre of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it."

After describing with great minuteness the convenience with which the Indians could drive the buffaloes into Duluth, he continued, "I think I see them now, a vast herd, with heads down, eyes glaring, nostrils dilated, tonques out, and tails curled over their backs, tearing along toward Duluth, with a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies yelling at their heels! On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks, they too join in the chase, and away they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping and tearing along, amidst clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stock-yards of Duluth."

This burlesque made Proctor Knott famous in a day. Thousands sent for the document and scarcely a paper of note in the country failed to print it in full. It was admittedly the greatest piece of satire ever delivered on the floor of Congress.

# CHAPTER VII

## THE PRESIDENT.

THE President of the United States is greater than a King. So thinks the good American. Any degenerate, imbecile or incompetent can be King—if he's born right. A man to be President must stand the scrutiny of millions of his fellow beings; must come through the fire of convention and election unscathed to render him fit for this great position. He must be a paragon of all the political virtues to ascend the throne of a Republic. But there is such a thing as having too much of a good thing, and that is probably why he is never elected to a third term.

It is the only position within the gift of the people wherein the office seeks the man, for it invariably eludes the man who seeks it.

Henry Clay once remarked that he would rather be right than be President—and he was left.

The people take the greatest pains to select the most exceptional man for this exalted position, and then immediately after inauguration proceed to abuse him. Thomas Jefferson writes: "President Washington was extremely affected by the attacks made and kept up on him in the public papers. At a Cabinet meeting he was much inflamed; got into one of those passions when he cannot control himself; ran on much of the personal abuse which had been bestowed upon him; that he would rather be in his grave than in his present situation."

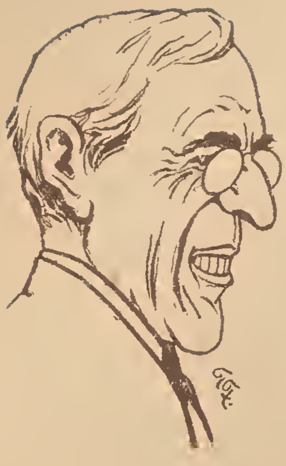
The abuse that was heaped upon Abraham Lincoln by the partisan press is too recent and too well known to need recapitulation here.

"When a President-elect takes the oath of office on inauguration day he indentures himself for four years of the heaviest servitude that can befall the lot of any mortal. A President, equal to his oath, is both King and Premier, reigning and ruling, bowed down by the crown of authority and encompassed by the sombre mantel of responsibility." Thus wrote Woodrow Wilson in his early years, and now he is experiencing the fact that the political American beauty rose—the Presidency— has many

## MEPHISTO.

The devil is not as black as he is painted—he's sometimes yellow. This particular Mephisto has tried to play the devil with the present administration—but it is only play. His motto is—"Every tale should have a sting at the end—likewise every tail."

The Mephisto of Politics



sharp thorns. He is held responsible for bad business seasons. Office seekers swarm upon him like a plague of locusts. Hordes of inconsequential people descend upon him to shake his hand until his fingers ache. He is roundly abused by the press for the appointments he makes and as mercilessly condemned for those he doesn't make; and too frequently the vicious assassin's pistol makes it necessary for the Vice President to take his place—perhaps this is why he is called the "Vice" President.

The most reprehensible custom connected with the Presidency is the ridiculous handshaking habit. It led to the assassination of President McKinley. What is needed is a man who on entering the White House as President will serve notice that he will not yield to the vanity of promiscuous handshakes, but will return to the sensible custom of that estimable gentleman and practicable believer in democracy, George Washington, whose place in the hearts of his countrymen was not won by allowing every American who happened along to squeeze his thoroughly capable hand.

## THE PRESIDENT.

There are some queer customs connected with the selection of the Persident. He is never notified of his election. Neither the Federal Constitution nor the Electoral Count act makes any provision for notifying or issuing to him a commission certifying his election.

He does not even receive from the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House a certified copy of the proceedings of the joint meeting of the two bodies at which certificates of the electoral votes of the several States are opened and counted. Nor is any one of either body appointed to wait upon him and notify him of the result. Some kind of commission is issued to all other officers of the Government, but the President has no official document as evidence of his election—if we except the salary-check he receives at the end of the first month of his term—money talks.

At the White House no soldier walks his beat before the entrance, to guard the President, as before the palaces of Kings and Emporers in other lands. During the dark days of the Civil War a soldier was assigned to this duty. One stormy night President Lincoln emerged from the executive mansion on his way to the War Department. As a chilly blast struck him he noticed the sentry pacing on duty. Turning to him he said:

"Young man, you've got a cold job tonight; step inside and stand guard there."

"My orders keep me outside," the soldier replied as he resumed his beat.

"Hold on there!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, "I am Commander-in-Chief of the army, and I *order* you to go inside."

A broad smile suffused his kindly face as he saw his order obeyed.

The President by reason of his arduous duties in deciding questions involving the happiness of thousands, or even the welfare of the nation, is compelled to work from twelve to fourteen hours a day.

The present incumbent of the White House, Woodrow Wilson, has been aptly termed "Abraham Lincoln with a college education." His ingenuousness is more disconcerting to self-seekers and monopolists than any outburst of thunderous denunciation could possibly be. His rare plainness and simplicity of speech makes his position dynamic. He has the reputation of being what plain pleople call "a very smart man." But he refuses to rely upon his smartness. His main reliance is his teachable and disinterested sanity. His mind is singularly open. Therein lies his power. If what he had written in his early years is not in conformity with facts later obtained, then is the first view discarded for the new.

His careless and unrestrained directness of speech makes hosts of friends amongst those who scorn demagoguery. Not in a generation has a man come to the Presidency with anything like the daredevil democracy of spirit which Woodrow Wilson displays.

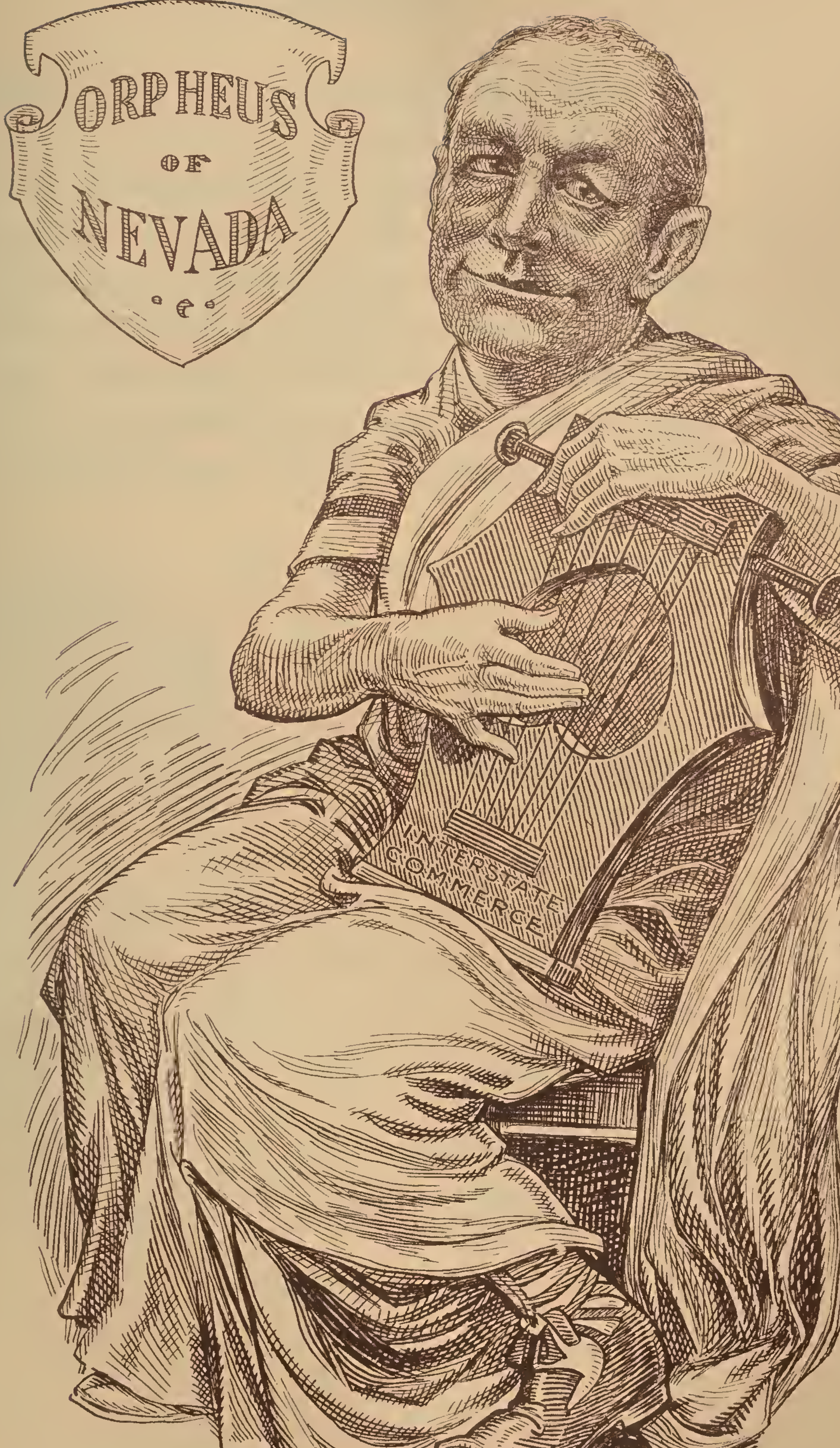
If the scholar has broken into politics, what a fortunate thing for the Republic, that, just as the predatory interests were gaining an ascendancy over the country, there should come from the schools such a militant scholar with not only ability, but also the courage to cope with these merciless oppressors of the people.

The pay of the President seems small when compared with the big sums paid to the rulers of foreign countries, yet it is a goodly sum. There has never been an occasion, however, in which the office was declined because the pay was meagre. From Washington to Grant the salary was $25,000. It was then raised to $50,000, where it rested until Taft was inaugurated, when it was lifted to $75,000. During Roosevelt's term $25,000 was voted for traveling expenses. Direct salary, however, is only a part of the emolument of the President. A heated and lighted residence is his to occupy, the repairs to which are defrayed by Uncle Sam, who also cares for the grounds surrounding. The President is in addition supplied with extra servants, with china, stationery, and flowers for his table.

As Commander-in-Chief of the Army he is entitled to forage for eight horses, which can be traded for gasoline if he so desires. If his fancy runs to the sea, a yacht is at his service to command. Take it all in all it is quite a good

## SENATOR FRANCIS G. NEWLANDS.

When Senator Newlands, the Orpheus of Nevada, plays an Intermezzo on his Interstate Commerce Lyre, he makes the rebating railroads dance, and the Predatory Trusts Turkey trot a quick-step in the direction of the public pillory. Originally a 16 to 1 silverite, he is now an 18 karat Progressive. His motto is—"Every Trust should get a Reno divorce from Wall Street."

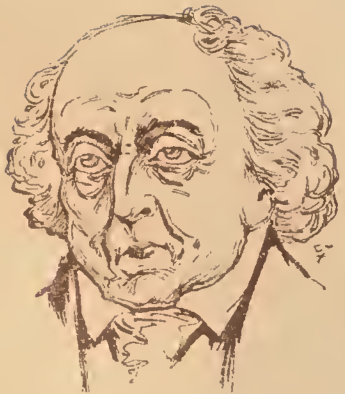

ORPHEUS
OF
NEVADA
INTERSTATE COMMERCE
Tom Fleming

job, from a pecuniary point of view—in these days of costly living.

There is a legend in Washington which relates that a certain President of frugal propensities was so succesful in his economies that when his term of office expired he departed from the White House with his full four years' salary intact, having actually succeeded in living through his term upon the interest on his wages.

What disposition to make of ex-Presidents has long been a vexed question. Why the Constitution never made any provision to profit by the services of men who had served the country as Chief Executives, has been inexplicable to many. That such a man shall not have a third term, however, seems to be definitely settled now after many days.

Petty jealousies seem to possess those who stand nearest to the President. What John Adams thought of Washington's mental powers is illusrated by the story of his shaking his fist at a portrait of the Father of this Country and exclaiming in his shrill, squeaky voice, "If



JOHN ADAMS

that wooden-headed man had not kept his mouth shut he would have been found out." Secretary Edwin M. Stanton was too small a man to properly appreciate the great Abraham Lincoln and on one occasion referred to him as "the baboon in the White House." Every President has to stand this sort of thing—it seems to be a penalty for being great—"The spurn that patient merit of the unworthy takes."

# CHAPTER VIII

## THE WHITE HOUSE.

TO obliterate the marks caused by the fire which burned down the Executive Mansion in 1814, the rebuilt structure was painted white. This fire was the dastardly work of the British soldiers who viewed war as a means of wreaking spite and malice on inoffensive buildings. The Goths and Vandals pursued war after this fashion when they captured ancient Rome;—but they were barbarians.

Fifteen years previous to this act of vandalism, in 1799, George Washington had walked through its rooms on a tour of inspection and expressed himself as being greatly pleased at the outcome of his dearly cherished plans, little dreaming that they were so soon to fall a prey to an ungenerous foe.

The mansion was modeled after the residence of the Duke of Leinster, near Dublin, by the architect James Hoban, and the cornerstone was laid by Washington himself. It is reconstructed of Virginia freestone, painted white; hence the name, White House.

How talismanic and mystic a meaning the words "White House" have for the average American. The most august and pretentious imperial palace in a monarchial country does not possess a fraction of the pride and fascination for the subject of a crown, to that possessed by the citizen of the republic for the plain, unpretentious building on Pennsylvania avenue.

The reason for this is probably due to its democratic character, and its accessibility to the common people; and furthermore to the sentiment that no obstacle of birth, nor hinderance of environment can thwart the ambition of the humble citizen to attain this high station in this land of opportunity.

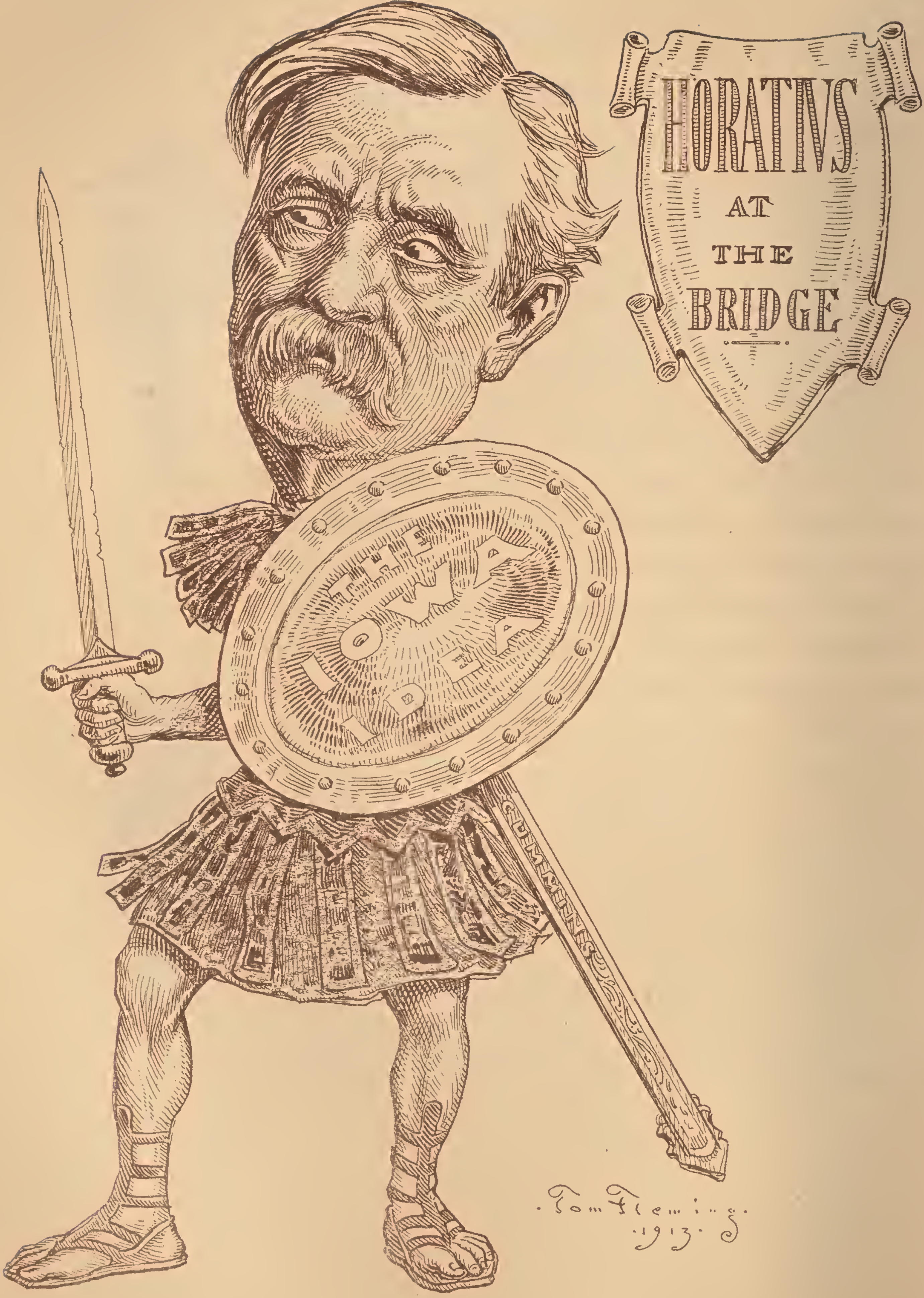
"From the cabin to the White House," rings familiar to all aspiring youth, who are thus stimulated and inspired with the thought that the road to the White House is open and free to any boy in the land. As for the girls—until female suffrage becomes an assured fact, there is no bar nor hindrance to their marrying a future President;—what!

Although thoroughly democratic in a broad sense, the White House visitors will find that there are sharply drawn lines of distinction at public receptions. Your social status is usually determined by your rank in official circles. Rank may be but the "guinea's stamp," nevertheless it is the thing that makes you pass current at the White House receptions, and the promptitude with which you are admitted to these semi-social functions is largely due to the eminence of your official rank;—if you are a rank outsider, then outside you remain.

The political spellbinder, wishing to strike a popular chord often grandiloquently lauds the rank and file. You will better understand his reference after you have visited Washington and attended one of the big public receptions at the Executive Mansion. There you will find "Rank" inside the gates; while outside, the "file" will be found to extend many blocks in length on Pennsylvania avenue awaiting its turn to enter within the sacred precincts of the big white mansion to greet His Excellency, the President.

These public receptions are very amusing if viewed in the proper light. The crowds assemble early in the day in the vicinity of the White House grounds. They gather about the entrance to the Army and Navy building, where the army and navy officers assemble preparatory to their march across the street to the President's reception. In the interior the crowd patiently awaits hour after hour the appearance of the high-steppers in gold-lace who hold commands in the Army and Navy. With bated breath they gasp in admiration at the brilliant uniforms and clanking accoutrements of Uncle Sam's fighting men. In the meantime the people have formed a line which extends from the north gate of the White House grounds, to many blocks up Pennsylvania avenue impatiently awaiting the signal to advance.

Inside the White House a different scene is being enacted. Here you will find the President, with a smile that never comes off, surrounded by all the great dignitaries at the Cap-


HORATIVS AT THE BRIDGE
THE IOWA IDEA
CUMMINS
Tom Fleming 1913

## SENATOR ALBERT B. CUMMINS.

Senator Cummins is the Horatius of the Progressive Party's bridge; in fact, as an Insurgent, he was one of the builders of the bridge that spans the ditch between the G. O. P. and the Progressive's Fortress. The "Iowa Idea" that Cummins is the coming man in a Hawk-eye-tem worth more than a passing notice. His motto is—"A presidential bee in the bonnet is worth two in the hand."

ital. They greet him severally and in turn, preserving the utmost decorum and dignity while saluting him in the most formally polite manner.

The Maine Band is playing its choicest music in which selections from Chopin, Mendelsohn, and Mascagni predominate—the rag-time pieces are held in reserve for the common-people who are clamoring outside. Segregated into small groups the exalted and superior brands of humanity quietly and reservedly greet each other in subdued tones. The distingushing lines are easily discerned. Supreme Court Justices, with great solemnity vouchsafe dignified bows of recognition to eminent legal lights; Cabinet Ministers nod to Foreign ambassadors; Senators greet Senators and Congressmen affiliate with their colleagues. A general air of polite urbanity prevails and the atmosphere seems charged with the electricity of eminence and refinement.

To supplement this scene the Lady of the White House, surrounded by a bevy of sweet faced girls is playing host to a crush of femininity. Hour after hour is passed in bestowing pleasant smiles and friendly greetings upon the seemingly endless throngs as they surge and flow through the great reception room.

An unusual commotion is heard at the great doorway. The word has been given to admit the multitudes. The Band changes its tune. The President braces up. Here they come! There majesties, the people. "Don't push! don't shove!—There are only some seven thousands of us." In they swarm to the tune of a popular rag-time air which the Band has started to play. Maine has linked arms with Arizona. They became acquainted during the long wait on Pennsylvania avenue. When they come together, as they sometimes do in promiscuous gatherings, they are brothers, although their habitations may be miles apart. Look at the big muscular hand of that tall Missourian! Watch him make the President wince when he grips his hand. He's such a staunch friend and admirer and 'tis the only way he knows how to show his admiration.

Their mothers, wives and sweethearts are with them in the line. "Ladies to the front, there!—We'd have you know we're from a Suffrage State." The Suffrage states are now a recognized quantity, just as Prohibition states formerly were.

An hour has passed and still they come. The President looks wearied and his smile appears forced. But he has braced himself for this ordeal and he means to see it through. "What's the matter?" a sudden halt in the line—oh, nothing. Only another suspicious looking character spotted by a secret service detective. They are examining this fellow, however. They "frisk" him—which in detective parlance means, search him for concealed weapons. They find a loaded revolver on this one; whisk him out of the line and lug him off to jail. Another lunatic has been frustrated in an attempt at assassination.

What an absurd custom is this practice of hand-shaking at the White House. The present President very properly frowns upon it. Washington never countenanced it. The people in his time had more consideration for the man and the high position in which they had placed him than to jeopardize his life or stultify his high office.

There is nothing particularly conducive to democracy in the spectacle of several thousands of people crowding into the White House to inflict themselves upon the Chief Executive in an effort to please their vanities. How about the rest of the ninety millions of Americans who cannot be present at these receptions, but who nevertheless cherish an equal feeling of admiration for him, and just as sincere a veneration for the high office he occupies as do the swarms of visitors who invade the precincts of the Executive Mansion in an effort to show their appreciation of the President by squeezing his good right hand.

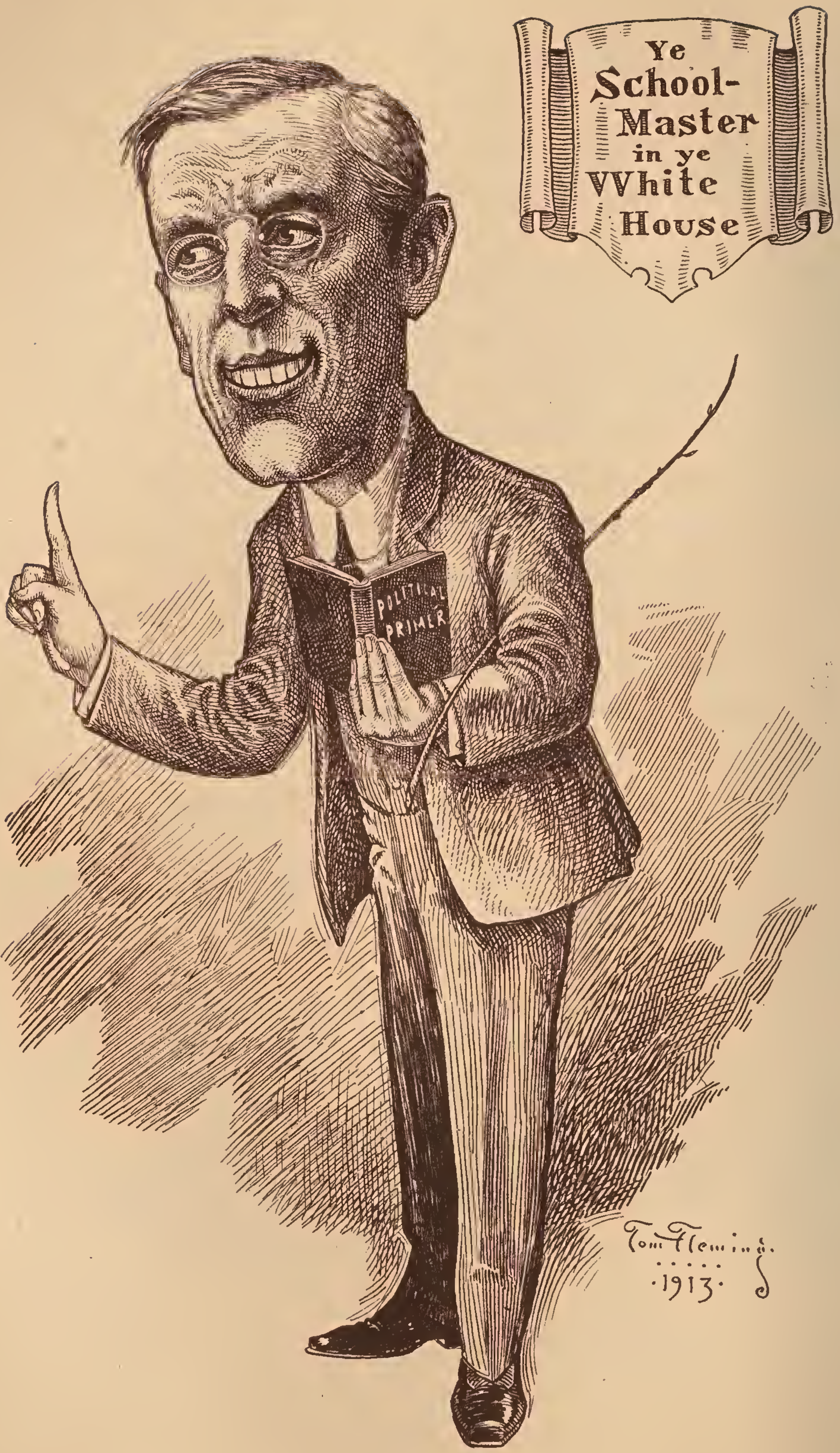
## CHAPTER IX

## THE MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

A FIERCE light beats upon a throne but a fiercer light illumines the Presidential chair. It is usually Lese Majeste to print all the news which emanates from a palace, whereas it is considered loose newspaper work not to print every scrap of gossip that leaks from the White House. Everybody is curious about the President. When a man like Woodrow Wilson is catapuled into the Presidency, who a few years ago was the head of a university whose chief claim to fame was based on the excellent reputation of its football team, then the curiosity of the people respecting his personality is simply unquenchable.

After scrutinizing his picture in the public prints everybody is eager to know what manner of man he is. Is he cold? Is he pedantic and unapproachable? Is he a bookworm with a liking only for dry and dusty volumes?

When they first learn that he has attended


Ye School-Master in ye VVhite House
POLITICAL PRIMER
Tom Fleming
1913

## WOODROW WILSON.

A school-master is in the White House. His school is in the Capitol where he has many pupils. His scholars are very obedient. The teacher loves his pupils—when they are good. When they are bad, he reads messages to them. His most faithful scholar is Willie Bryan, who used to be a teacher himself. Now Willie leads the class in singing "How we love our teacher." Professor Woodrow has many mottoes. His favorite aphorism is—"The A B C of politics is taught in the Primary."

a base-ball game and acted the part of an enthusiastic fan they are pleased. When they hear about him breaking precedents by reading his message to Congress, and conferring with the Senators at the Capitol, they begin to realize that the new President is a human being after all; a thing of flesh and blood, and not a parchment imitation.

The one, dominant quality of Woodrow Wilson is his thorough democracy, his unaffected simplicity. He has a big task and he knows it. He occupies an exalted position but he is not unduly dazzled by it. Working under a Constitution delicately adjusted with a system of checks and counterchecks instituted by men envious of each other, the brakes often clog the machinery of government and impair its action. Having made a life study of the Constitution he knows its limitations. "Writing maketh an exact man," said Lord Bacon. Woodrow Wilson has written much. He is exact. When he read his tariff message instead of having a reading clerk drone it out to an uninterested and inattentive Congress, he knew of the latitude afforded by the Constitution and hesitated not to avail himself of it. He wants his administration to succeed and he goes to work in a perfectly natural manner to accomplish success. The men in Congress are the ones to pass the laws before he can proceed to execute them. Consequently he talks to them just as a football coach would talk to his team before sending it out on the gridiron.

He is not disconcerted by the precedents that surround him. They amuse him. Every time he does a natural and rational thing he finds he breaks a precedent. But that doesn't deter him from being natural.

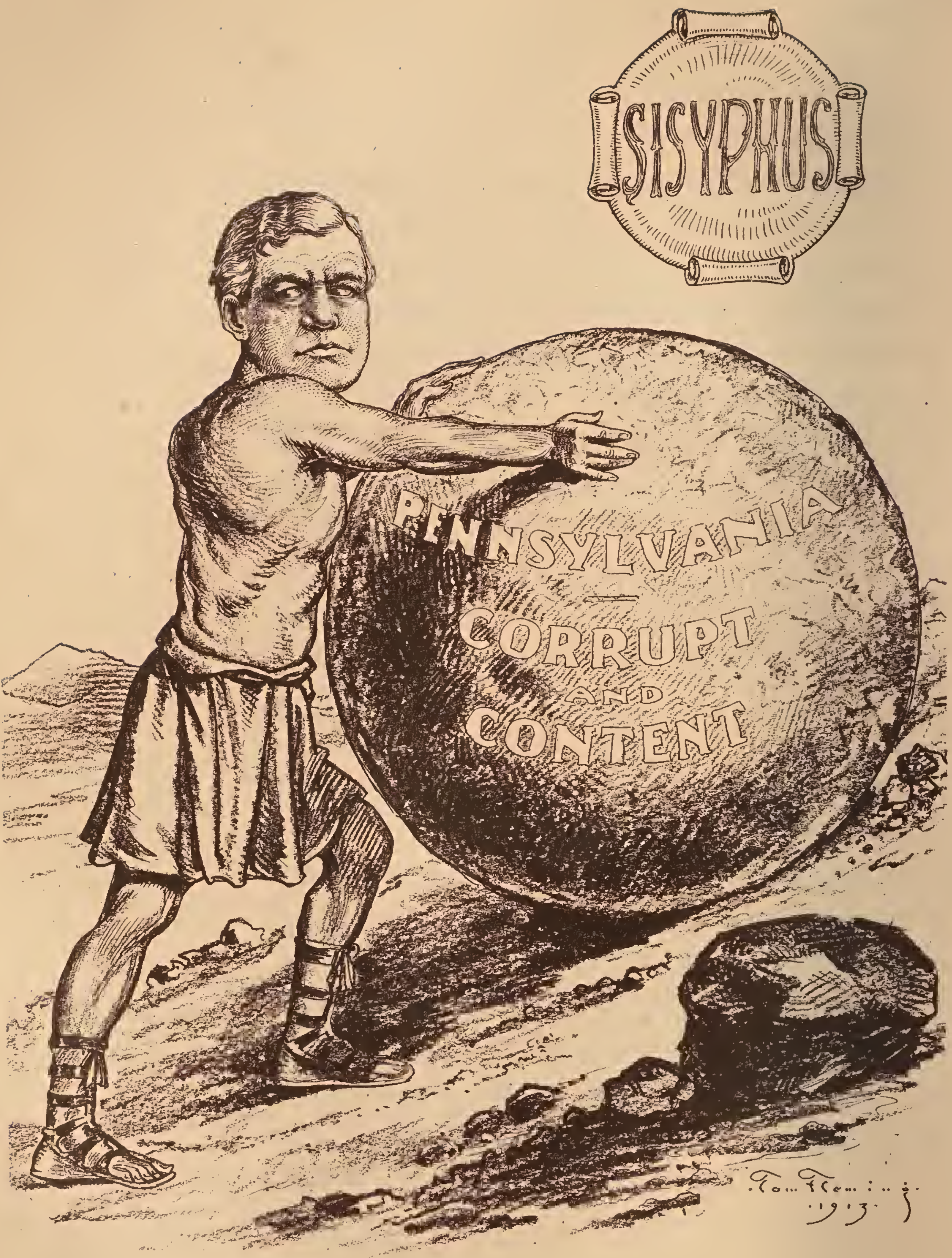
He often goes to his private secretary's house to find recreation with the six beautiful children there. This constitutes a breach of precedent, which decrees that a President may not call at a private house.

He is a most excellent stenographer; his shorthand characters look like copper-plate. When he reads a book he frequently makes shorthand notes as he goes along. His inaugural address was written in shorthand before it was typewritten, and furthermore, it was typewritten by himself.

Washingtonians have become quite familiar with him as a walker. With his head thrown back and shoulders squared he swings along at a gait that proclaims the man in perfect physical condition. It would be difficult to find a more graceful pedestrian.

One peculiarity that stands out markedly is his fondness for new stories and the man who can tell him a fresh, newly-coined witticism is his friend. He has a strong penchant for good limericks and will recite one on the slightest provocation. This is a heritage of college days which he has never grown out of. In short he will recite an apt limerick, tell a good story, or sing a song with all the gust of a youth of twenty or so.

Like Lincoln, he has a keen sense of humor and is fond of illustrating a point by means of an apt anecdote. Having a dry, crisp way of bringing out the points, and eyes that glint with expressiveness, his stories always gain in effectiveness by his rendition. Gifted with a re-


SISYPHUS
PENNSYLVANIA — CORRUPT AND CONTENT
Tom Fleming 1913

## A. MITCHELL PALMER, M. C.

The task of Sisyphus was to roll a round stone to the top of a hill. But when near the top, the stone always rolled back again. The Pennsylvania Sisyphus is of a different type,—the Woodrow Wilson pattern. He has resolved to roll that old Penn. State stone to the top and make it stay there. When the Keystone State gets on top she'll be content,—but not corrupt.

SISYPHUS

markable memory his repertoire is apparently inexhaustible. Once told an ordinarily commonplace narrative he will clothe it in his inimitable English and transform it into a most entertaining story.

Being very fond of nonsense verse, he occasionally indulges in versified gibes at what he is pleased to term his own shortcomings. Having a notion that he is possessed of a homely face, which is far from true, he composed the following.

"For beauty I'm not a star,
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face, I don't mind it;
You see, I'm behind it,
It's the people in front that I jar!"

This is all right as a pleasantry, but it need not be taken literally. He has the best face of any President since Lincoln. There is something almost fascinating about it. While it is the face of a student, it indicates an exceptionally broad mind in combination with a singularly kind and sympathetic nature. At the first inquisitive scrutiny his face seems lacking in sympathy, but upon closer examination it takes on an indefinable attractiveness that is hard to understand until you annalize it. Then it will be seen that the broad forehead, reposeful eyes, well shaped nose, make the face of an intellectual. But it is the mouth in this characterful countenance that gives it unusual strength. It is a mouth worth studying. With lips unyielding, cold and deliberate, and apparently merciless, until you look into the kindly eyes. It is a mouth that denotes a nature that will not fail in emergencies. Woodrow Wilson's character is clearly reflected in his face—"a face to jar"—those that need jarring.

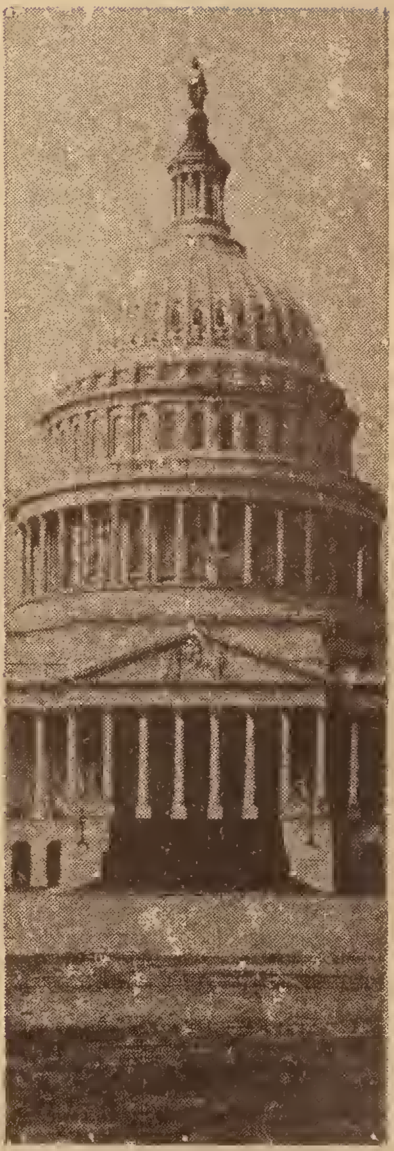
# CHAPTER X

## THE CAPITOL.

THE grand architectural pile which shelters the two wings of Congress is easily the most conspicuous and imposing edifice in the Federal city. Its situation is superb. No matter from which direction Washington is approached the white dome of the Capitol is the first sight to gladden the eye.

It is singularly appropriate that the Federal city should be built upon the banks of the Potomac, which in Indian is "Potowmak," and means "The river of the meeting of the tribes."

A. R. Spofford, who was Librarian of Congress for many years, relates that "Washington, with that consummate judgment which distinguished his career, fixed upon just the one spot in the entire range of territory prescribed by Congress which commanded the three-fold advantages of unfailing tidewater navigation, convenient access from Baltimore and the other large cities northward, and superb natural



sites, alike for public buildings and for the varied wants of a populous city."

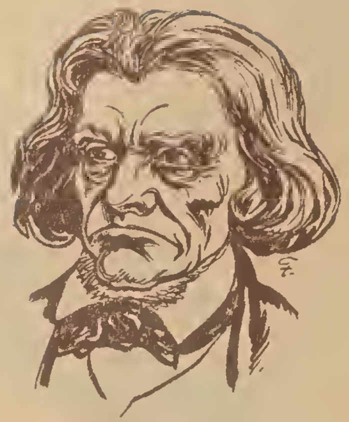
When the Capitol site was selected it was found to belong to an Irishman named Daniel Carroll, who readily parted with it when informed of the use to which it was to be put. It was quite different, however, when the commissioners came to bargain for the adjoining land which belonged to a Scotchman named David Burns, and who refused to part with it at any price. To Washington's most patriotic appeals he was adamant, and is said to have irritably replied: "If it had not been for the Widow Custis and her niggers, you would never have been anything but a land surveyor."

On March 30th, 1791, nineteen of the proprietors of the land required to build the city, signed an agreement to sell their property for £25 per acre, to be paid by the public.

It is interesting to note that at this time Philadelphia was the metropolis of the country with a population of 45,000 inhabitants. New York had 35,000; Boston, 20,000; Charleston, 16,000; and Baltimore 15,000.

# THE CAPITOL.

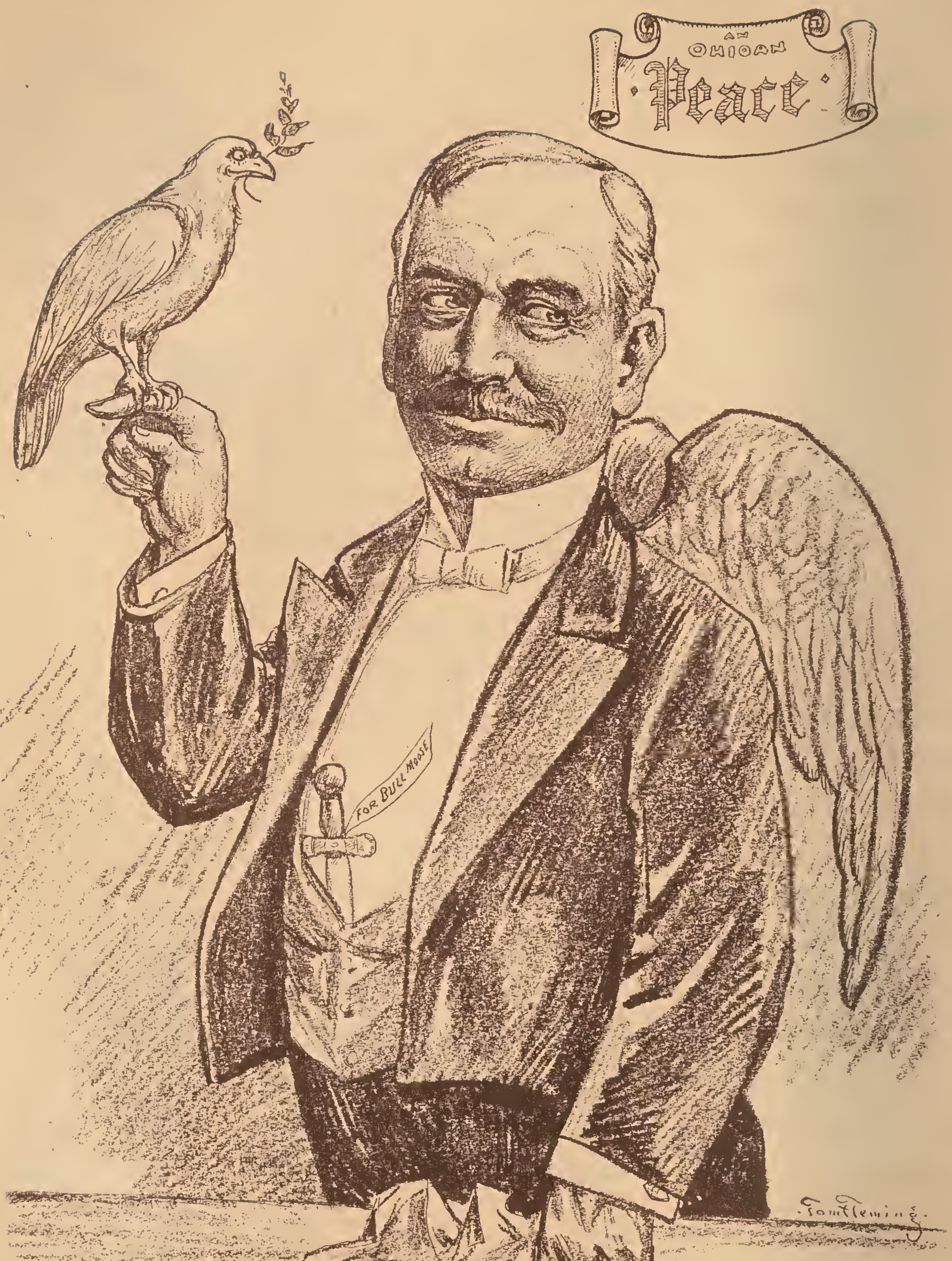
All honor is due the young French engineer, Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, who planned the city so well. In his report which he handed personally to Washington on March 26th, 1791, he writes,


·CALHOUN·

"The country is level to that part terminating in a ridge a half a mile off from the river Potowmak—from these height every grand building would rear with a majestick aspect over the country all round and might advantageously be seen from twenty miles off, and facing on the grandest prospect to the Potowmack, where a majestick colum, or a grand Pyramid being erected would produce the happyest effect and completely finish the landskape."

President Washington planned that the Halls of Congress should be placed at a sufficient distance from the Executive Mansion to preclude the possibility of too frequent visits of Congressmen. But he overlooked a few trifles in the way of future inventions of those remorseless devourers of distances—Automobiles, Telephones, Wireless Telegraphy and Aeroplanes.

·MONROE·


AN OHIOAN
Peace
FOR BULL MOOSE
Tom Fleming

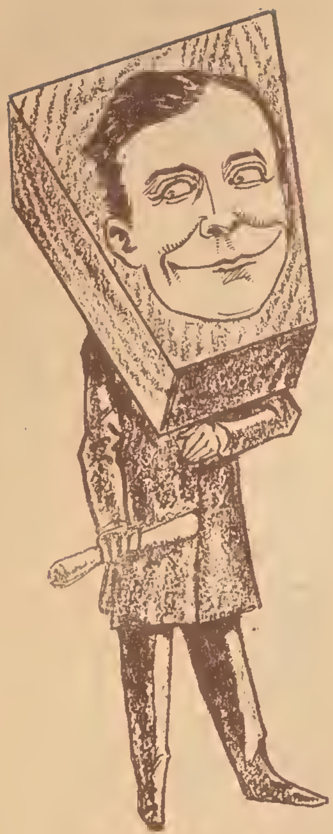
## SENATOR THEODORE E. BURTON.

"Peace hath her victories no less than war." So thinks Senator Burton, of Ohio, who is President of the American Peace Society. As a figure of "Peace" he stands unique. The Senator is an accomplished after-dinner speaker. His post-prandial masterpiece is an eloquent plea for peace with all the world—except the tribe of Bull Moose. His motto is—"Let us have peace, even though we have to fight for it."

Nor did he anticipate the day when some future Executive would find it expedient to "carry the war into Africa" in a laudable effort to find a few senegambians lurking in some legislative wood-pile.

To the east of the proposed Capitol was a broad plateau on which it was expected that the finest part of the future city would be built. But the real estate speculators gobbled up all of this territory and builders were forced, by their exhorbitant demands, to seek cheaper land in the rear. This is the reason the Capitol has got her back turned to the more important part of the city, or as Gen. Ben Butler once remarked "She's Mary Ann in front and Queen Anne in the rear."

The design for the edifice was conceived by Dr. William Thornton, who submitted a water-color sketch to the President, who at once gave it his hearty approval, and on September the 18th, 1793, he laid the cornerstone in the presence of the Free Masons, the militia, volunteer firemen and a number of civic associations which existed in the young city at that early date.



M. Clyde Kelly
Keystone State M. C.

The exterior walls of the building are of yellow sandstone from the banks of Acquia creek. The bricks were burned in kilns upon the spot, and the timber was cut from the adjoining hills.

After many viscissitudes, during which the architects were changed several times, the building was sufficiently far advanced for occupancy in October of 1800, for the Federal Government to move from Philadelphia and take formal possession.

Fourteen years later, the British captured the city, and tried to burn it to the ground, and we've had a grudge against John Bull ever since.

On July 4th, 1851, President Millard Fillmore laid the corner-stone of the new wings of the Capitol, on which occasion Daniel Webster delivered a masterly oration, which was said to have been one of the most eloquent and comprehensive in his long career.

·WEBSTER·

If the patient reader likes dry figures let him (or her) contemplate the following—The building covers nearly four acres of ground, being seven hundred and fifty feet in length and three hundred and fifty feet in width. The massive dome was completed in 1865. It is constructed of iron plates so arranged that they slide smoothly, one upon the other with the expansion and contraction consequent upon the varying temperatures to which they are subjected, folding and unfolding like a gigantic coat of mail. The weight of this enormous quantity of iron is estimated at approximately Nine million pounds, exclusive of the Fifteen thousand pound statue of Miss Liberty which surmounts the structure.

The female suffragists should experience some degree of satisfaction at the spectacle of woman being placed on such a high plane at the nation's capital—over three hundred feet above the ground.

A sad reminiscence of the early days of the Capitol is that contained in a letter from Thomas Jefferson concerning the burning of the books of the Library of Congress by the British soldiers in 1814. Writing from Monticello to Congress he said:

J.E.Raker,
M.C.-CAL.
Proud of it.
VOTES FOR WOMEN

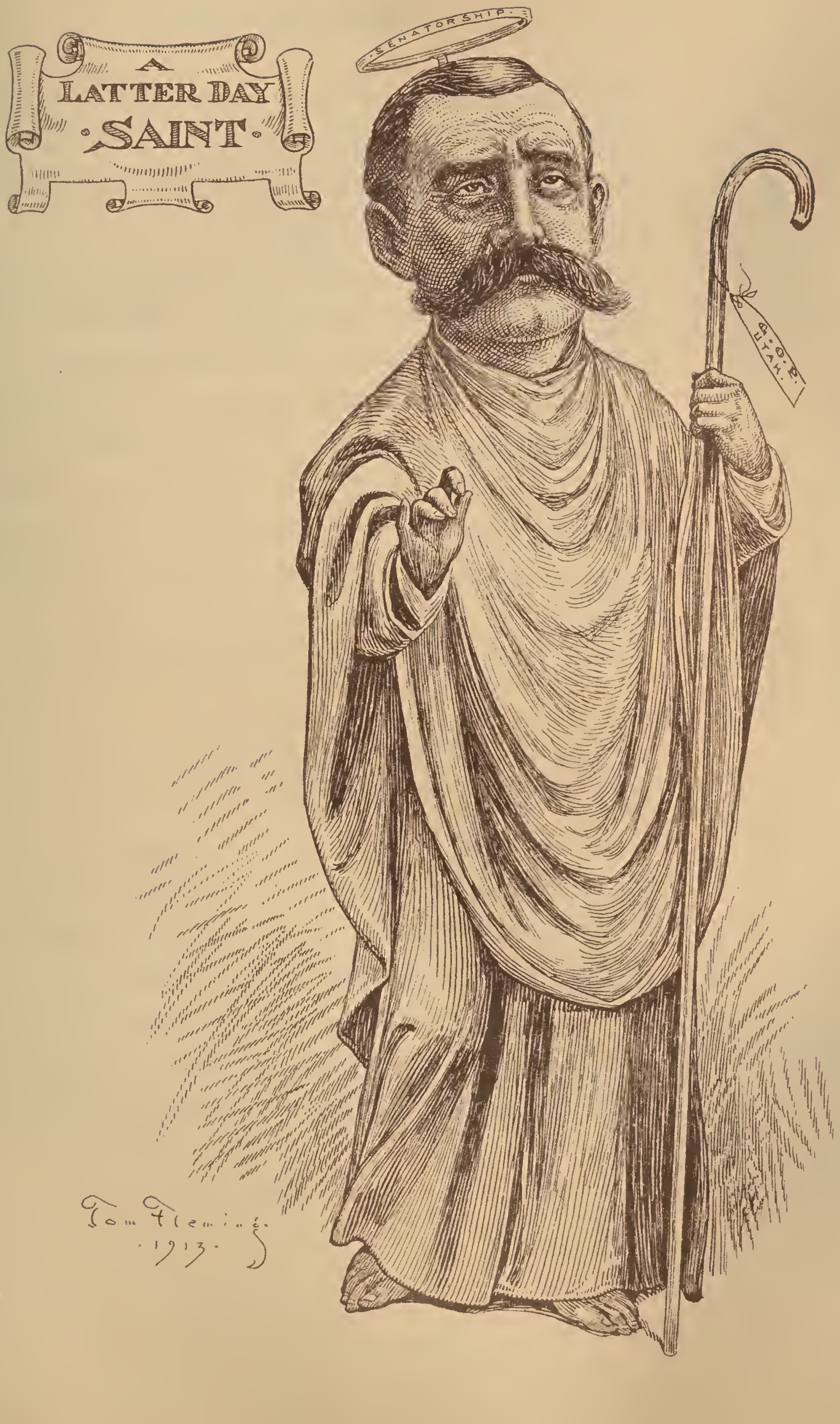
"I learn from the newspapers that the vandalism of our enemy has triumphed at Washington, over science as well as the arts, by the destruction of the public library, with the noble edifice in which it was deposited. You know my collection of books. * * * I have been fifty years making it, and have spared no pains, opportunity or expense, to make it what it now is. While residing in Paris, I devoted every afternoon I was disengaged, in examining all the principal book-stores, turning over every book with my own hands, and putting by everything which related to America. * * * The collection contained between nine and ten thousand volumes. * * * I wish to make a tender of it to the Library Committee of Congress."

The entire collection was purchased by Congress for $23,950, and forms the nucleus of the present Library. The Library was partly replaced, the marks of the fire were partly obliterated, but the sting of the act of vandalism on the part of the British soldiers has never been wholly eliminated.

No visitor to the Capitol ever omits to exam-

## SENATOR REED SMOOT.

In these degenerate days it is refreshing to know that we have saints amongst us—Latter day saints. St. Smoot, the patron saint of the Utah G. O. P., has kept his State true to the faith, despite the unholy machinations of the False Prophet of Bull Moose. The Senator, being a banker is a disciple of Mor-mon-ey. His motto is—"Plural wives, and Plural voting are entirely different propositions."


A LATTER DAY SAINT
SENATORSHIP.
G.O.P.
UTAH.
Tom Fleming.
·1913·

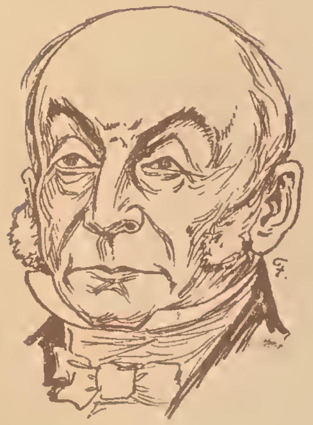
ine the historical paintings in the rotunda. Four of these are the work of John Trumbull, the son of Jonathan Trumbull, Revolutionary Governor of Connecticut.

Having been an aide-de-camp to Gen. Washington, he was unusually well fitted for his task by reason of his actual knowledge of the revolution and his intimate acquaintance with the chief actors in the scenes he depicts.

While Trumbull was no such painter as Meissonier, Detaille, Abbey, or Sargent, nevertheless his work is in the highest degree valuable for its wealth of historical data.

"The Signing of the Declaration of Independence" is the best known. It is natural in tone and finish, and only a captious critic could find fault with it. John Quincy Adams criticized it on account of some book which was shown lying on the President's table,—but what Adams lacked in art knowledge would fill a larger book than the one complained of.

"The Surrender of Burgoyne" is chiefly valuable for the carefully painted American Officers shown in the large picture. In the paint-



QUINCY ADAMS

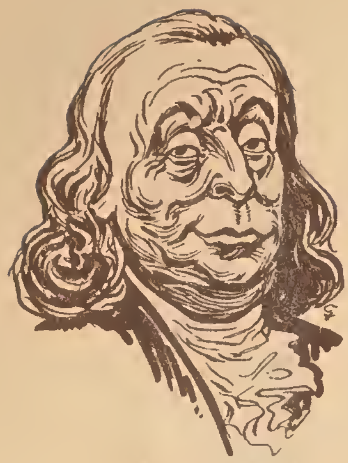
ing of "The Surrender of Lord Cornwallis" Trumbull went to great lengths to secure the utmost fidelity to the subject; journeying to Paris, and other European cities, to make studies of the French Officers who were present at Yorktown. Writing from Europe, he says; "I made many studies for the Surrender of Cornwallis. I drew it over and over again."

"Gen. Washington Resigning his Commission" is a well painted picture, its grouping being particularly felicitous. Trumbull was superior in his interior scenes. This was probably due to his associations with Benjamin West, whose style he closely followed as a student.

The other four paintings in the Rotunda are the work of Weir, Vanderlyn, Powell and Chapman.

"The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," by Robert Weir, is like the people it represents;—gloomy, hard and uninteresting. "The Landing of Columbus" is the work of John Vanderlyn and is a very meritorious painting.

As much, however, cannot be said for Wm.



B. FRANKLIN

H. Powell's "Discovery of the Mississippi." It has little claim to historical merit, being purely fanciful.

"The Baptism of Pocahontas" should never have been placed in the rotunda. The subject is not of sufficient importance to warrant such conspicuous hanging. Far more appropriate would be a spirited portrayal of "Benjamin Franklin's Electrical Experiment," or "Wm. Penn's Treaty with the Indians," by any one of the talented American artists of today, who would undoubtedly be delighted to have the opportunity to show how far American art has advanced since the first pictures were placed beneath the dome of the Capitol.

A view of the Capitol at night is a thing of beauty not soon to be erased from the memory. When the beautiful white dome is aglow with the powerful electric lights which are cast upon it on various festive occasions, its symmetrical proportions show finely against the sombre sky and darkened foliage of the surrounding park which forms just the requisite background to complete the most impressive spectacle that can be conceived; and if you are romantically inclined on the occasion, your lively imagination will picture the colossal dome as some huge law-making beehive, wherein the busy congressional bees are storing honey in the guise of beneficient laws for the guidance of the great Republic. But the more practical observer will only see a great waste of electric light for the benefit of a few stragglers who wander about the adjacent park after nightfall, while the lawmakers have transferred their energies to the lobbies of the hotels, or the reception-rooms of residences in the residential quarters of the Capitol, over a mile away.

## CHAPTER XI

## THE DOME.

MANY are the calls for the elevator when a climb to the top of the Dome of the Capitol is contemplated, for in these days of automobiles, trolley-cars, and elevators, few walk, and none climb. There are 365 steps to the top, but a sight of the interior of the big dome well repays the effort required to ascend it, and when the task is accomplished, and you find yourself in the little gallery beneath the big lantern, and contemplate the beautiful view of city and country surrounding the Capitol, you won't regret the tiresome climb it has cost to reach it.

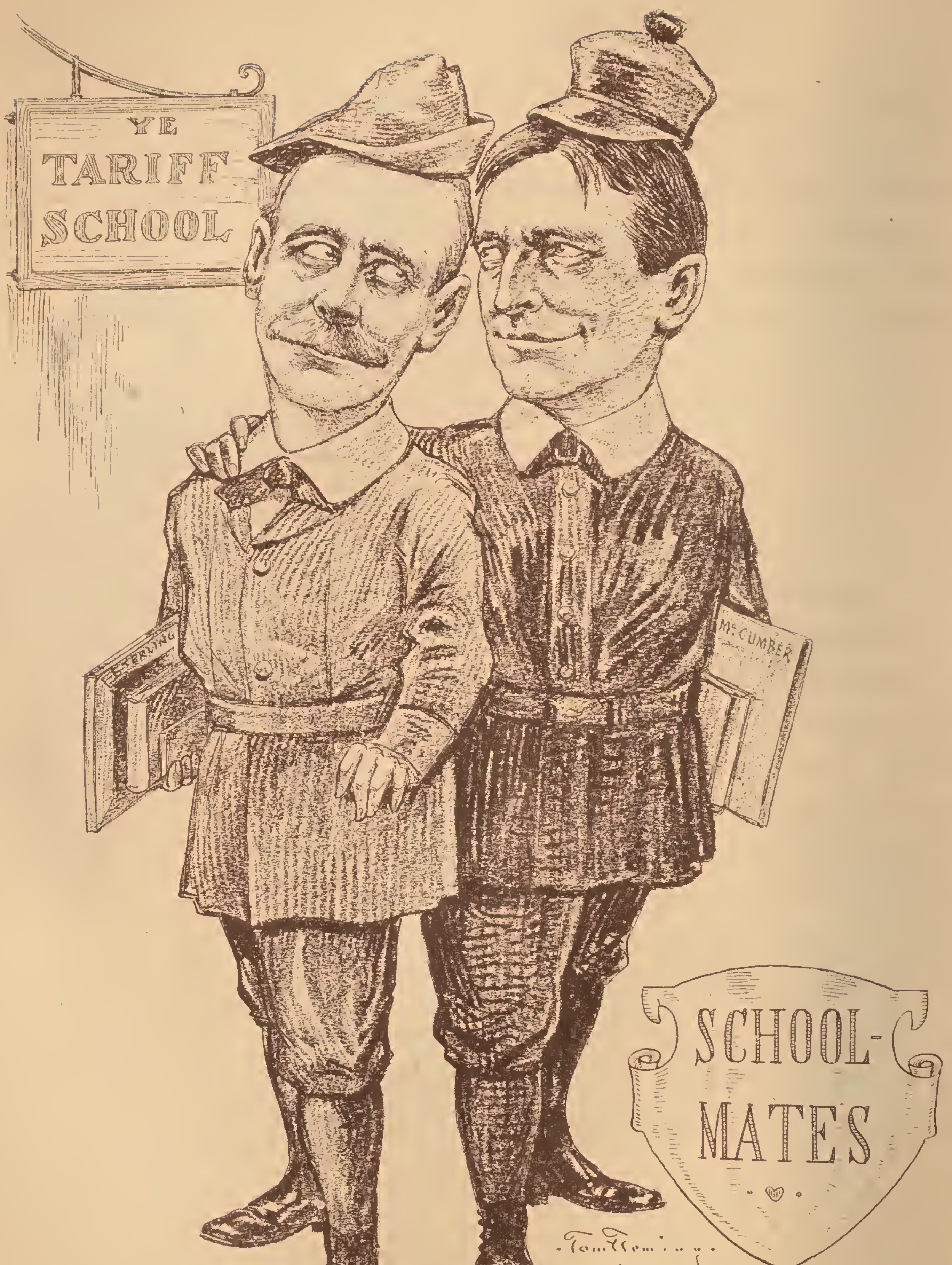
The original dome of the Capitol was constructed of wood which nearly burned down from an accidental fire in 1851. Four years later work was commenced on the present magnificent dome of iron which was erected in its place, but it was not completed until ten years later. All through the Civil war the work was carried on. Even in 1861 when all government work was suspended the contractors kept steadily at their task and put in place the 1,250,000 pounds of iron castings then upon the ground.

John Ruskin in his work on architecture, *The Lamp of Truth,* says, "It may be perhaps permitted to me to assume that true architecture does not admit iron as a constructive material."

But Ruskin is too fastidious. Would he vouchsafe the opinion that bronze is not a proper constructive material in true architecture? Then why should he condemn the use of iron? His criticism has been the basis of many attacks upon the beautiful American Capitol building, and they are certainly very unjust.

The height of the crest of the dome is 307 feet and six inches. For symetry of outline and proportion it has no equal in the world and far surpasses in beauty the somewhat similar domes of St. Peter's at Rome and St. Paul's in London. There is no dome in Europe more graceful in contour or more pleasing in proportions.

The erection of this great dome called for the


YE
TARIFF
SCHOOL
STERLING
McCUMBER
SCHOOL-
MATES
Tom Fleming

## SEN. THOMAS STERLING, S. D.—SEN. P. J. McCUMBER, N. D.

North and South Dakota are neighbors. Their favorite sons, Tommy Sterling and Port McCumber are schoolmates, attending the same school where they imbibe all the rudiments of knowledge political as expressed in the three R's—Regular Republican Rule.

highest type of engineering skill. The massive superstructure had to be provided with walls trussed, bolted and girded in the most substantial manner. Over 9,000,000 pounds of cast iron is used in its contruction. This exerts a pressure approximating 1,400 pounds to the square foot at the basement floor. The dome is constructed like two gigantic shells, one within the other. The outer shell resembles a monster metalic shingle roof which expands and contracts with the changes in the temperature. Between the two shells a stairway winds its tortuous way to the top. At the base the diameter measures 135 feet.

Thirty-six columns support the lower portion of the exterior—one for each State in the Union at the time it was designed. At the top there are thirteen columns, emblematic of the thirteen original States.

The lantern is fifty feet in height and serves a very useful purpose in signalling to the surrounding city that a night session of Congress is being held in the Capitol.

The view of the Capital from the circular

Thomas L. Reilly, M.C.
CONN.
Shaking out the rats.

balcony which encompasses the top of the dome is exceedingly fine. Looking westward, the bright current of the Potomac is seen like a shimmer of silver running southward between the green shores of Maryland and Virginia. Just beyond the river lies historic Arlington heights, with the majestic edifice erected by George Washington Parke Custis nestling amidst its rich foliage. It is now occupied by the government and is surrounded by the beautiful cemetery wherein lie over 15,000 Union dead. Alexandria city can be plainly seen near by. To the northwest, over the roofs of the White House and State department buildings, rise the picturesque heights of old Georgetown. To the north lies the Soldiers' home with its surrounding park of 750 acres. In closer proximity lies the beautiful Union Station with its apparently endless ribbons of bright steel-rails which guide the myriads of trains to the Capitol city.

Taken in its entirety it is hard to conceive a more beautiful picture than that displayed from the top of the Capitol building, but

·SEWARD·

Charles Dickens wrote in 1842;—It is sometimes called the City of Magnificent Distances, but it might with greater propriety be termed the City of Magnificent Intentions; for it is only on taking a bird's-eye view of it from the top of the Capitol, that one can at all comprehend the vast designs of its projector, an aspiring Frenchman. Spacious avenues, that begin in nothing and lead nowhere; streets, mile-long, that only want houses, roads, and inhabitants; public buildings, that need but a public to be complete; and ornaments of great thoroughfares, which only lack great thoroughfares to ornament,—are its leading features . . . . such as it is, it is likely to remain."

But in 1865, on a subsequent visit to Washington, the English writer was heartily ashamed of what he had written in 1842.

The interior of the dome is decorated by a huge fresco by Constantino Brumidi. This painting, by reason of its great height from the observer is designed in heroic proportions. It depicts the beatification of the spirit of Washington. On his right is Freedom and on

ARMED
LIBERTY

## ARMED LIBERTY.

There is a woman high up atop of the Capital called, Armed Liberty. She is armed with a sword. But the lady is not content. There is a look of keen dissatisfaction in her bronzed eye. "Take your old corroded sword, I want a ballot!" She exclaims. And she won't be happy till she gets it—and then—she'll most probably cast it into the House, or Senate chamber and scare the lawmakers out of a year's growth.

his left Victory. Grouped about are thirteen beautiful females emblematic of the original states. On the banner stretching across the picture is inscribed "E Pluribus Unum." Some dark night a female enthusiast may steal into the dome with paint-pot and brush and substitute "Votes for Woman" for the back-number latin motto. It seems too good an opportunity to be overlooked for long;—but look out for the eagle-eyed Capitol police!

As you descend the winding stairway you will probably notice the lone Capitol policeman on guard. This is to circumvent the persistent souvenir fiend, who would carry off the entire dome if not watched. Tourists in Washington, being no different from those in other places, have a strong penchant for carrying off anything that is not fastened down. Closely akin to the souvenir fiend is the autograph crank who scribbles his name in public places, and who would carve his initials on Armed Liberty if he could reach the lady.

The big statue was recently scrubbed by a score of workmen, who by using a heavy lather of castile soap and scrubbing brushes removed the dust and grime that had covered it. Upon examination, the seven platinum tips adorning her brow were found to be badly damaged by lightning bolts, and over $700 worth of the precious metal was required to restore them. Eternal vigilance is the price of Liberty.—Even the elements take a crack at her once in a while.

# CHAPTER XII

## THE CAPITOL GUIDE.

SUAVE, alert, and entertaining, the Capitol guide is in a class by himself—a specimen brick of which there is no counterpart. A keen judge of human nature, patient and accommodating, he is an entertainer as well as instructor. When a party of tourists appear at the big doorway leading to the rotunda of the Capitol it is refreshing to note the celerity with which he picks out the strangers. Never does he make the mistake of approaching one who has been to the Capitol before and consequently not in need of guidance.

His manner of coralling a requisite number to constitute a party is unique. Approaching a stranger who is gaping about as if in search of information he straightway proceeds to explain in a loud voice some distinguishing feature of the big rotunda. This always results in gathering a crowd eager to listen to the information imparted, and generally the right kind to constitute a sight-seeing group for revenue

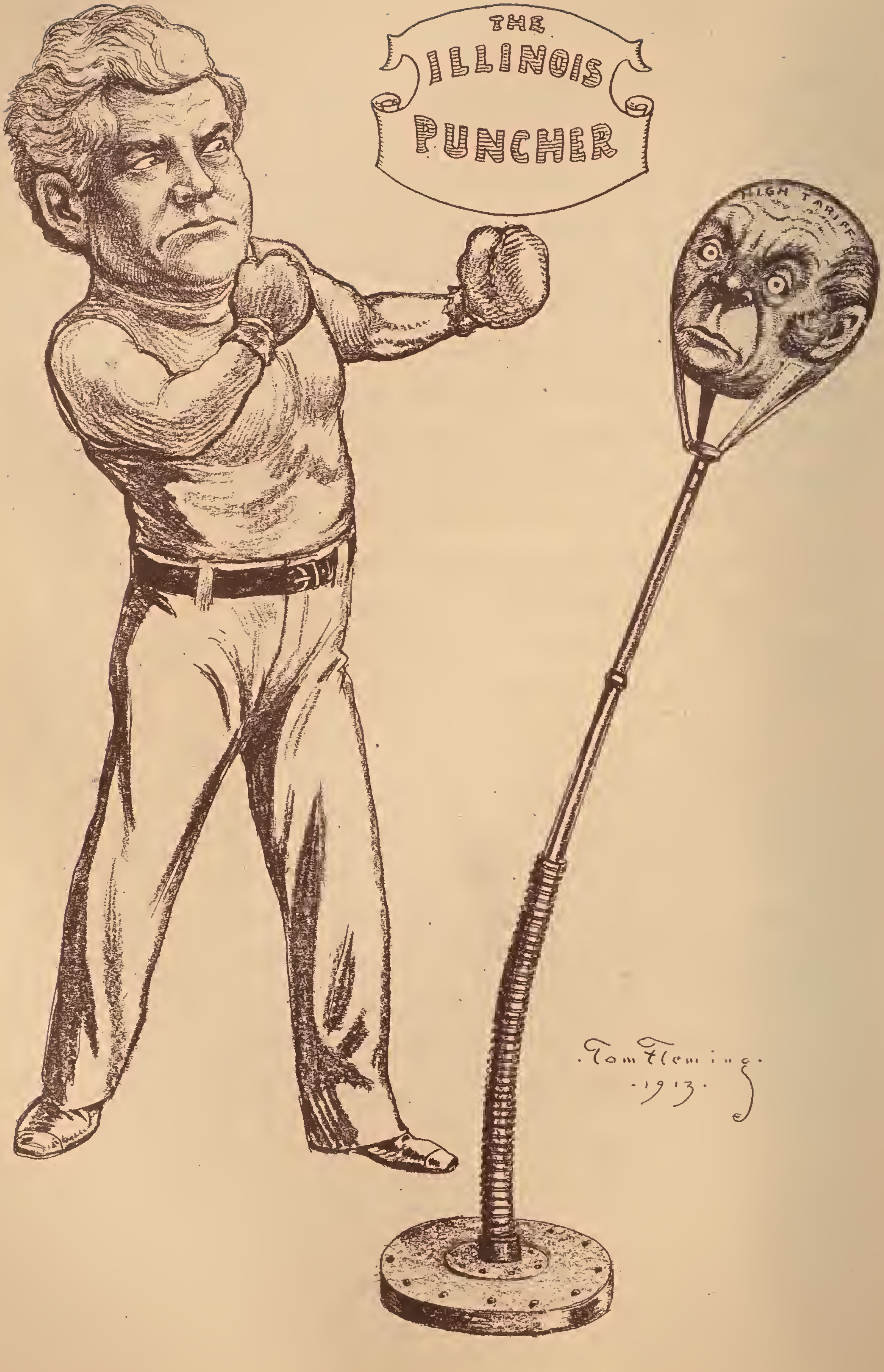
purposes. After a preliminary preamble regarding his qualifications, in which he specifies that he is the only simon-pure, regular, authorized, and only official guide to the Capitol, and for a ridiculously small fee (considering the service rendered), he is at their service to guide them through the labrymphs of the noble edifice, and explain in detail all the historical, technical and traditional lore connected with the greatest building on the American continent.

This preliminary lecture usually has the desired effect and soon he is to be seen leading his charge through the corridors and chambers like a hero leading a conquering host. His descriptive talks are valuable in the extreme and are largely based upon a formula which he has committed to memory and which he drones out in a monotone, without inflection or emphasis of any kind.

In this manner there follows in rapid succession, descriptions of statuary, paintings, and architecture as the party progresses through the building, and never does he flag for an instant while there is an entertaining object to be shown.

But it is when he undertakes to demonstrate the wonderful acoustic properties of Statuary Hall that he is at his best. Directing his group of sightseers to assemble compactly around a designated spot in the tiled floor, he walks a dozen paces to the east, and with his back turned to them proceeds to demonstrate the echo produced by the peculiar formation of the arched ceiling above. This never fails to prove sensational. The mysterious sound of the voice reverberating from above always mystifies the crowd, until the nature of the echo is explained.

On holidays, when the crowds are large and numerous, the guides take diverse routes through the building with their various sightseeing parties. Occasionally they clash when they come unexpectedly in contact with each other and then a wordy warfare ensues. "Get a move on, there!" shouted one irate guide to another who was blocking his way on a stairway, with a long-winded description of a big painting which had been slashed by some van-


THE ILLINOIS PUNCHER
HIGH TARIFF
Tom Fleming 1913

## HENRY T. RAINEY, M. C.

In early life Congressman Rainey was an expert amateur boxer well versed in the "upper-cut" and "right hand jolt." He was known as the boy with the "punch." He still has the "punch," but he uses it in another way now. His motto is—"Trusts are hard to knock out, and must be fought without gloves."

dal a few years ago. The groups get mixed up in a bad tangle. It resembled nothing so much as a mix-up between two old hens convoying their respective broods about a farmyard.

Long contact with the public makes them good judges of human nature. Let a bridal-touring party appear in any part of the big Capitol building and at once they are pounced upon for a trip through the building alone. It is then that the deftness of the guide shows itself.

Knowing full well that these newly-wedded couples appreciate nothing so much as apportunities to be alone with each other, where they can see, and not be seen.

With diplomatic adroitness he convoys them up to the gallery at the top of the dome where they can look all over the city at their leisure, and what is far more important to them in their present state of mind; look into each other's eyes and dream of love—at the rate of two dollars an hour for the guide. Love comes high at the Capitol.

# CHAPTER XIII

## A WASHINGTON STREET CAR.

STATION, rank, and file is brought to a common level by the street car. This is particularly true of the Washington street car. It plays no favorites. Your nickel is just as good as the colored porter's, who carried your grip at the hotel—and no better.

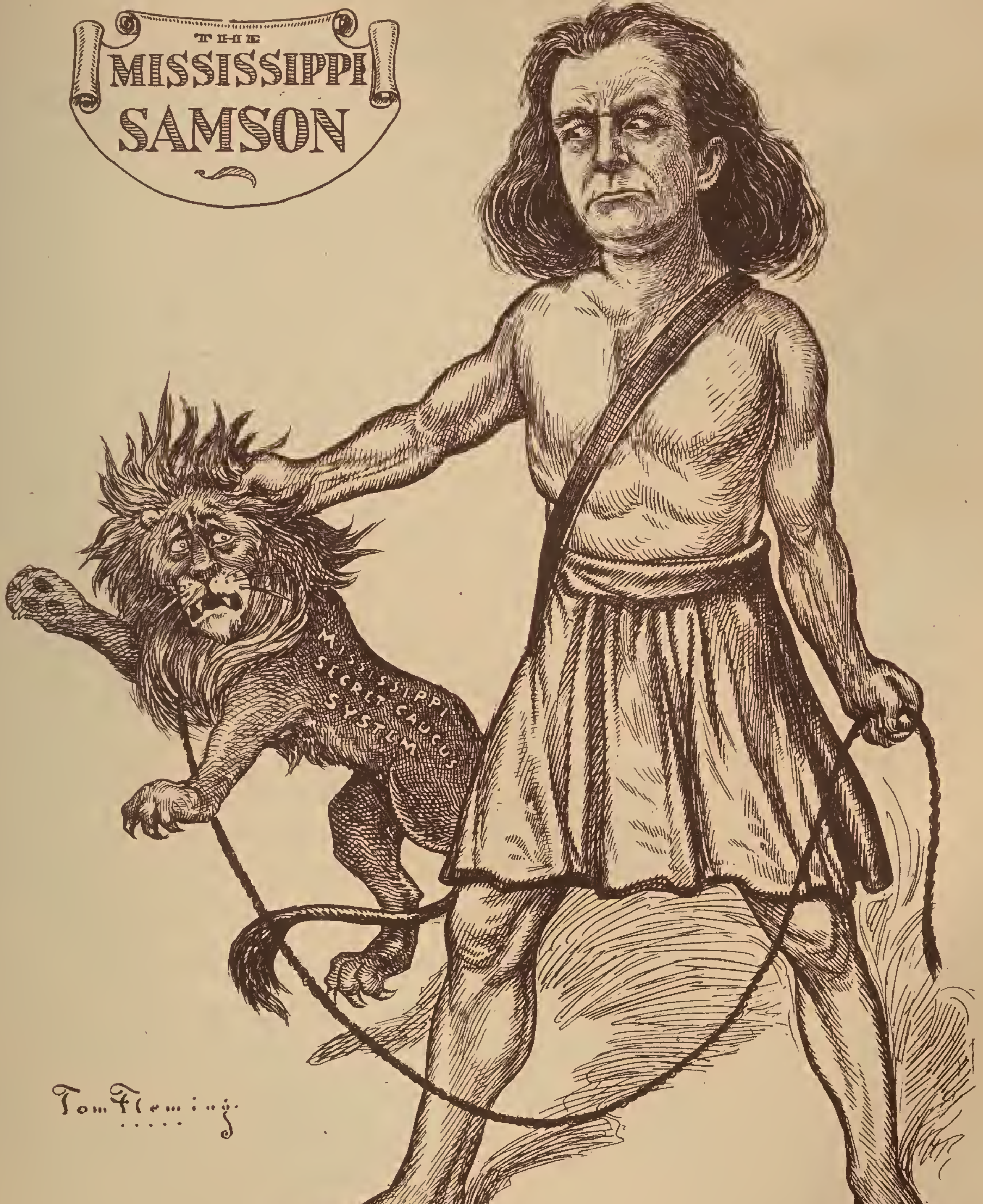
My first experience on a trolley car was unique. As I stepped aboard, I handed the conductor a silver quarter. He passed me a strip of tickets. Ordinarily I care no more for a quarter than a woman cares for her last year's hat, but on this occasion it happened to be my only coin and as I was in no mood to enter the wholesale trade I requested the "con" man to take back his tickets and give me my rightful change which he did with a somewhat surly air. I had unwittingly transgressed a cherished custom. The car company by foisting their tickets on their patrons catch many an unwary visitor, who invariably leaves town with a bunch of unused tickets for which the company will probably never render a service. Thus do the designing and greedy corporations grind our faces and do us out of our nickels. As I entered the car I noticed a vacant seat between a Naval officer of high rank and a bucolic specimen of humanity from a far western State. This latter conclusion I deduced from the fact that he wore a very wide brimmed felt hat, and otherwise looked the part. As the car gave a lurch I was hurled somewhat unceremoniously into the empty seat. The conductor grinned maliciously. In attempting to mitigate the awkwardness of my entry I turned to the Naval dignitary at my side with the remark that "the ship was not sailing very smoothly" only to be met with a stony gaze of vacuity. A fussy old lady of ample proportions entered the car. I at once proffered my seat and as I clung to the strap I intensely enjoyed the marine gentleman's uneasiness as the old lady crowded him into a very uncomfortable corner. I now occupied a point of vantage from which to leisurely study the occupants of the car. A member of Congress occupied a

seat in front of me with a constituent to whom he was explaining the character of the Public Buildings we passed as the car bowled along. "No" he once remarked to his friend "that's not the Post Office, that's the Post Building—where they publish the 'Washington Post.'" That a majority of the people in the car were strangers was made evident by the fact that they gazed continually out of the windows of the car and from time to time consulted guide books as pretentious buildings and imposing monuments were passed. If the aforesaid guide book failed to give the requisite information they never hesitated to ask a neighbor. Apparently, the average visitor is from Missouri—got to be shown.

Snugly ensconsed in the corner sat three boys. One of the trio was a black boy—exceedingly black. The other two were white. Judging by the remarks made by them it was evident that they were Congressional Pages on their way to the Capitol. But the thing that attracted my attention most was the thorough democracy of the urchins—no race prejudice

## SENATOR JAMES K. VARDAMAN.

The Biblical Samson was a strong man who slew a Lion in the desert. The Mississippi Samson emulated his example. There was a measly, mangy old Lion with a terrible roar and fierce mein in Mississippi. The people called for deliverance, and the doughty Samson Vardaman responded. What he did to this miserable menagerie Lion is too painful for words—look at the picture!



THE MISSISSIPPI SAMSON
MISSISSIPPI SECRET CAUCUS SYSTEM
Tom Fleming

R.P. HILL, M.C. OF ILL.

there. How broad-minded and free the ordinary boy is on all occasions. It is only when he reaches man's estate that he takes on the prejudices and pettiness of bigoty. In the seat adjoining sat a man in a large, volumnious overcoat with pockets bulging with the morning's papers. So deeply engrossed was he in the "Congressional Record" he was perusing that he was totally oblivious of the presence of the other passengers. It was quite plain that he was a "member" for ever and anon he would make notes on the margin of the page he was scrutinizing—probably a report of the speech he had delivered a few days previous. As the car approached the Capitol I noticed that it made fewer stops. Everybody seemed to be bound for the same destination;—the halls of Congress. And what a motley assemblage? Maine and South Carolina alternated with France and China; a couple of Sioux Indians and a German attache. Clutching a strap in front of me stood a somewhat elderly and very martial looking gentleman who had resigned his seat to a lady with so courtly an air that

I at once assigned him as a product of the courteous and chivalrous South. "Beg pahdon, sah!" he exclaimed as he seized the strap next to mine "have I not met you befo?" And as I looked him over more closely I recognized a chance acquaintance I had played a game of billiards with the evening before. By his unsteady attitude and the peculiar flavor of his breath I at once perceived that he had spent the night hilariously. As the car gave a lunge he brought his face in close proximity to mine and huskily whispered "I say—my frien'—yeh know how it is yersel—out with the boys—an th' like—tell th' truth—I'm strapped!—"

"Sorry old chap—so am I," I replied pointing to the bit of leather I was desperately clinging to as the car swung a corner just as we reached the Capitol.

# CHAPTER XIV

## PRESIDENT WILSON'S CABINET.

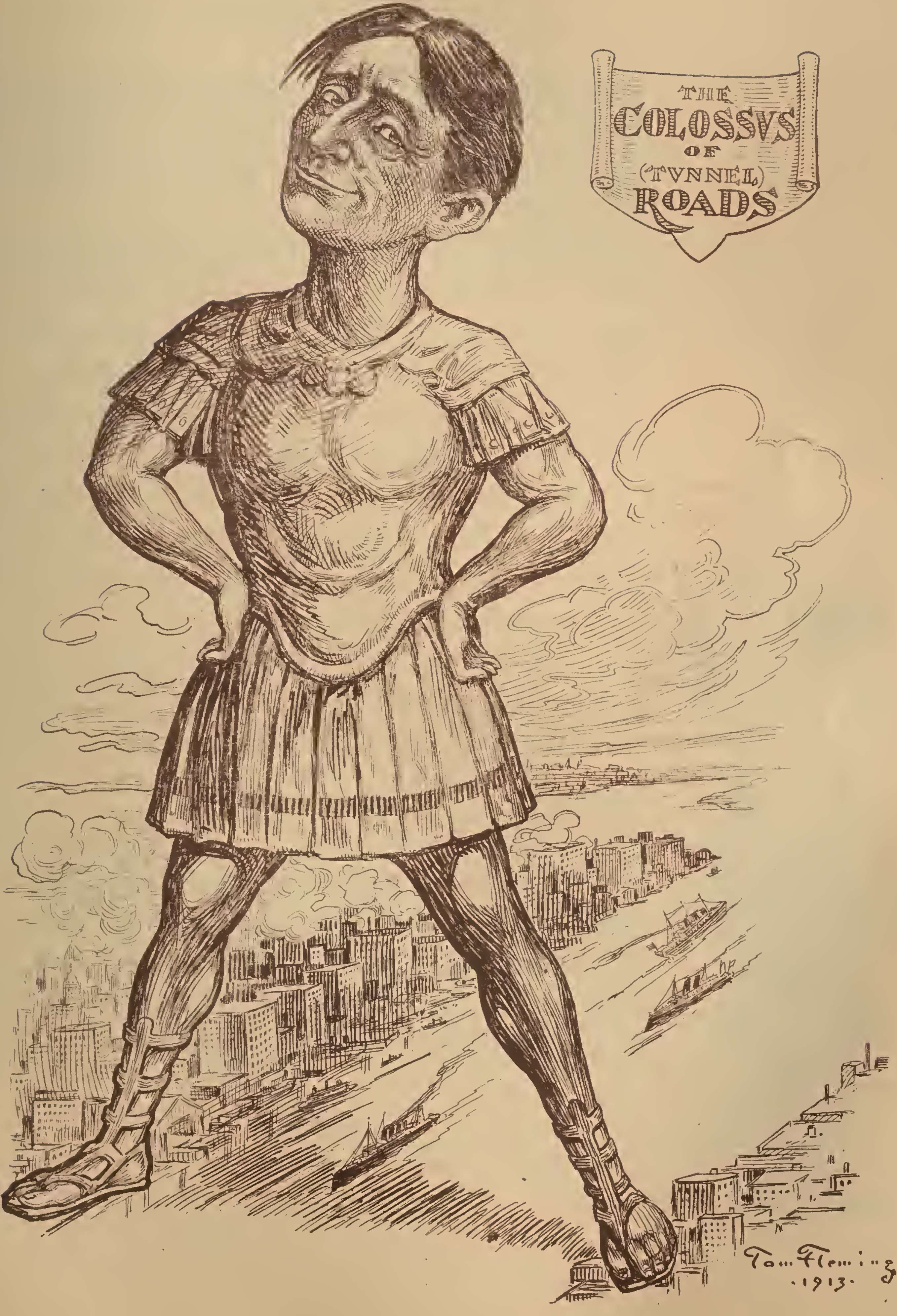
THE present administration is one of the most democratic that has ever held the reins of government at Washington. "I summon all honest men, all patriotic men to my side," said President Wilson in his inaugural address, and those who knew him best knew that his words were not empty.

The men selected to constitute his Cabinet are a remarkably virile looking body. They are mostly young men and look like fighters; so Mr. Hicostofliving you'd better look out. Likewise Mr. Predatoryinterest you had better watch out for there's blood on the moon as it peeps over the horizon and the big-chief in the White wig-wam has got the Indian sign on you. Just take a look at the braves the new big-chief has called for his war dance.

There's Bryan, Secretary of State, with his competent nose, which indicates capacity; the thin, decided, tightly-closed lips, denoting strength of will; the beetling brow; eagle-like

## WILLIAM GIBBS McADOO.

When William Gibbs McAdoo started to build the Hudson River Tunnel, it was not supposed that it would reach the United States Treasury building at Washington. President Wilson upon perceiving that its builder had shown such proficiency in mastering the currents of the Hudson River, while engaged in connecting the banks of New York and New Jersey, concluded that here was the very man to master the preplexing problems of Currency and Banking that beset the Treasury Department at the Capital. His motto is—"If you wish to succeed, start at the bottom—of the river."


THE
COLOSSVS
OF
(TVNNEL)
ROADS
Tom Fleming
·1913·

eyes and a general look of aggressiveness that augurs ill for oppressors of the common people, notwithstanding his little chautauqua-ward digressions.

There's McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury; he too has an aggressive nose. That he is a man keen in business does not alter the fact that he has the imaginative face of a poet. His deep set, dreamy eyes hardly suggest the cold, calculating nature of the typical financier, but nevertheless his past career is a long record of conquests of a financial nature. This notable quality may lurk in the thin, compressed lips that form his very capable mouth.

Mr. Garrison, the Secretary of War, is the sole wearer of spectacles in the Cabinet; while Mr. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce, is the only user of eyeglasses in the ten.

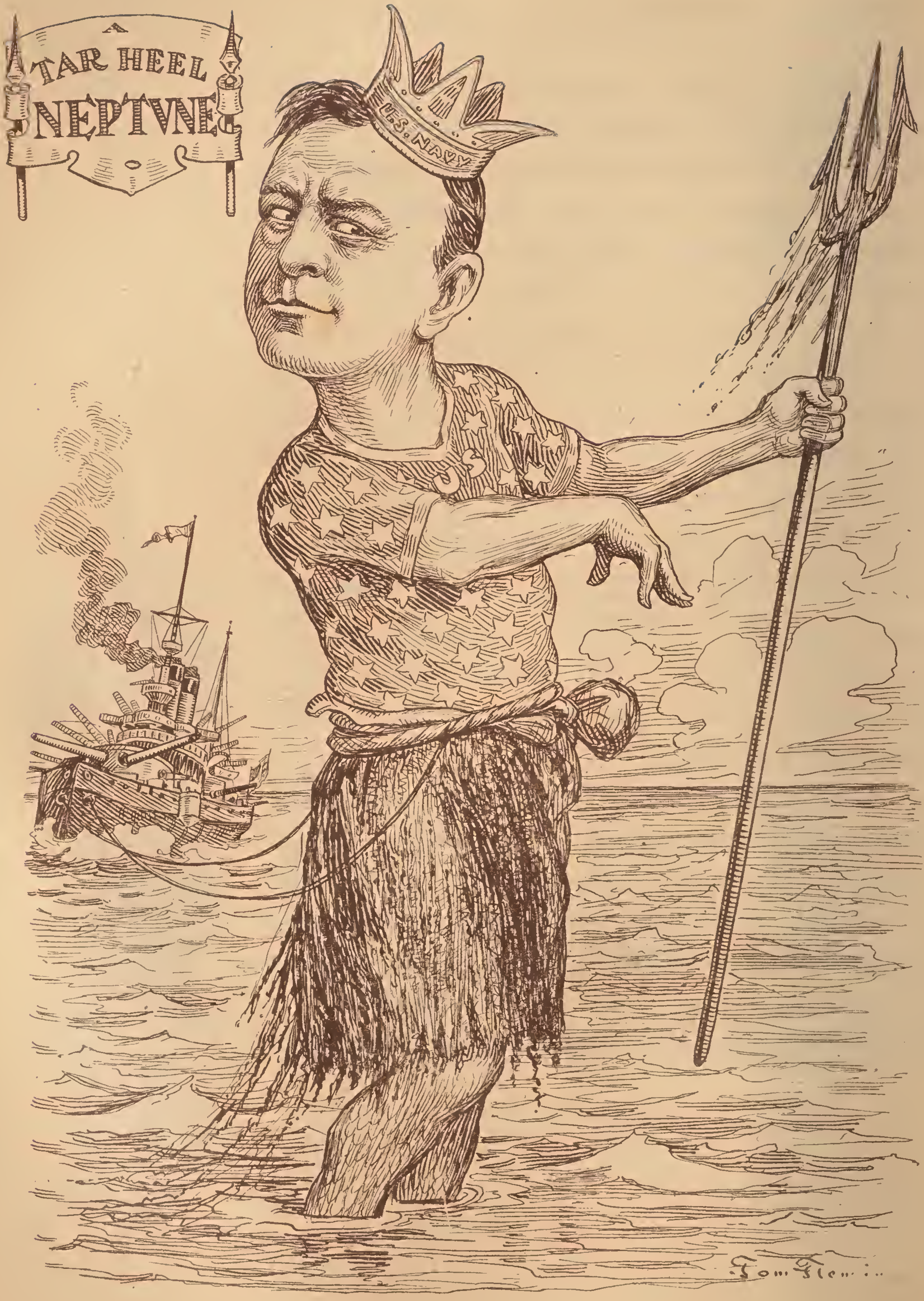
Mr. Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, is from Raleigh, North Carolina, where he gained all his expert knowledge of naval matters. A story is told of him (which is probably not true) that when he first inspected the Navy Yard at Portsmouth he was taken on board of

a war-ship on a tour of inspection. After going all over the ship he suddenly came upon an open hatch-way. With great astonishment he halted and looked eagerly down into the bowels of the ship as he exclaimed "Why the darned thing's hollow!"

Secretary Lane is a Californian, with the busy and breezy air of the Pacific slope. His beautiful marble like dome suggests capability, austerity and inflexibility—in all, a most impressive face. The Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Houston of Missouri, has sharp eyes and firm mouth. His well-shaped head indicates unusual capacity. Secretary Redfield has old fashioned mustache and side-whiskers like those seen in old photographs of Gen. Burnside of civil war days.

Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Labor, makes up for any deficiencies of any of his colleagues in the matter of hirsute adornment. His hair masses finely. His face is of the type of the old roman senator, sedate, thoughtful and masterful in every line.

An impressive face at the Cabinet table is


A
TAR HEEL
NEPTVNE
U.S. NAVY
U S
Tom Fleming

## JOSEPHUS DANIELS.

Uncle Sam's new star-spangled Neptune was discovered in the interior of North Carolina. As Secretary of the Navy he is a decided success, which is probably due to the fact that being a Tarheel he is a natural Jack Tar. Among the many reforms he has instituted in the American Navy is one embodied in Order No. 41144—"Common seamen are forbidden to use the ship's poker deck." His motto is—"Don't chew the rag—chew Navy."

that of the Secretary of War, Mr. Garrison. His hair is artistically arranged and his features invite scrutiny. A broad head, a long head, suggesting a head with virile cerebral chambers; an appearance of thoroughly controlled power.

The face of Mr. Burleson, Postmaster-General, is particularly attractive and distinguished looking. With an aggressive looking mouth beneath a rather long upper lip, and a broad head surmounted by carelessly touseled hair he looks like one well prepared for the strenuous work demanded by Uncle Sam's postal department.

Attorney General McReynolds sits at the cabinet table like one born to the position. His head is broad and his eyes are wide apart. A large strong nose and well shaped and capable looking mouth stamps him as one of great strength of character. If appearances are not deceptive he will make an enviable reputation in his new position before his term has ended.

In its entirety, President Wilson's cabinet averages exceedingly high.

# CHAPTER XV

## THE NEW CONGRESSMAN.

LO! the conqueroring hero comes! His step is haughty and his head is high. Every intricate question of legislation has been settled, every governmental problem has been solved, and every national and international tangle has been unravelled by that massive intellect. A valiant hero has just arrived at the Capital to take the helm of the Ship of State; to guide its course through the dangerous currents and to steer it clear of the menacing rocks that threaten it with destruction.

Who is this paragon of all the legislative virtues? 'Tis none other than the New Congressman. He has come to awe and impress that big body of law-makers at the Capitol with his forceful eloquence that will reverberate through the halls of Congress and echo back to the folks at home the greatness and the grandness of the man they have sent to Washington to shed lustre upon his country and on his home-town.

# THE NEW CONGRESSMAN.

Presidents may come and go, Dynasties may fall, and great disasters may overtake the land, but the people of his district will now take but little note of these happenings. Their Congressman they know intimately and his activities are of vital interest. His audience is ready-made—the people at home; the people who sent him to represent them, and to whom he is an incomparable hero.

When the Speaker raps his gavel and the House comes to order a couple hundred of new congressmen feel the thrill of their lives—the first session of their congressional lives. Their mothers, sisters, aunts, sweethearts or wives are in the gallery with eyes for none but them. The guides may point out the noted men on the floor but their words fall on deaf ears. They look only for Tom or John or Dick, and when he is discovered the other great men sink into obscurity.

It is at this point that Mr. New Congressman becomes embarrassed. He is vaguely conscious that every one in the gallery must be looking at him. After a while his self pos-

W. H. OSBORNE OF N. C.
COM. OF INTERNAL REVENUE

UNCLE SAM'S
CHEF
OF THE
INTERIOR
PLUM PUDDING
$
FOR THE
INTERIOR DEPT.
Tom Fleming
1913

## FRANKLIN KNIGHT LANE.

Chef Lane prepares many a delectable dish for Uncle Sam's Interior Department. His menu is large and varied. There is "Indian au natural"; "Reservation Roast, with Forest Preserves"; Mississippi Levees, washed down with "Annual Floods," and "River and Harbor Ices," Deserts, etc. In fact, Knight Lane is knight of the range —Mountain and Forest. His motto is —"A straight lane is better than a crooked one."

session returns and he ventures a glance in the direction of the section where he knows his friends are beaming down upon him, and for the time being he is distinctly It.

When the time comes to advance with a group of new members to the Speaker's rostrum to take the oath of office he feels as exalted as a school-graduate about to receive a diploma.

The new system of benches has done away with the old method of drawing for seats. This new arrangement was borrowed from the British House of Commons and was made necessary by the great increase in membership since the new apportionment.

It certainly looks more sociable, however much it detracts from the importance of the individual, but the New Congressman, never having experienced the pride of possession of an individual desk, is quite thankful for his bench-seat and deplores not the loss of a prerogative he never knew.

After the strangeness of his first session wears off somewhat he essays a trip to inspect his new office over in the big congressional

WAR DOG
H.S. BRECKINRIDGE.
ASST. WAR-DOG KEEPER.

office building. As he leaves the House chambers he makes a dash for the elevator marked "For Members only." His manly bosom swells with emotion as he notes the elevator man repulsing the efforts of a visitor who attempts to enter with him.

When he reaches the doorway he encounters a photographer with whom he had made an engagement to take his picture standing on the Capitol steps. Unmindful of the curious crowd, he poses in every known attitude in conformity with his idea as to what a statesman should look like. As these pictures are for the folks back home he is very particular as to details, placing one hand on his breast, while in the other he clutches tightly a roll of paper resembling the manuscript of a speech to be delivered before the House.

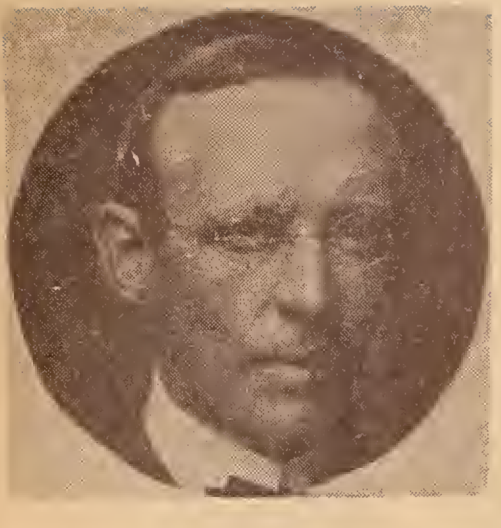
In passing, it may be said that it is no uncommon thing for older members to pose to photographers, not alone to please their pardonable vanity, but also for the sake of the advertisement and publicity which is so dear to the seasoned public-man.

## THE NEW CONGRESSMAN.

When Mr. New Congressman reaches the three-million dollar building constructed by Uncle Sam to provide private offices for his congressmen, he seeks his allotted room among the 500 contained in the big building. As he looks about his commodious room he notes that it contains a combination wardrobe, a book case and file cabinet, a beautiful mahogany desk, a type-writer desk for his secretary, a five-foot mahogany table, a telephone equipment, several leather upholstered chairs, an electrically regulated clock and an auto-phone device by which he can ascertain instantly what is transpiring in the Chamber during his absence.

His secretary has preceeded him by several hours and has a number of neatly addressed envelopes which he places before him. After looking the batch over carefully he satisfies himself that they are all properly addressed and hands them back to the secretary who smiles broadly.

The new member is very much mystified by the smile until the secretary reminds him of the



Hon. J. Henry Goeke
Rep. 4th Dist., Ohio

necessity of franking them—then he wakes up. In the most careful manner he signs each one with all the flourishes at his command. It is hard to conceal his exultation at the thought that his name is good for a postage stamp any time he wishes to use it.

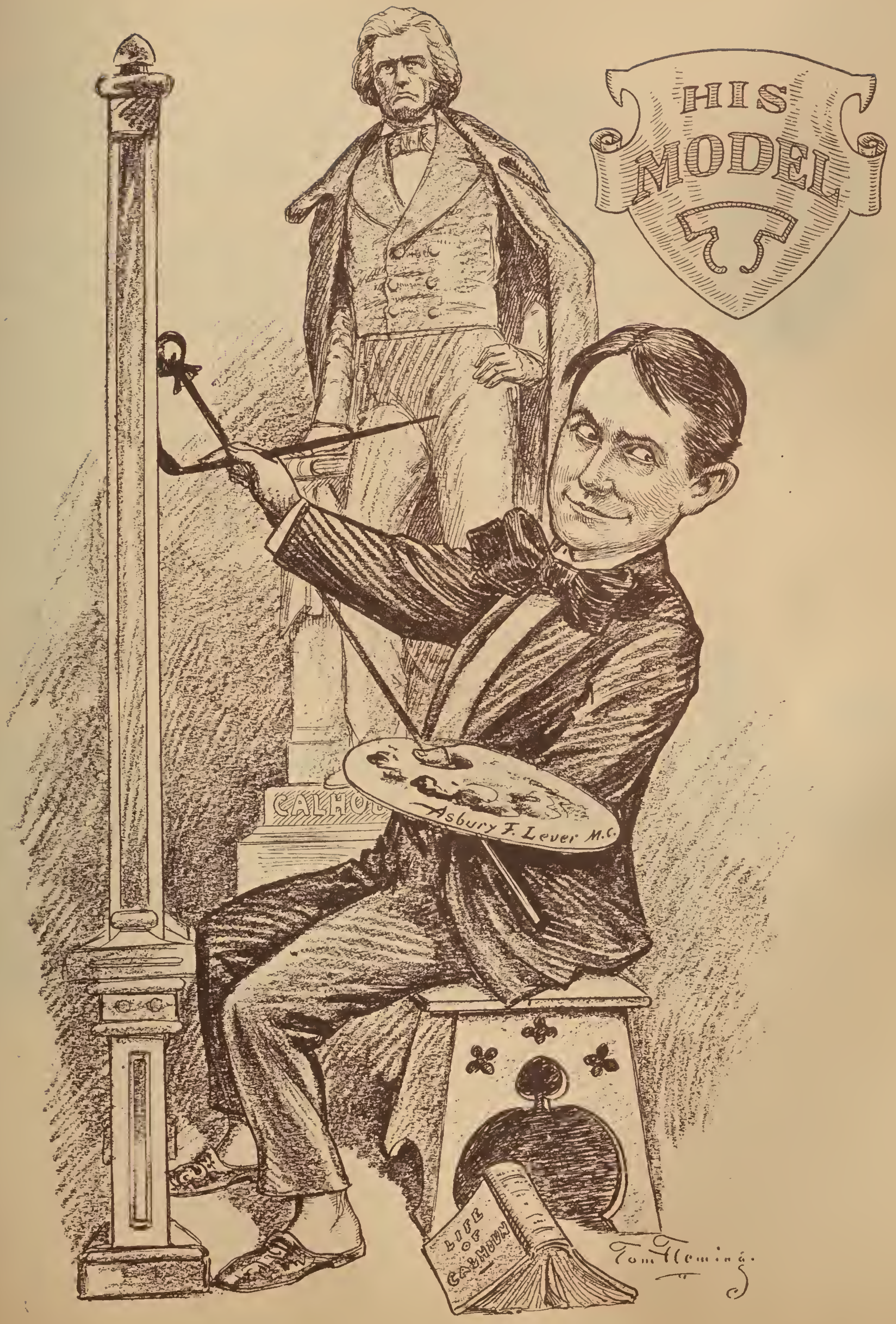
After a while the novelty of signing franks with a pen wears off and he resorts to the rubber-stamp which the old-timers use.

When he returns to the House he walks through the seven hundred and fifty foot long subway which leads to the Capitol. As he enters the chamber the clerk is about to call the roll. When the initial letter of his name is reached and his name is called a proud thrill electrifies his frame and he responds with an "aye" or "nay" in the most emphatic tone he can command. It is indeed a most pleasureable moment in his congressional career and its memory will often recur to him in after years no matter how many terms he may eventually serve.

It is when the new congressman rises in his seat to deliver his maiden speech that the su-

## ASBURY F. LEVER, M. C.

The South Carolina Congressman has selected a fine model in John C. Calhoun, the one-time idol of his State. With ideal models, masterpieces are created. Congressman Lever is an artist in his line and may with the inspiration of his model win the palm from the old Palmetto State.


HIS MODEL
CALHOU
Asbury F. Lever M.C.
LIFE OF CALHOUN
Tom Fleming

preme moment of his life arrives. How many times he has written and rewritten, how many times he has rehearsed this maiden peroration, only himself knows.

At first his voice is almost inaudible but as he proceeds he gains in confidence until finally he surprises himself at his seeming success, but in his self-engrossment he scarcely notices that the chamber has become quite empty. The old-timers have taken to the woods—i. e., to the cloak-rooms or the restaurant. Maiden speeches are an infliction that the older members do not tamely submit to, unless the speaker shows a flash of real ability as in the case of Congressman Lafe Pence of Colorado, who in 1894 so electrified the House with his maiden effort that he became nationally famous.

The new congressman is a butt for all the jokers, a mark for all the sophisticated ones at the Capital, but it is just as well not to take him too lightly lest there be an unpleasant awakening as in the experience of the late Gen. Bingham, a veteran congressman from Pennsylvania, who mistook a youthful looking Congressman for a page and requested him to bring him a law-book, which he did, and as he laid the volume on the old member's desk, said, "Here it is, General, but the next time, please address me as "Congressman."

In all the viscissitudes of the new congressman's career there is the consolation that he will soon outgrow his newness if he shows ability of the right order and can succeed in coming back for subsequent terms. Then good places on important committees await him and his congressional existence will take on an entirely different aspect, and his view of life under the "big dome" will assume a roseate hue not dreamt of in his "salad days."

It must not be inferred that the correspondents tell all they see and hear, to their respective newspapers. The information—not for publication—possessed by them, respecting legislation and legislators would fill many volumes.

"That's a fine speech," remarked one scribe to another in the gallery, as he indicated a congressman making an impassioned address to the House from notes which he held in his hand.

"Yes," nonchalantly replied the other.

"But you haven't listened to a word," he protested.

"Yes, I know—but I wrote it."

Many of the dignified Senators and Representatives are tagged with nick-names which make a mockery of their dignity. A certain Senator who is noted for his smooth, unguent ways is known to these Knights of the pen, as "Pussy-foot." Another is, "Moving Pictures." A congressman who wears a bushy beard is called "Zephyrs." Another member who dressed somewhat too immaculately was

dubbed, "Glad-Rags." Two members who always entered the chamber together, soon got the sobriquet, "Twins." A few of the better known nick names are, "Gum Shoe," "Old Pitch-fork," "Sandy," "Uncle," "Joe C." and "Dandy."

Hon. Joseph Taggart
Rep. 2nd Dist., Kan.

The Press Gallery boys love to have their little jokes once in a while. A new member one day rose in his seat to deliver his maiden speech, when he was spied by an alert correspondent who saw a chance to enliven the proceedings of what had been an intolerably dull day. Seizing a pencil he hastily scribbled a note with the words, "Louder, please," and directed a page to hand it to the speaker. Whereupon the new representative raised his voice to a higher pitch. Again and again were new notes despatched with the same request, until the unsuspecting member was fairly shrieking his oration and perspiring at every pore with the effort, while the group of newspaper men in the gallery were almost exploding with suppressed laughter and merriment.

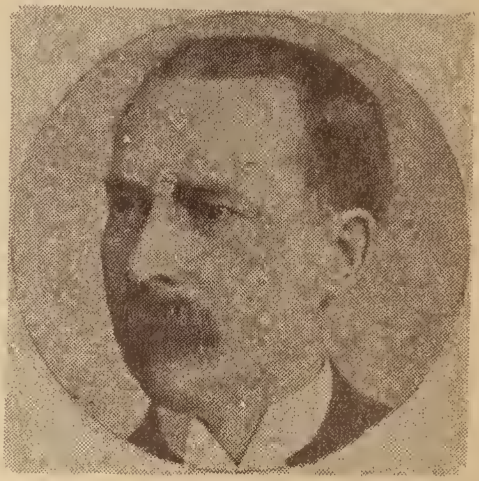
Some years ago, Representative Proctor

KING COTTON TOM
COTTON·REX
Tom Fleming 1913

## J. THOMAS HEFLIN, M. C.

'Way down South in Dixie lives the King of Cotton, sometimes called "Cotton Tom." Tom is all cotton and a yard wide. In the land of cotton all men cotton to him—and the women, too—for they know that he admires them too much to tarnish them with politics. His motto is—"Better than a gin fizz, is a cotton gin."

Knott delivered a speech in Congress extolling the virtues of the City of Duluth in an exceedingly witty manner. A bright correspondent in the Press Gallery recognized its humorous quality and sent it broadcast throughout the country, and the next day Proctor Knott found himself famous. Congressman Samuel Sullivan Cox received the sobriquet "Sun-set" at the hands of a newspaper writer, and it stuck to him until he died.



Hon. Michael K. Reilly
Rep. 6th Dist., Wis.

It is quite a usual thing for Journalists when elected to Congress to avail themselves of the privileges of the Press Gallery to "work at the trade," as one of them once expressed it. The late Congressman Amos Cummings corresponded with a dozen of newspapers, while he represented his district in Congress, and he did exceedingly clever work in both capacities; and many an interesting book has been written by members who wrestled with legislative problems between the chapters.

The "Fourth Estate" is entitled to more credit than is usually given by the undiscerning public. Were it not for their tireless vigil-

Dr. Andrew J. Barchfeld
Rep. 32nd Dist., Penn.

ance, many a questionable piece of legislation would be sneaked through Congress and many a fraud would go undetected. Many a lobbyist has had good reason to bewail the fact that there sat in the Press Gallery—

"A chiel amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent them."

In these modern days, the Press Gallery is becoming a more important factor in legislation. The member who rises on the floor does not really speak to his fellow members. The speech is for the country. Before he begins every word has been in the correspondents' hands, typewritten, and ready for transmission abroad to the readers of thousands of cities. Many of the members of Congress, doubtless would be quite content to have a speechless Congress; to run an eye over the printed remarks of a fellow member and gather in a few minutes the gist of what might take an hour to say. An astute British statesman of the last generation declared that not in fifty years had any speech changed a single vote in the House of Commons. Why not have a

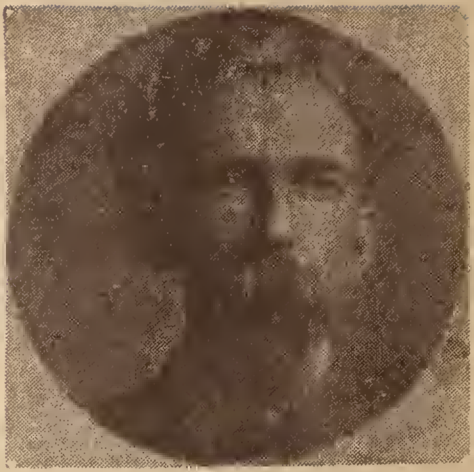
speechless Congress?—On second thoughts, however! this would never do. The women will soon appear in Congress and then—a speechless Congress?—perish the thought.

The Washington correspondents, taken collectively, are a jovial set, ever ready for a frolic, or a fun-fest, as they humorously term the banquets of their famous *Gridiron Club.*

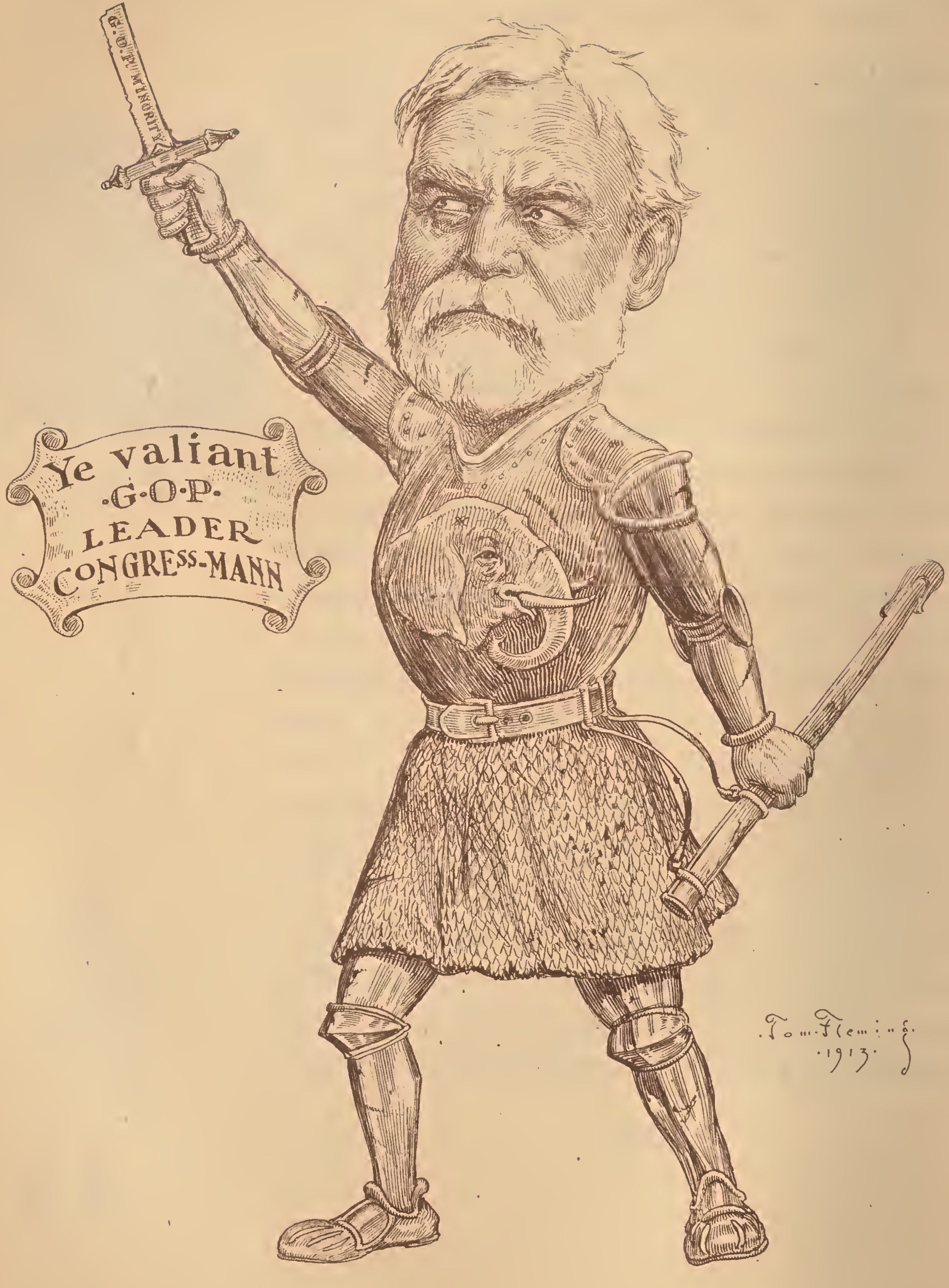
This club was organized for the express purpose of trimming statesmen of their surplus dignity. It was noticed that a great many of the newly made dignitaries who were constantly arriving in Washington, held their heads abnormally high. The Gridiron Club was organized to correct this failing, thereby rendering a service to the dignitary in question, and to the public as well.

All is hilarity at these gatherings and no statesman is safe from raillery and good natured badinage.

If an invited guest fails to put in an appearance after receiving an invitation to attend the dinner, a substitute is rigged up in imitation, and after being properly introduced in the as-



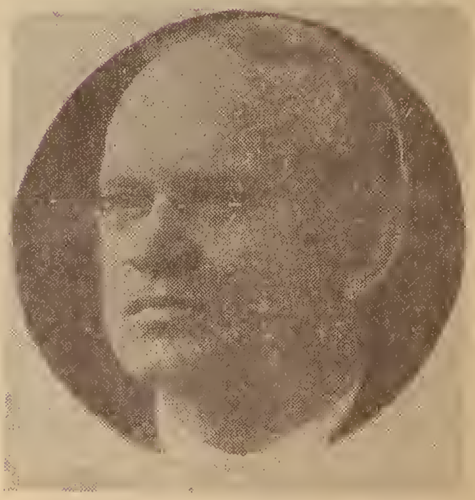
Hon. Samuel A. Witherspoon
Rep. 5th Dist., Miss.


G.O.P. MINORITY
Ye valiant
·G·O·P·
LEADER
CONGRESS-MANN
·Tom·Fleming·
·1913·

## JAMES R. MANN, M. C.

Man's inhumanity to Mann—at the polls—has caused counted thousands of Republicans to mourn. To mourn, but not to weep; for, as the light doth shine within the eyes of their doughty warrior, who stands thus defiant, with battered sword erect, and eager for the fray, let no Democrat rejoice. If perchance, the Knights of the Donkey should blunder, as is often their wont, then will this valiant Knight, Sir Leader, smite them hip and thigh.

sumed name, proceeds to deliver the speech which he considers the victim should have made. These substitute harangues put the most ridiculous sayings into the mouths of the imitation notable with the result of making everyone present indulge in the most uproarious laughter. And this is frequently done in the presence of the original of the counterfeit, who, to save his face, has to join in the spirit of the occasion and laugh at himself.



Hon. Allen T. Treadway
Rep. 1st Dist., Mass.

At some of the entertainments the walls are festooned with clever caricatures, trite inscriptions, and burlesque rhymes. An atmosphere of good nature pervades these gatherings and no man ever resents any burlesque of his personal traits, for the jibe is always devoid of malice or venom.

It is remarkable to what lengths the sedate and dignified statesmen at the Capital will go in search of the humorous side of life. Not long ago a public meeting was organized to debate pro and con on the following—"Resolved that a bandy-legged man is more of a hindrance to navigation than a bow-legged

Hon. Louis C. Cramton
Rep. 7th Dist., Mich.

man." This brilliant and elucidating subject was debated for a couple of hours by the speaker of the House of Representatives and a couple of United States Senators, before a delighted audience composed largely of members of both houses of Congress and nearly all the correspondents of the Press Gallery—

A little nonsense now and then
Is good for boys and older men.

# CHAPTER XVII

## INAUGURATION DAY.

A NEW significance was given to Inauguration day by Woodrow Wilson when he declared in his inaugural address that the ceremonies of the day meant "not a triumph, but a dedication." This lofty sentiment, which reflects so much credit upon the high character of the President, is unfortunately not fully shared by the victorious hosts who come to triumph and to shout "to the victors belong the spoils!"

March fourth means march forth in their vernacular and the old office-holders know it—when the hordes of office-seekers descend upon the White House, the President will know it also.

It is March the fourth in the morning—the day of days in Washington in Presidential year. Never was a school-boy happier when the circus came to town, than is the Washingtonian on this eventful day.

Almost half a million of people swarm the

streets and avenues and every section of Uncle Sam's wide dominion is represented in the throngs.

The corridors and lobbies of the big hotels are crowded to repletion. Men who look like statesmen, men who look like somebodies, and their wives, sisters and aunts, are bustling about, eager to join the multitudes on their way to the reviewing stands.

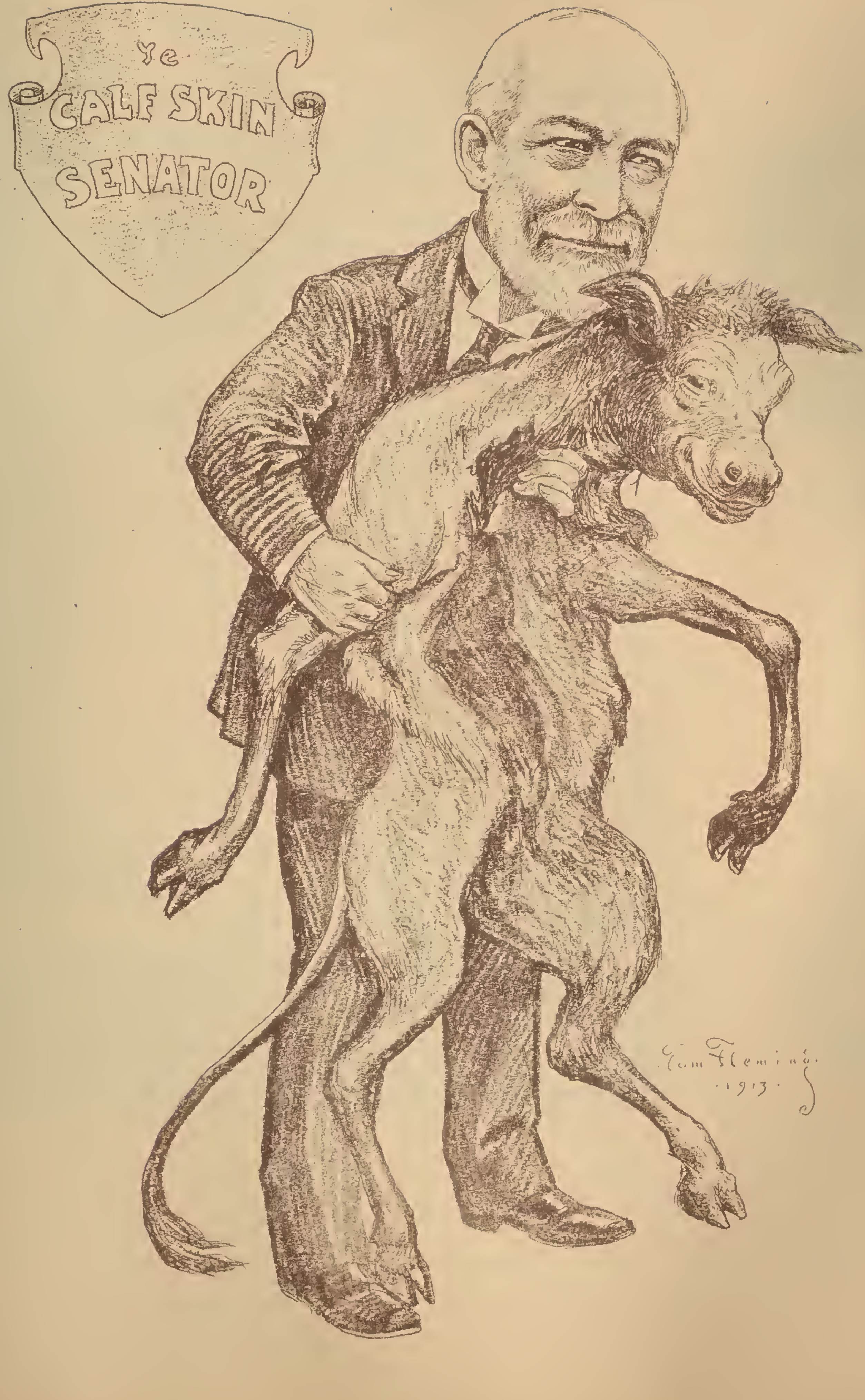
The streets and avenues are reverberant with the music of the bands which head the visiting delegations, and the very air is permeated with patriotism. Even the restaurants have caught the fever. They have covered up their wall price-lists with American flags in their zeal for patriotism—or profit. Under the protection of the flag they are enabled to double their prices for steaks, chops and pie. Great is the power of "old glory."

No city in the world handles a big event as well as Washington does the celebration of Inauguration day.

The police arrangements are perfect. Early in the day of March the fourth a number of

## SENATOR CARROLL S. PAGE.

The Senator from the Green Mountain State is the oldest Page in the Senate. But there are Pages and pages. The more youthful pages are quite respectful to the Vermont Senator, as he is well known as a large dealer in hides—calves hides. In Tariff debates he valiantly upholds the rights of the humble calf. His motto is—"A good Page should not be turned down, it should be marked."


Ye CALF SKIN SENATOR
Tom Fleming ·1913·

teamsters with their wagons and gangs of negroes appear along the avenue of the big parade. These men unloosen small, circular iron covers from holes placed along the curb and throw them into the wagons. White enameled posts of iron are then taken from the wagons and placed in these holes, after which wire rope is stretched through rings at the tops of the posts for the entire length of the parade route. This forms an impregnable barrier to the crowds along the pavement during the parade. Street-car traffic is wholly suspended for the day, and the beautifully paved avenue is as clean as cleaners can make it. All over the city are to be found public-spirited citizens, wearing red badges, who have volunteered their services to render any assistance required by visitors respecting the location of hotels, railway stations, street-cars and any other information requested.

In the windows of the shops along the avenue are to be seen copies of Police rules respecting the proper fare to be paid to Taxi-Cab drivers, Sight-Seeing Automobiles, etc.; warnings against pickpockets and hotel sneak-thieves; penalties for overcharges and many other things of vital interest to the visiting stranger.

The Governor of a big State gives a reception to the visitors from his State. The Congressional delegation from his State attends in a body, accompanied by the political "Boss" who holds the political destinies of the aforesaid Governor in the palm of his capacious hand. He wears an expansive smile. He has just landed a fat job for a henchman. For a wonder, there is no rain. It usually rains—when it doesn't snow—in Washington on Inauguration day.

Hon. Daniel J. McGillicuddy
Rep. 2nd Dist., Me.

Pennsylvania avenue is jammed with people moving toward the Capitol. The "Avenue," as it is called by everyone, does not lend itself readily to decoration. Its private buildings are generally insignificant in size and the great width of the thoroughfare tends to make them more so. The public buildings are magnificent, notably the grand Treasury building—the finest model of Greek architecture in the world.

But its noble Doric pillars are never successfully decorated with cheap bunting.

Great numbers of stands line the avenue on both sides. It is scarcely ten o'clock and they are already filled. Every available window has been rented for the occasion and they are also crowded. At ten-thirty an automobile rolls into the White House grounds and on arrival at the entrance to the Executive Mansion, a well-known Statesman steps out and hurries within, followed by several others. Shortly after an imposing pair of closely-clipped horses attached to a landau appear. Inside is the President-elect, accompanied by a well known Senator and a prospective member of his Cabinet. Also two quiet looking gentlemen who appear to be strangers to all but the President-elect. He knows them to be secret service detectives.

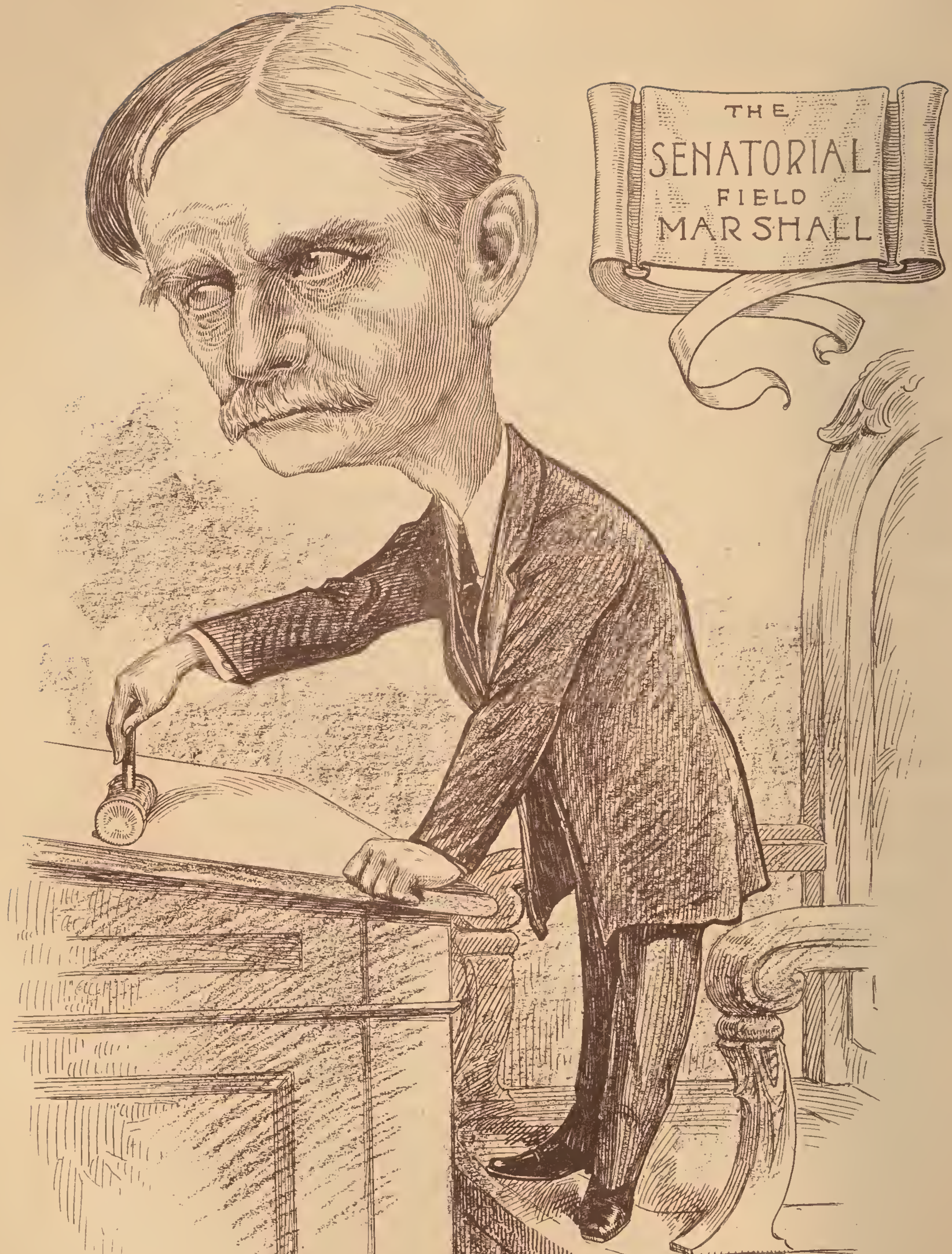
The party at once proceeds to the Blue Room, where they receive the President's greetings.

The President's carriage now draws up to the door and hasty preparations are made to start for the Capitol.

Finally the President, according to etiquette, enters the carriage first and takes the place of honor on the right. The President-elect follows immediately and takes a seat on the left.

At eleven-thirty the Presidential party arrives at the Capitol, after a somewhat spectacular ride up Pennsylvania avenue, escorted by the Essex Troop of New Jersey. Upon arrival, the great bronze doors are thrown open, and the President, his successor and their escorting committee, enter. They proceed at once to the Senate chamber, and upon entering, the entire audience on the floor and in the galleries arise and remain standing. It is a scene calculated to impress the beholder. The Senate Chamber, flooded with softened sunlight that comes through the ground glass roof above, the dignified officers of state in their respective places, the diplomatic corps, resplendent in their showy uniforms, the eager and expectant assemblage crowded into every possible nook and corner of the Chamber, make a picture not soon to be effaced from the memory.

The ceremonies are dignified, but brief. The


THE SENATORIAL FIELD MARSHALL
Tom Fleming

## THOMAS RILEY MARSHALL.

Tom Marshall does not sit in the Vice-President's chair—he stands on it. This is characteristic of him. He's a militant Vice-President. The reason is quite apparent—'tis the Irish in his middle name. He's a natural born fighter as a result of that middle name—was there ever an Irishman that couldn't fight in a just cause? His motto is—"Every great commander knows the value of a competent Marshall."

President delivers a short address. The President-elect does likewise. Both are most felicitous and happy in their expressions of good-will and good-cheer.

After the conclusion of the Chaplain's invocation, the throng of officials, preceded by the dignitaries of the Supreme Court in an array of silken robes, observing strictly the customary rules of precedence, file out into the corridor, thence to the rotunda and to the Presidential stand amid the plaudits and cheers of the waiting multitude.

The President, the President that is to be, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court occupy the centre of the stand facing the vast sea of faces eager with expectancy.

A Bible is handed to the Chief Justice, who in a clear, distinct voice administers the oath of office to the new President. A salvo of cheers mingled with the roar of the salute of the cannons follows, during which the new President advances to the rail and commences the delivery of his inaugural address, after which the President and the ex-President enter their carriage.

Hon. Henry L. Meyers
U. S. Senator, Mont.

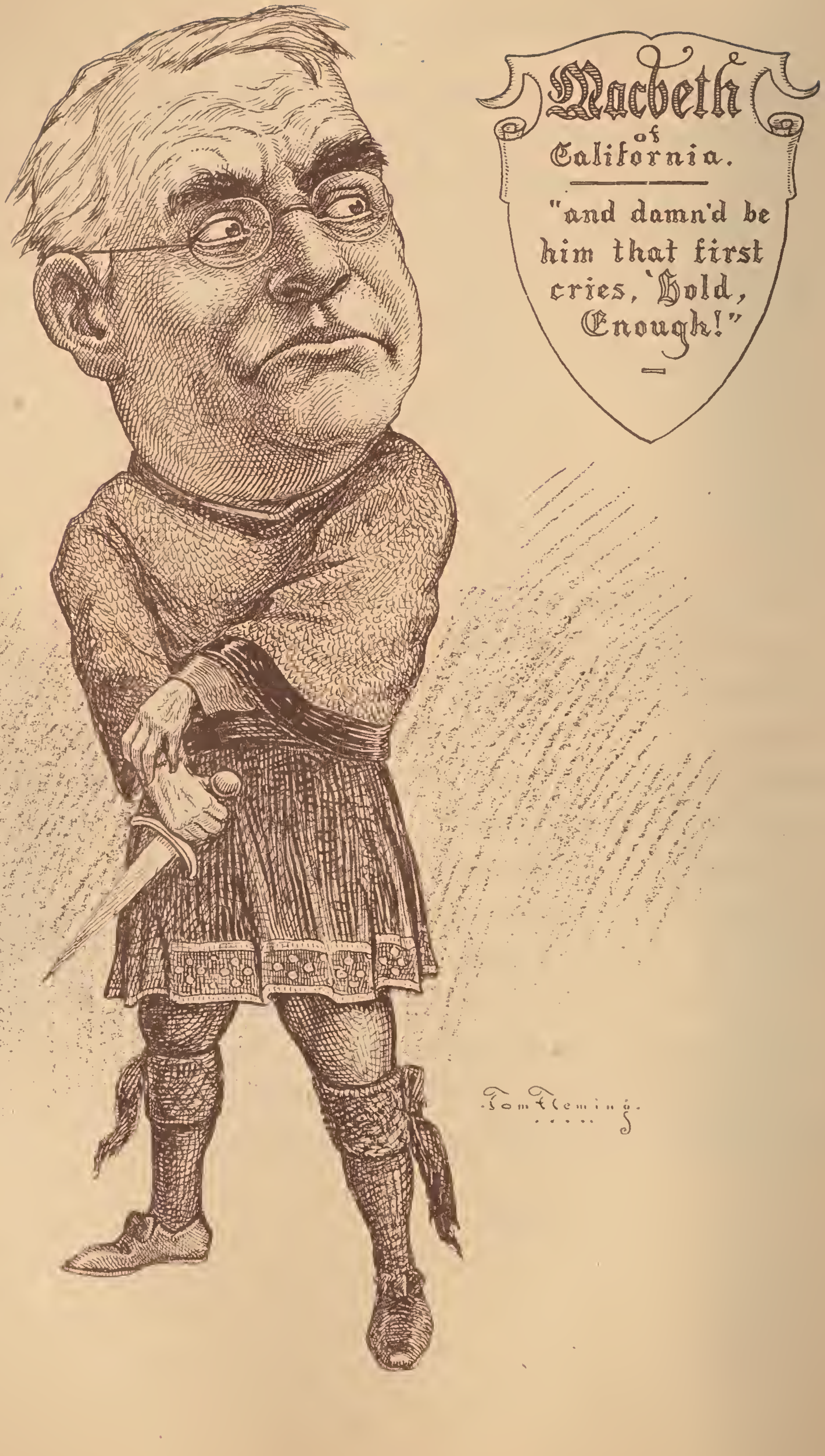
This time the President sits on the right and the ex-President on the left hand side as the parade to the White House begins.

As far as the eye can reach, appears a solid mass of humanity which lines both sides of Pennsylvania avenue. Every available space is occupied; on the roofs, in the windows and along the pavement the crowd is packed to repletion. As the Essex Troop of New Jersey, which the people know to be the new President's escort, appears in the distance a muffled roar of applause is heard. Soon the carriage containing the ex-President and the President is seen. It is now noticed that the new President is seated on the right hand side. He bows continually to the hearty applause and shouts of good-will from the spectators and his broad, expansive smile is working overtime. It is a particularly fine parade and the remark is frequently heard "It is the best Inaugural parade ever beheld."

When the Presidential carriage reaches the White House grounds the President takes his stand at the Court of Honor where he reviews the passing delegations who cheer themselves hoarse as they catch sight of the handsome-homely face of the man they helped to elect as the chief Magistrate of the nation.

At nightfall the city is ablaze with illumination from thousands of electric-light bulbs attached to wires which cross and recross the avenue. The dome of the Capitol, as one looks down the avenue from the Treasury building, looks resplendent with the flashed light from the powerful electric search-lights cast upon it from the adjacent park; and the sharply defined lines of the illuiminated Washington monument pierce the sombre sky like some huge symbol of welcome to the thousands of strangers within the Inaugural city.

It is a gala night, indeed. The crowd has come to celebrate and the spirit of carnival is abroad. But it is patriotic carnival in perfect consonance with the spirit of the new President's dictum that the day is one to "Dedicate, rather than one to celebrate." It was for this reason that the Inaugural Ball is interdicted. The idea of disrupting the routine of the busy


Macbeth
of
California.
"and damn'd be
him that first
cries, 'Hold,
Enough!"
Tom Fleming.

## SENATOR JOHN D. WORKS.

What a piece of man is Works! California never had a more defiant Senator. A veritable Macbeth. He bids defiance to the newspapers. His defi is patterned after Shakespeare's tragic Scot—"Damned be him who first cries, 'Hold, Enough!'" His motto is—"I'm the whole Works."

Pension Bureau that an exhibition of "Turkey-Trots" and "Bunny Hugs" might be given in the big brick building, does not meet with the approval of the dignified new President and it is abandoned.

Hon. Charles H. Sloan
Rep. 4th Dist., Neb.

The citizens of Washington, however, compensate for the loss of the Ball by providing a most elaborate Fire-works display in the park back of the White House. The night is fine and the crowds come early. Everybody seems to be in a most happy mood and to most thoroughly enjoy the spectacle and what seems most singular everybody apparently belongs to the winning party. Probably this is why everybody is happy and good natured.

As the midnight hour approaches the crowds hasten to their hotels—those who have not already skurried to the outgoing trains—and Washington's quadriennial spree is over.

## CHAPTER XVIII

## A RAMBLE AMONG THE HOTELS.

NEARLY every appellation the dictionary affords seems to have been utilized in furnishing names for the myriads of Hotels, Inns and Taverns of the Capital. But withal no one has seen fit to preempt the title "India Rubber House," which would be singularly appropriate for a Washington Hotel. For elasticity, the Hotels of other cities do not compare. Rooms built to accommodate two persons have been known to contain half a dozen on occasion. And as for rates, rubber makes a poor simile to point a comparison. Prices enumerated on Bills of Fare, Menus, etc., have been known to stretch to quadruple proportions over night.

A couple of guests were once observed leaving a swell hostelry scanning and scowling at a bill they had just paid. As they hurried along the avenue on their way to the Union Station the one with the bill exclaimed,

"The robbers!—God will punish them for this."

"God has punished them already," replied his partner. "I've got their silver spoons in my satchel."

Regarding the nomenclature of the Hotels it has lately become a fad for the more exclusive set to designate their artistocratic quarters as "Inns" and "Taverns." One very select hostelry has adopted an old colonial sign board which informs the weary traveler that "entertainment is to be had for man and beast." Presumably the word "beast" means "automobile" in these degenerate days.

In no other city are Hotels so well patronized as in Washington. Probably nine-tenths of the visitors are entertained by public houses. The result is seen in the particualrly cheerful and entertaining atmosphere which always pervades these hostelries.

After nightfall the Lobbies are crowded with guests who have come to the city for a short stay and are on the qui vive for excitement. It is here they meet their Congressman, whom they importune for passes to the congressional galleries; introductory letters, to important de-

Hon. James A. Hamill
Rep. 12th Dist., N. J.

partmental chiefs, or invitations to White House receptions. This of course adds to the gayety of the Congressman's life—"but that's what he's elected for," they say.

Many of the lawmakers have their private offices installed in the Hotels at which they reside. Here they transact business in the evenings. Their private secretaries typewrite letters to constituents at home and later in the evening they will be seen conveying armfuls of franked letters which they dump into the mail boxes, before retiring for the night.

The wide diversity of localities from which visitors come is a distinctive featue of life at the Washington Hotel. Here you will find the man from Alaska hob-nobbing with the New Englander; and the Army officer who has just come from the Phillipines to report at the War Department. A deputation of Chinese mandarins stopped at the Raleigh not long since. After signing their names as guests, the registry resembled a collection of laundry checks.

The high grade apartment hotel, aristocratic and exclusive, is particularly unique to the Na-

## PENN-ROSE OF PENN-SYLVANIA.

One of the boys of the Quaker city is Boies. An expert machinist, he knows the value of oil as a lubricant. His wonderful Penn-sylvania machine is proof of this. But, alas, one day a rampant Bull Moose broke into his machine shop and completely wrecked his beautiful machine. When the too strenuous Bull Moose met with disaster, Boies was as jubilant as his damaged condition would permit. His motto is—"A rose by any other name than Pen will never do."

Tom Fleming 1913
PENN-ROSE
OF
PENNSYLVANIA

tional Capital. Here the wealthy and opulent reside. Here are to be found all the attributes of wealth and refinement. Servants in livery, waiters trained in obsequiousness; dining rooms where invisible orchestras dispense the melodies of Chopin and Schubert, and where the cuisine is irreproachable, leaving absolutely nothing to be desired by the most exacting guest. These aristocratic establishments are always well patronized by the very wealthy who, in great numbers reside in Washington on account of its many alluring social features. The cream of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston society is to be found here in the height of the season, and the most elegant entertainments are of nightly occurrence. This is the sort of poison that gets into the Congressman's blood when he finds fault with Uncle Sam's meagre $7,500 a year salary allowance.

The lobbies of the big hotels are the most entertaining places imaginable during the sessions of Congress. Assembled in groups are men well known in public life; men who bulk large in the affairs of the nation.

At the New Willard, life takes on an eternal holiday aspect that never seems to lag. Everyone moves about with the alacrity of expectancy. Party after party emerges from the elevators as they descend into the lobby and the swish of silken skirts betoken some social affair of an unusual kind as group after group make their way through the ladies' exit to the awaiting Limousines. Senator Martine, with a bevy of ladies, is often a familiar sight at the door awaiting the arrival of his car. The Senator is very popular, socially. Soon the lobby is crowded and the air becomes redolent with the delicate perfumes of bouquets despite the clouds of tobacco smoke about, for men are prone to smoke tobacco every time they group by themselves, and the presence of ladies never seems to deter them.

Senator Kern enters alone. He has just put in a strenuous day in the Senate chamber and he looks somewhat fatigued. Like all influential men in Washington he is beseiged with

Hon. Percy E. Quinn
Rep. 7th Dist., Miss.

Hon. Charles A. Culberson
U. S. Senator, Texas

office-seekers. A group of Indianians surround him and importune him, but he never relaxes his pleasant smile and when one of the group hands him a long stogie to smoke, at the termination of an interview, he holds it unlighted in his hand, while he pump-handles his visitors good-bye. Absent-mindedly he puts the stogie in his pocket, and taking a few steps over to the cigar counter, lights a cigar. As he turns about with the cigar between his teeth it is noticed that it is not the stogie he is smoking—the Senator smokes *good* cigars.

Senator Culberson, the genial Texan who looks like an old Roman Senator translated to the Twentieth century, is engaged in an earnest conversation with Secretary Bryan. They attract everyone's attention although seated in an obscure corner.

Senator Lodge suddenly appears from within the crowd. He looks entirely different from what he appeared in the morning session in the Senate chamber. There he appeared in a sack coat and not at all fastidious looking in dress, or deportment. Now he is arrayed in a remark-

## SENATOR WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH.

The Senator who conducted the Titanic disaster investigation asked so many questions about icebergs and things that the Britons thought him a goose—but he was not—he was a Michi-gander. The fact was, he had to delve deep to get at the truth which was at the bottom of the ocean. His motto is—"For ships that pass in the night, an iceberg is not a nice berg."

THE
OLD SALT
FROM
THE
INLAND
SEA
Tom Fleming
1913

bly well fitting tuxedo suit with a black top-coat over his arm, and an opera crush-hat over his ambrosial locks. He is accompanied by a coterie of society buds with heavy opera cloaks over their shapely shoulders. The Senator is evidently as much at home at a society function as he is in a heated debate on the floor of the Senate.

"Mister Smith!—Mister Smith!" cries a page as he darts about the lobby, looking in every direction and at every face. "Mister Smith!" he again cries. Finally *Senator* Smith, of Michigan, leaps to his feet from a corner where he was deeply engrossed in a conversation with a friend, and at the beckon of the page hastens to the Telephone booth near by.

The pages know nothing of titles or embellishments of names other than "Mister." This sounds odd in a place where distinctive titles seem so plentiful.

It is very amusing to see how shy Congressmen are of visits from women, since the female suffrage movement has started in. A deputation of School-teachers from a western state, called at the Shoreham Hotel one evening to interview their Congressman on a little matter relating to the placing of a captured cannon in front of a school-house. There was never a thought of suffrage, yet it was said the Congressman spent a most unpleasant evening dodging them.

It is at the New National Hotel on Pennsylvania avenue that one gets in touch with the Southern element. If the weather is warm and balmy, they congregate in the sunlight in front. But should it be somewhat cool they retreat to the warm lobby within. A temperature of 30 degrees fahrenheit is an arctic cold wave to the man from Dixie; but for warm-hearted sociability and companionship the Southern visitor far surpasses his northern brother, and it's extremely likely that before you've known him five minutes he'll offer you a cigar, or invite you to join him in a mint-julep,—or a softer beverage, if you prefer.—Such is southern hospitality.

In the basement of the Ebbitt Hotel there is

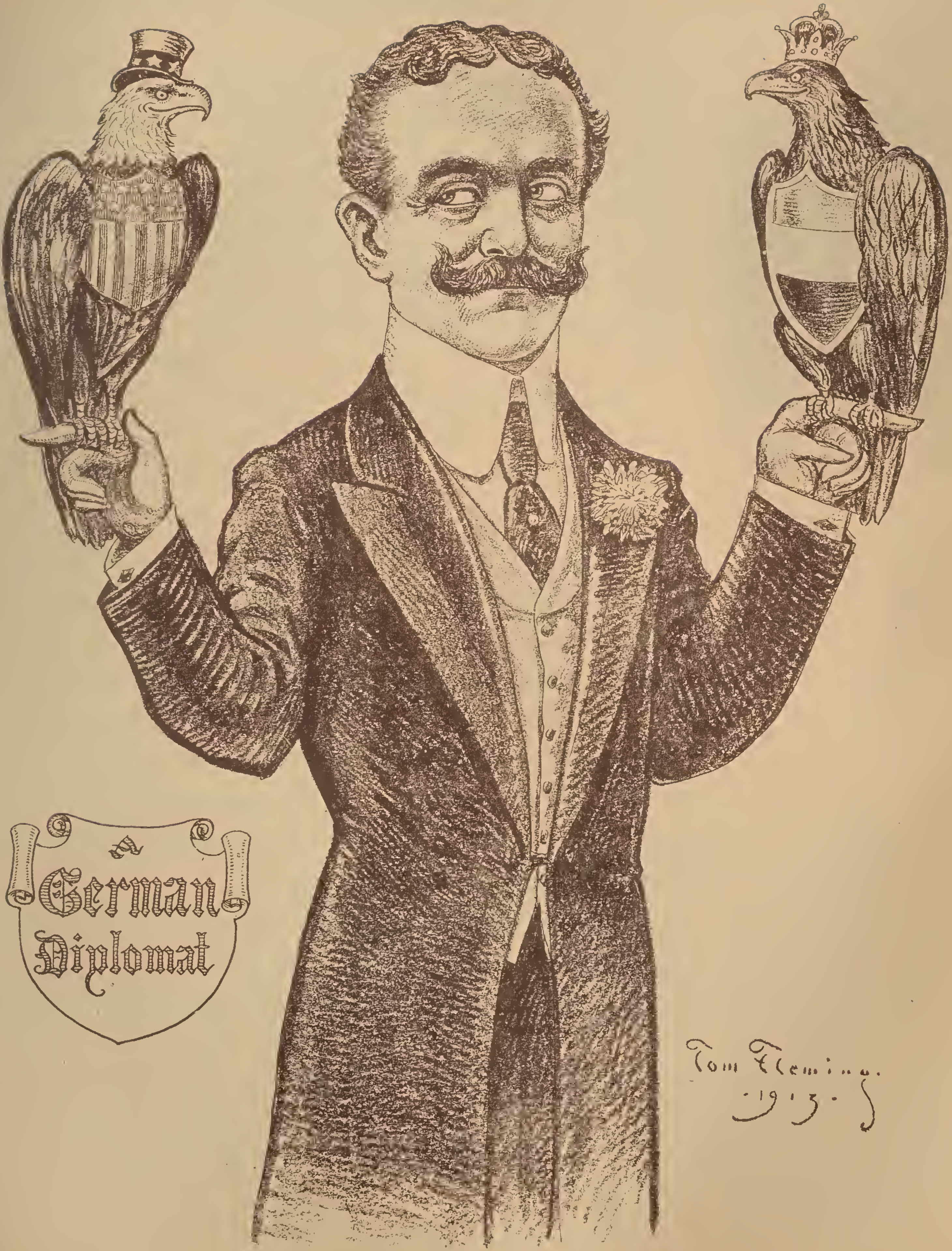
Hon. James M. Gudger, Jr.
Rep. 10th Dist., N. C.

an artistically constructed "Rathskeller"; just such a one as you will find in Munich or Berlin, where German beers and light wines are served. Several of the other first grade hotels are somewhat similarly equipped. The installation of these modern German "Rathskellers" and "Bier Stubes" are a distinct improvement on the old time Saloon which used to be such a feature in hotels. The drinking of whiskey and other ardent spirits is fast giving way to the consumption of light wines and wholesome beers. This is true temperance. If mankind must drink let the beverage be the comparatively harmless "Pilsner" or the "Johanisberger" wines which are not as harmful as the immoderate use of tea or coffee, and which are certainly less dangerous than many of the so-called temperance drinks now so much in vogue in the Southern states since the prohibition laws have been instituted.

Human nature demands some outlet for its appetites and passions and unduly repressive laws only tend to aggravate the evils of intemperance and immorality. The Prohibitionist is

## COUNT JOHANN VON BERNSTORFF.

The German Ambassador is a great Diplomat. The Count has made the American and German Eagles the best of friends. "Hoch the Kaiser!" screams the Bald Eagle. "Rah for Wilson!" echoes the black Eagle. The diplomatic Count will soon have them screeching the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Die Wacht am Rhein" in unison. His motto is—"The best diplomacy is 'Made in Germany.'"


A German Diplomat
Tom Fleming. 1913.

like the man who blew out the gas in his hotel room.—But the gas continued on the job, nevertheless.

Hon. William H. Bixley
Chief Engineer, War Dept.

It must be admitted, however, that since Secretary Bryan has started the fashion of giving "dry dinners" diplomatic secrets are much safer, as it is a well known truism that, "when wine is in, secrets are out."

The cuisine of the Washington Hotels is unsurpassed for variety. We hear a lot about the superior quality of French cookery, but if you have ever tasted fried chicken, with corn fritters, Maryland style, (remember Washington is in Maryland) you will vote it one of the finest dishes in the world; while the oysters, ducks, and terrapin are unequalled in any clime. As for planked shad,—has it got a rival anywhere?

Why do Americans tolerate the abominable, half-baked imitations of foreign cookery when they have such a wealth of good things to eat in their own American dishes.

The New England boiled dinner is a national culinary gem of which any country might be proud. So is roast turkey, so are codfish cakes, while American baked beans are certainly unique in the civilized world. As for Johnny-corn-cake, buckwheat cakes, with fragrant sausage; or wheat cakes, with maple syrup—how can you beat them?

We need a revival of the good old native American cookery of our mothers—don't you think so, reader?

Hon. J. Hampton Moore
Rep. 3rd Dist., Penn.

# CHAPTER XIX

## THE SUPREME COURT.

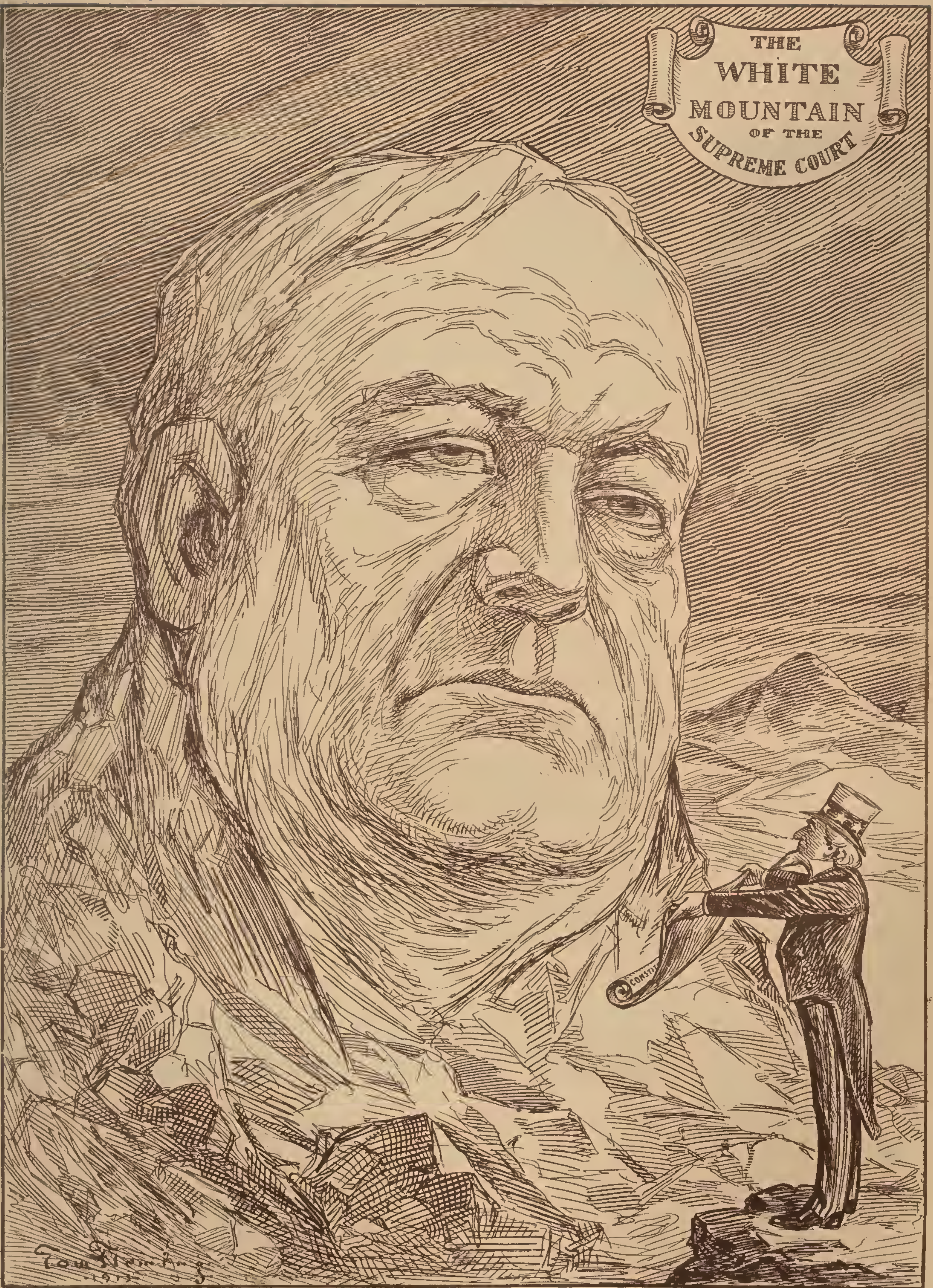
THE Supreme Court of the United States is the Constitutional yardstick of the Republic. By it are measured the laws passed by Congress and there is no appeal from the decision. No other court has ever been invested with such far-reaching authority. It is the bulwark of the Constitution. It is the most powerful factor in the American government and the greatest judicial organization in the world. The highest English judicial dignitary can be removed by the King, upon the request of Parliament. A justice of the Supreme Court of the United States can only be removed upon conviction for "high crimes and misdemeanors."

Decisions of the Supreme Court have often been complained of, and its judgment and wisdom called into question, but no one has ever questioned the integrity and sincerity of the men who constitute it.

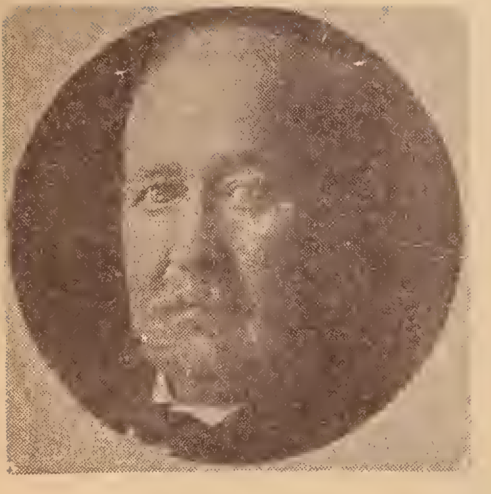
It has been termed the aristocratic branch of

## EDWARD DOUGLASS WHITE.

A big man—physically, mentally and legally, is Chief Justice White. He bulks large in the legal world. The great White Mountain stands as a landmark amid the towering peaks of the United States Supreme Court. Like Mahomet, Uncle Sam oft goes to this mountain for interpretations of laws that menace his constitution. The Chief Justice is the White-way of the Supreme Court.


THE WHITE MOUNTAIN OF THE SUPREME COURT
CONSTI
Tom Fleming
1913

the government, but in truth it is the most democratic, as it represents the whole country, and the people in their entirety; while Congressmen represent their districts, and Senators their states.



Hon. Thomas B. Catron
U. S. Senator, N. M.

The sightseer in Washington accustomed to the turbulent scenes in the Congressional chamber, is overcome with awe by the solemn dignity of the proceedings in the sombre Supreme Court chamber. The nine black-robed and sober-visaged justices make a most impressive picture and convey to the visitor an impression of eminent dignity fully in keeping with the traditions that hover over the Supreme bench. Yet when you meet them in the corridors of the Capitol at close range, you find that they are interestingly human.

The sessions of the Supreme Court are held from October to June. Five days of the week are devoted to the hearing of cases and the handing down of decisions. Saturday is set aside as consultation day.

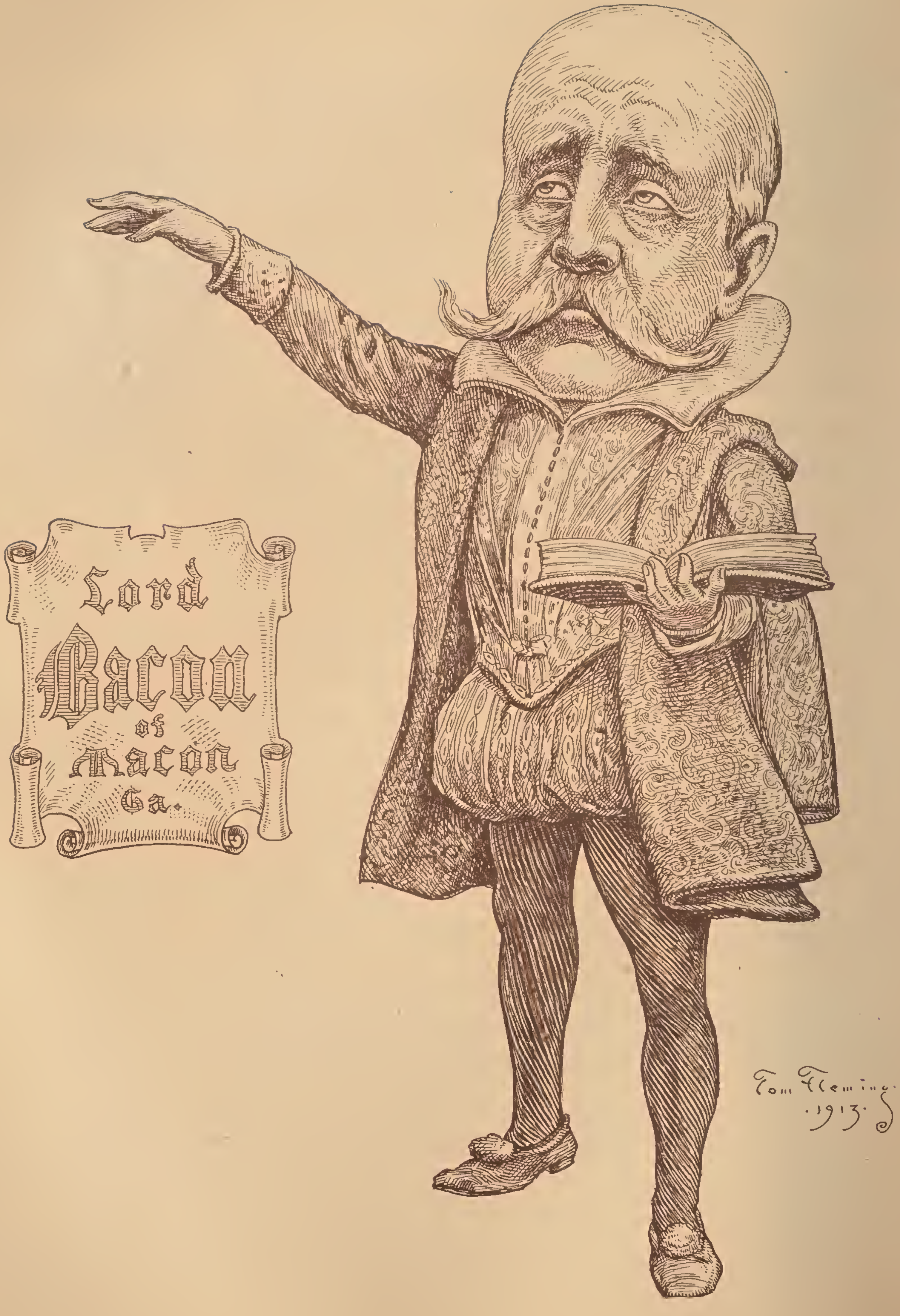
At 12 o'clock noon, a passageway across the corridor is roped off with silken cords, and the court, headed by the Chief Justice, march with solemn tread into the court chamber and take their respective places on the "bench." The Chief Justice sits in the middle, and the others sit on his right and left in the order of their appointment.

The black gowns worn by the justices were the subject of considerable discussion before they were adopted in 1789. Thomas Jefferson in discussing the question exclaimed, "For Heaven's sake discard the monstrous wig which makes the English judges look like rats peeping through bunches of oakum!"

Hon. Ellsworth Bathrock
Rep. 19th Dist., Ohio

The general impression is that the Supreme Court is owl-like and has no sense of humor. But such is not the case. An eminent attorney was once addressing the court on a case involving the validity of a patent respecting a collar button, when one of the justices blandly inquired, "whether a man could recover a collar button that had rolled under a bureau, without swearing?"

Conspicuous public service of some kind is a requisite for selection to a position on the Su-


Lord
Bacon
of
Macon
Ga.
Tom Fleming
1913

## SENATOR AUGUSTUS OCTAVIUS BACON.

Lord Bacon, of Macon, is one of the bright lights of the American House of Lords. On clear days when the sun is shining into the Senate Chamber, his shiny pate reflects an effulgence of brightness pleasing to behold. In this respect he greatly resembles Shakespeare, who was also possessed of a bright, bald head. According to the Baconites, Shakespeare is only a nom de plume for Bacon. But the Senator is far too modest to put forth such a claim. He contents himself with voluminous extracts from the Lord's immortal works from time to time; one of his favorite quotations being —"What's in a name? A negrose by any other name would smell as sweet." Bacon was named Augustus Octavius, after the famous nephew of Julius Caesar, which probably accounts for the motto he has adopted as his own. Aut Cæsar (Augustus Octavius), Aut Nullis. Which translated properly reads—"Render unto Augustus Octavius all things which are Cæsar's."

preme bench. Chief Justice White had a long and honorable record before he was called to the Supreme court. He comes from a family famous in Louisiana history. His grandfather, James White, was a judge. His father, Edward White, was Congressman, and afterwards Governor of Louisiana. He is now nearly seventy years of age. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was in the Confederate army. After the war he served as state senator, and later as judge of the Supreme Court of Louisiana. In 1890, he was elected to the United States Senate and in 1894 was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Cleveland. Two years ago he was elevated to the high post of Chief Justice by President Taft. Personally he is a veritable mountain of a man; big in frame, and massive in intellect.

**Hon. Martin A. Morrison**
**Rep. 9th Dist., Ind.**

Clad in the sombre robes of his office he looks the typical judge. On the street, and in the privacy of his home, he is most affable and democratic. He is a many-sided man to those who know him intimately, being an ardent baseball "fan" who rarely misses an opportunity to go to the professional games if he has the time

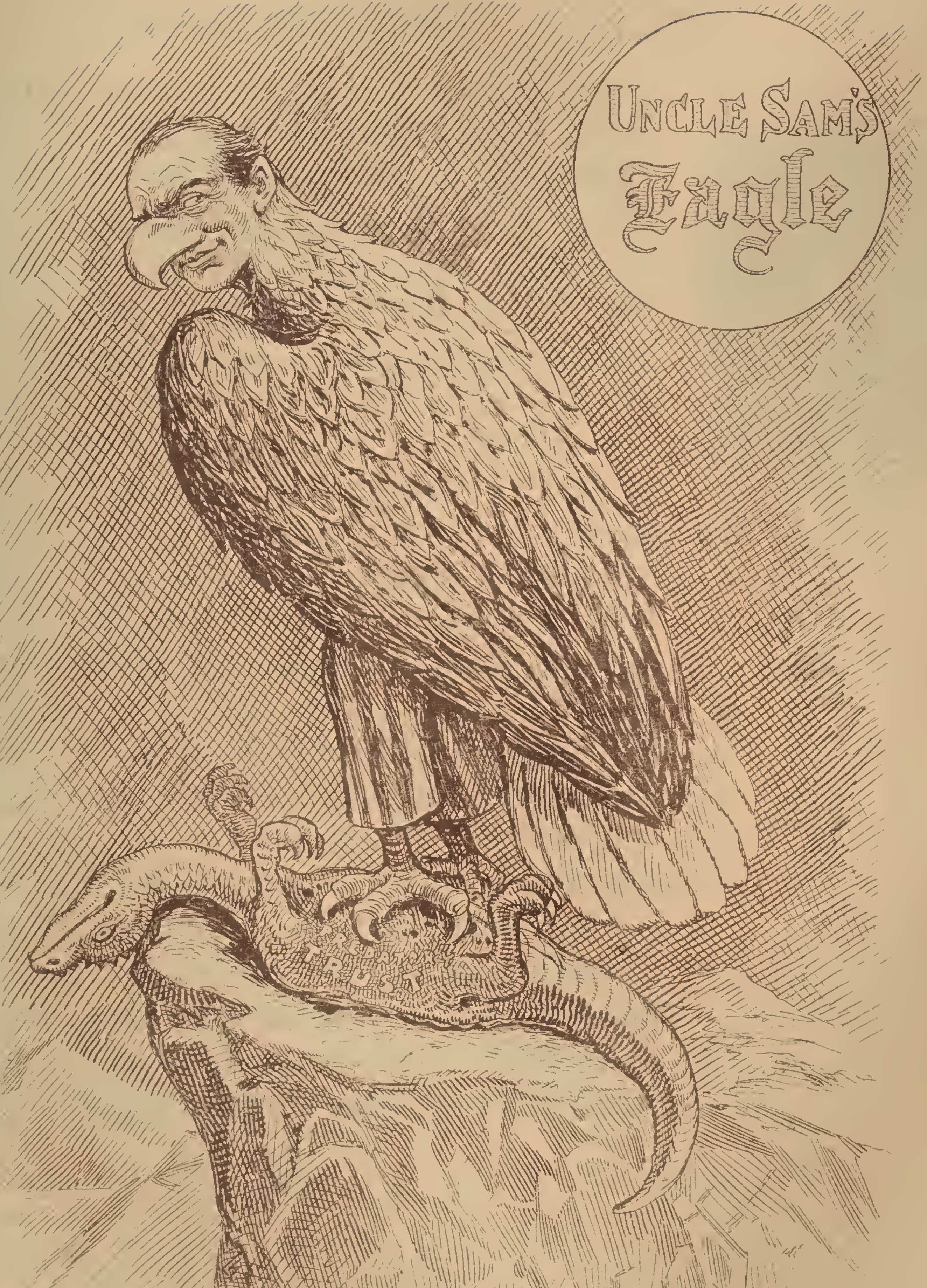
Next in popular interest is Justice Charles Evan Hughes, the famous Governor who left such an enviable record in the Empire state, before his elevation to the Supreme bench. Mr. Hughes has the reputation of being one of the most able lawyers of his time.

So far as the general public is concerned, he is probably the best known man on the bench. His two terms as Governor of New York earned him a prominent place in the annals of his country.

Associate Justice Joseph R. Lamar is a southron of distinguished bearing. He is large of frame, his eye is clear, and his ruddy complexion contracts finely with his white hair. In dignity and refinement, he typifies the courteous southern gentleman. He is the second of his name to sit on the Supreme Bench, his cousin, L. Q. C. Lamar, having preceded him. His promotion to the Supreme Court was a conspicuous example of the wiping out of sectionalism in the public service—the appointment of a southern Democrat by a Republican President.

## JAMES CLARK McREYNOLDS.

Of all the birds of the air none can compare with Uncle Sam's Eagle. On all the coins; at the crest of every flag staff; and in some shape on all the public buildings, is to be found the effigy of the Bird of Freedom. "The eagle's eye," "the eagle's ferocity," "the eagle's swiftness of wing," "the eagle's claws" and " the eagle's daring," are all symbols of success. These attributes are all possessed by the new Attorney General in President Wilson's Cabinet, and it behooves the predatory prowlers known variously as "Combinations in restraint of trade," "Illegally constituted corporations," and "Monopolistic trusts" to take to cover, for an eagle eye is searching the landscape and they are in imminent danger of being swooped down upon and annihilated, for the new Attorney General is a bird. His motto is—"The best X raise is a gold eagle."


UNCLE SAM'S
Eagle
TRUST
Tom Fleming
1913.

Hon. Solomon F. Prouty
Rep. 7th Dist., Iowa

From Wyoming comes Associate Justice Willis Van Devanter. Of medium height, olive skin, dark, hazel eyes that sparkle with animation, and raven black hair rebelliously turning gray; his whole bearing comports perfectly with the ideal of an eminent judge. It was he who devised the plan of opening Indian reservations to settlers by means of drawing lots instead of the mad scramble which used to be in vogue and which caused so much litigation when government land was thrown open for settlement. By reason of his great familiarity with the conditions existing in the newer states, he is considered a great acquisition to the Supreme Bench.

Associate Justice Horace H. Lurton is from Tennessee. He was in the Confederate army during the civil war, but that is another story. He was so highly esteemed by his old colleague in the Federal judiciary, President Taft, that the latter appointed him to a seat in the highest court in the land. He is very fond of fishing as a diversion, and on pleasant days, when his legal duties are not too pressing, can be seen along the banks of the upper Potomac in pursuit of the wily bass and pickerel.

The State of Ohio furnishes a fine specimen of legal ability in the person of Justice William R. Day. He was Secretary of State during the war with Spain. When the Treaty of Peace was negotiated, he was a member of the Peace commission. He is slight of figure, with the head of a typical jurist.

Hon. Everis A. Hayes
Rep. 8th Dist., Cal.

Justice Joseph McKenna hails from California. Like Chief Justice White, he is an ardent Catholic. In early life he studied for the priesthood but later on changed his mind to become a lawyer. With his closely cropped beard, black stock, and dignified air he resembles an old time statesman. He is a crack shot with a fowling piece and is very fond of hunting.

The most famous name on the roll of the Supreme Court is that of the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which is now bourne by his son, Justice Oliver Wendall Holmes. As he walks along Pennsylvania avenue you would at once proclaim him a soldier.

Hon. Oscar Calloway
Rep. 12th Dist., Texas

His tall, erect figure; his fierce white military mustache; his long, regulation step and martial bearing stamps him as a militant. He was a Union soldier all through the Civil war.

The newest Justice is Mahlon Pitney, who was chancellor of the Supreme Court of New Jersey when he was appointed to the Supreme bench by President Taft. It is said by his intimates that he possesses the three requisites of an eminent lawyer—splendid memory, clear perception, and a logic mind.

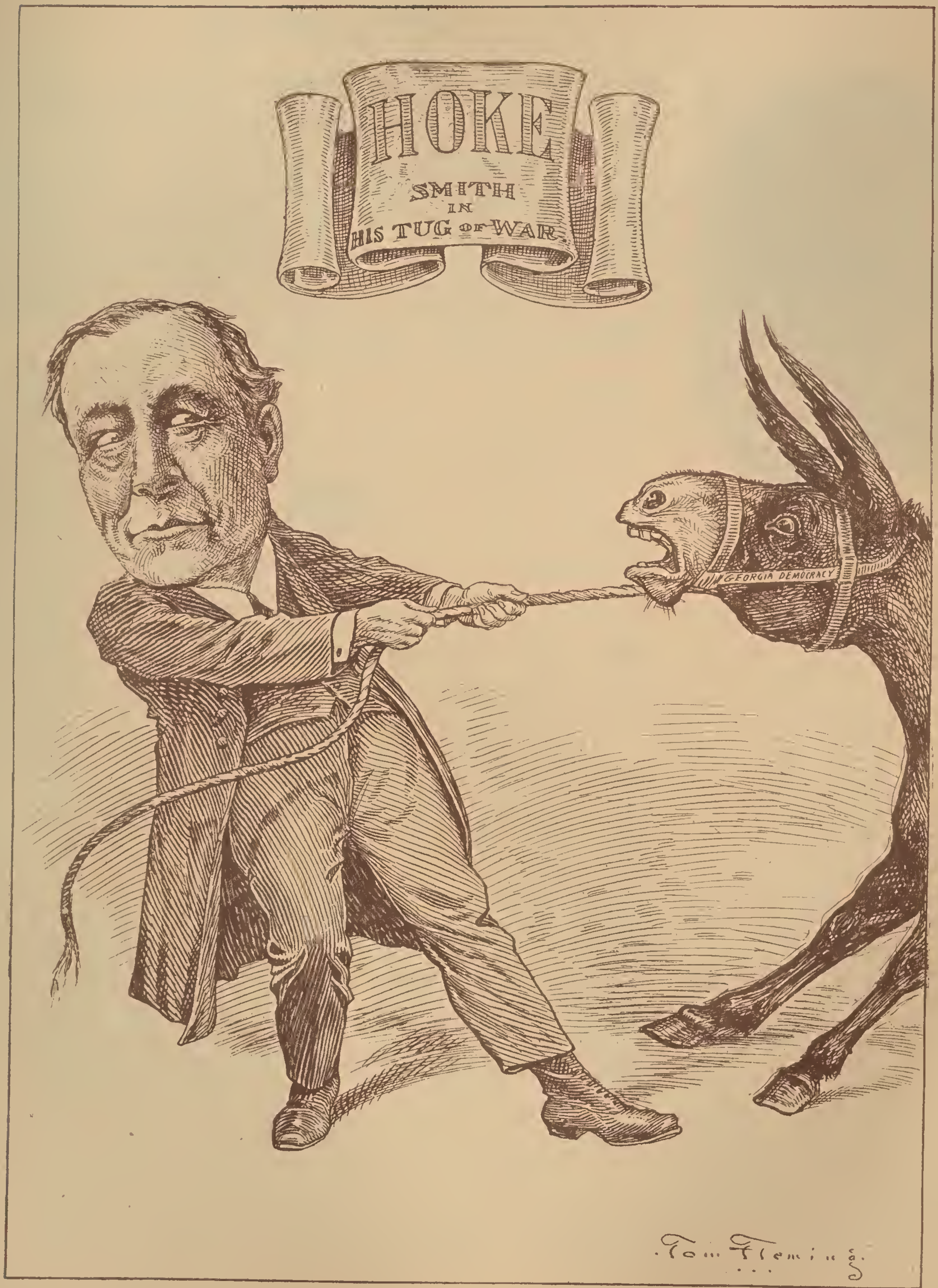
The present Supreme Court is largely made up of young men. Lamar, Van Devanter, and Hughes are comparatively young, the last named being born in 1862.

The Supreme Court room is the most historic room in the Capitol. It was here that Thomas Jefferson, the first President to be inaugurated at the Capitol, took the oath of office and delivered his inaugural address. On this occasion, John Adams rudely left the city before his successor had been installed. No other President ever acted so churlishly.

Here the Treaty with Napoleon, by which

## SENATOR HOKE SMITH.

What's in a name. A Smith by any other name than Hoke would not be uncommon; hence Hoke; which rhymes with joke. But Hoke's no joke. He's the shrewd, astute leader of the Georgia Democracy—and that's no joke. The Georgian section of the Democratic party is often very obstreperous, not to say stubborn, and frequently refuses to be led. Then it has to be pulled. The Hon. Hoke has a good pull, and furthermore, being a journalist of large calibre, he knows the political ropes. If the rope stands the strain, there will be progress, as the big Georgia statesman is a Progressive Democrat, and a democratic Progressive.


HOKE SMITH IN HIS TUG OF WAR
GEORGIA DEMOCRACY
Tom Fleming

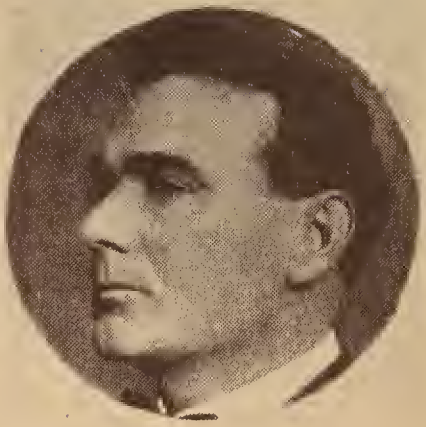
Hon. William E. Humphreys
Rep. 1st Dist., Wash.

we acquired the Louisiana Territory, was ratified by the Senate which sat in this chamber in 1803. Here was declared the war with Great Britain in 1812. In 1823 the famous "Monroe Doctrine" was enacted, and some years later a war was declared with Mexico, while the Senate occupied this famous hall.

# CHAPTER XX

## THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

IT can be truly said that the Library of Congress is a thing of beauty and a joy for all time. It is more than a merely beautiful building—it is an architectural jewel.



Hon. Ladislas Lazaro
Rep. 7th Dist., La.

When Admiral Cockburn, the cocky British Admiral strutted up the steps to the chair of the Speaker of the House of Representatives in 1814, and maliciously ordered the destruction of all the fine books and rare manuscripts which then constituted the original Library of Congress, George Washington had been dead some fourteen years, or he might have paid dearly for his cowardly act of vandalism.

Established in 1802, by the purchase of some three thousand books, the Congressional Library now, in 1913, numbers over Two million volumes and is increasing at an average rate of Eighty-eight thousand volumes a year.

The Library building is so grand in conception and in execution, and so thoroughly artistic in tone that you instinctively take off your hat upon entering. (Ladies will please understand that this is mere metaphor so far as *their* hats are concerned).

It is the most beautiful building of its kind in the world, and cost Uncle Sam Six million and twenty-seven thousand, one hundred and twenty-four dollars and fifty cents.

These figures, being from official sources, are reliable. In regard to that fifty-four cents—that is presumed to be the amount requisitioned to cover the cost of the beautiful medal worn by the courteous official who guards the big doorway at the entrance.

Eight years were consumed in its construction, and in 1897 when the building was declared finished, there was on hand an unexpended balance of three hundred and fourteen thousand, four hundred and fifty-two dollars and two cents out of the amount appropriated by Congress for its completion.

This reflects very seriously on its constructor, Mr. Edward Pearce Casey. According to the methods in vogue in most municipalities, such a structure would consume three times eight years in construction and instead of a balance of the original appropriation being left, there would be bills for extra work to the tune of a couple of millions.

The building is of the Italian renaissance style of architecture. There will be almost one hundred miles of shelving when fully completed, with a capacity of almost five million volumes. Nearly two thousand windows render it the best lighted library in the world.

Hon. Robert J. Bulkley
Rep. 21st Dist., Ohio

On the ground floor are the copyright office, reading room for the blind, and superintendent's office.

From the circular desk in the Rotunda a perfect system of pneumatic tubes and telephones connects with the Capitol. Books for congressmen are conveyed by cable through an underground tunnel.

The library covers three and three-quarters of an acre of ground.

The bronze fountain at the entrance, is by Hinton Perry. It represents the *Court of Neptune.* As many of the books in this Two million volume collection are dry reading, the ap-

GARDENER
GARDNER
A.P.G.
MASS.
GOVERNERSHIP
Tom Fleming

## AUGUSTUS PEABODY GARDNER, M. C.

Gardener Gardner's Massachusetts garden is a model in its way. His prize plant was a gorgeous "Massachusetts Gubernatorial Flower" which promised to be the gem of his garden, but—alas! an untimely November frost nipped it in the bud. His motto is—"In Sacred Cod we trust."

propriateness of Perry's subject is plainly apparent.

The decorations, which excite universal admiration, are wholly the work of American sculptors and painters.

The Central Stair Hall with its highly polished Italian marble stairway, so beautiful that you involuntarily stop in silent admiration of its grandeur and magnificence, is unequalled by any other entrance hall in the world. Exquisitely carved marble balustrades leading up the broad steps, carry the eye up to a skylight seventy-two feet above the floor, producing an architectural effect which is truly enchanting.

Elihu Vedder's beautiful mosaic of Minerva; advantageously placed for close scrutiny on the wall of the stairway landing, never fails to attract the attention of the visitor. The legend depicted runs—"Nil invita Minerva quae Monumentum aere perennius exegit."—"Minerva at her best, built this monument, more enduring than bronze."

The Representatives' reading room, which is sure to attract your attention as you pass

Hon. Winfield S. Hammond
Rep. 2nd Dist., Minn.

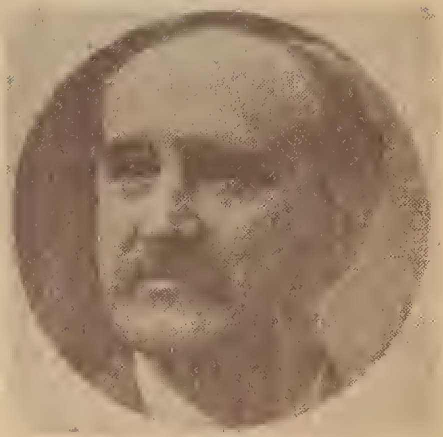
Hon. Charles B. Smith
Rep. 41st Dist., N. Y.

through the corridor leading to the Newspaper reading room, is worth more than a passing glance. Here are to be found the famous Italian marble mantels; the finest and most beautiful adornments of the Library building.

Five well executed paintings by Vedder, decorate the Lobby to the reading room; Government, Good Administration, Peace and Prosperity, Corrupt Legislation, and Anarchy. They will all repay the closest study, particularly the last named; which represents Anarchy holding aloft the flaming scroll of the Constitution, amid universal wreck and ruin; with a lighted bomb at her feet. The stupidest anarchist can read this lesson.

These exquisite decorative paintings are uniformly beautiful. Dear reader, take time to examine them,—and then swell yourself up with pride at the thought that they are all the work of Americans.

The Visitors Gallery presents a point of vantage from which to view the magnificent rotunda reading room. Here you will see some of the most eminent men in the Capital seated at the tables which are arranged in circular form around the circular desk. A glance around the gallery will probably rivet your eyes on some of the beautiful bronze statues of representative characters distinguished in various fields of learning and achievement. There are sixteen of these statues.


Hon. William B. Francis
Rep. 16th Dist., Ohio

After you get tired of viewing this interesting scene from the gallery you can step down stairs, enter the reading room and call for any one of the millions of books, walk over to one of the green covered tables and read till your eyes ache. But if you wish to take a book out, you will have to go home, run for Congress, and get elected; or secure some official position; for the books cannot be taken out by any one who is not a President, member of the Supreme Court, or of Congress, or a Government Official.

The finest newspaper reading room in the world is to be found in the southern wing of the Library building. Here are to be found newspapers from every section of the United States and visitors invariably hasten to the files de-

Hon. Lathrop Brown
Rep. 1st Dist., N. Y.

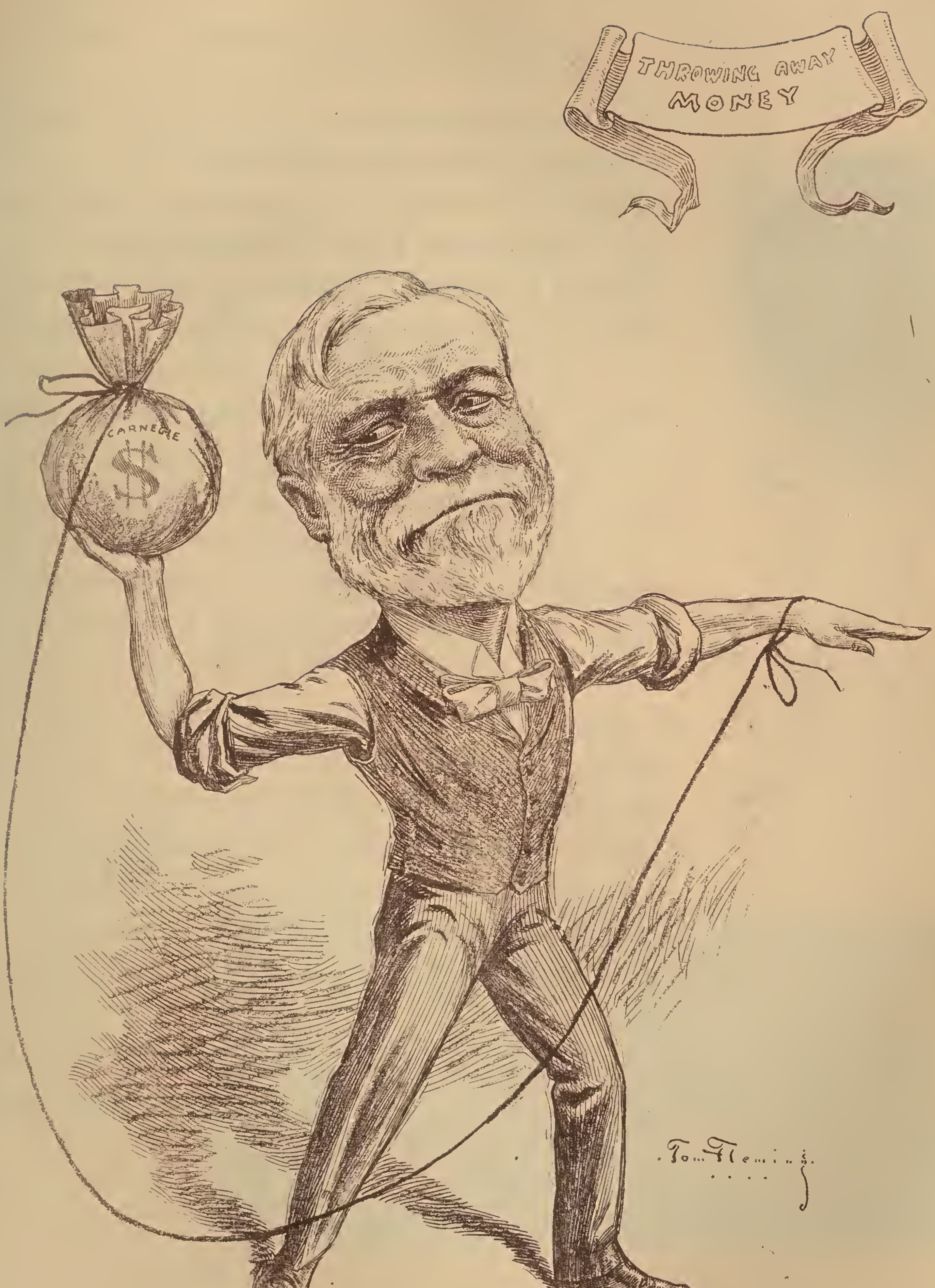
voted to their home states to ascertain what has been happening since they have left. During the session, there is not a Congressman who is not a frequent visitor to this room, to consult the files of his home paper and thereby keep in touch with the sentiment in his home-town; as the Congressman's term is only two years, he must of necessity be on the qui vive to watch for developments that might indicate a breaking down of his political fences at home.

One of the most interesting of rooms is the one devoted to a large collection of books printed when the art of printing was in its infancy. There are arranged in a long series of glass cases, books printed in the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Fine examples of Guttenburg, Faust, Schoffer, Caxton and Wenkyn de Worde are to be seen here. These old printed pages date from a long distant time, when books were so valuable they were chained securely to the great book-shelves still to be found in the ancient libraries.

In a somewhat earlier age, the renowned Alcuinus looked upon the chained volumes in

## ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Andrew Carnegie is a Washingtonian, not by birth, but by subpoena. Congress is much worried lest the old man should give away ALL his money, so he is investigated and examined periodically by their various committees. But they needn't worry, and get wrinkles. A Scot is an adept at Highland flings—but not at money flings; and Andy is a Scot. His motto is—"Money has wings; tie a string to it."


THROWING AWAY MONEY
CARNEGIE
$
Tom Fleming

Hon. Asher C. Hinds
Rep. 1st Dist., Me.

the old cathedral library at York in those days of literary darkness and wrote—

"There thou shalt find the volumes that contain
All the ancient fathers who remain;
There all the Latin writers make their home
With those that glorious Greece transferred to Rome—
The Hebrews draw from their celestial stream,
And Africa is bright with learning's beam."

With what pious regard did this refined scholar of medieval times commune with his beloved "masters of old lore," as he affectionately termed them.

One afternoon, while seated on one of the polished mahogany benches at the base of the magnificent marble staircase in the Grand Stair Hall, I noticed a little old gentleman enter, accompanied by a small party. As he took his seat by my side, I at once recognized the well known features of that great connoisseur in Libraries, Andrew Carnegie. Not a word did he utter, as he intently admired the beautiful marble columns, polished balustrades, artistic mosaics and masterly executed decorative paintings which combine to give to it its beautiful character. As a citizen of the Republic, it was his to admire; but no more than mine. In fancy, how easy it was to imagine myself a plutocrat. Everything in this magnificent structure was mine to command. If I had built the edifice, and had spent millions to clothe its miles of shelving with volumes, I could not enjoy it more. An hour previously I had been browsing through its wealth of fine books, and had been shown as much courtesy and attention as though I had owned the Library. How much more could the little Scotch millionaire do? My dream was over, however, when I reached the street, and instinctively felt in my pocket for a nickel with which to pay my trolley-fare back to my hotel, while Andy swept by in his magnificent limousine.

Hon. Walter M. Chandler
Rep. 19th Dist., N. Y.

# CHAPTER XXI

## THE NEW NATIONAL MUSEUM.

A SEE-THINGS-QUICK visitor never appreciates the exquisite beauty which makes Washington the finest city in the world in grace and nobility of outline and proportion. Even as she awaits the consummation of the majestic Commission plan, she presents a spectacle of unique attractiveness and alluring beauty.

The Commission plan involves a comprehensive park program which will include rows of public buildings, each one with a distinct individuality, and yet all of the same classic type of architecture. Already the first structure is in place on the north side of the Mall—The New National Museum.

This beautiful and ornate structure, whose construction was authorized by Congress in 1904, at a cost of over three million dollars, is a magnet which draws all the sightseers who come to the Capital.

## THE NEW NATIONAL MUSEUM.

The museum has a frontage of five hundred and sixty-one feet and a depth of three hundred and sixty-five feet. It is designed to house the great collections of natural history which include the many trophies of hunting expeditions in far distant lands by ex-Presidents and others in search of relaxation and adventure.

Upon entering the museums the first thing to attract attention is the spacious auditorium with its elevated stage, which is designed to afford learned Professors opportunities for the delivery of lectures upon many diverse subjects pertaining to Ethnology, Archology and various other ologies.

A singular phase of human nature is shown by the manner in which these interesting exhibits are viewed by the multitudes that stream through its spacious galleries. Some of the most remarkable geologic collections, which must have taken months and even years to gather and arrange, will get but a passing glance from the hurrying throng, while some amusing feature like a wax figure of a hottentot, or a couple of stuffed monkeys, will attract

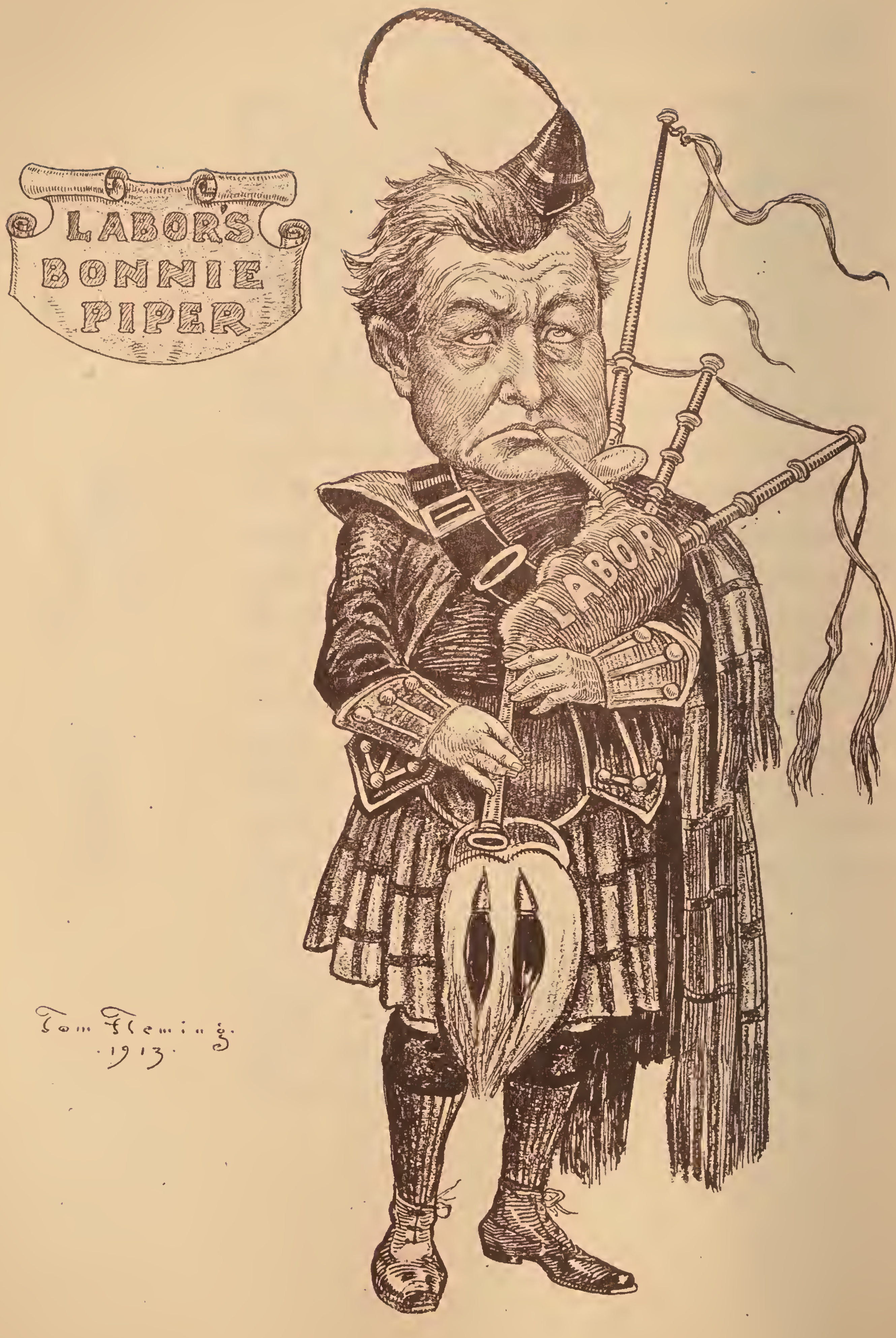
the attention of nine-tenths of the visitors who happen along.

There is some food for thought in the contemplation of the remarkably fine globe on exhibition which shows the northern section of the western hemisphere as it appeared during the glacial epoch. The entire continent is shown submerged with ice, from two to three hundred feet in thickness, extending in a compact, solid sheet from the North Pole to as far south as the Mason and Dixon line. The areas where now stand the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Chicago and St. Louis are shown completely covered with an enormous icy blanket, terrific in its immensity. The bare possibility of the recurrence of such a cataclysm is enough to chill the imagination and appall the senses. And who can say that such an awful occurrence cannot happen again?

Some fine casts of monster meteors are also exhibited in this gallery. One specimen from Mexico, measuring eleven feet, by seven feet, eight inches, is particularly noteworthy. The effect of the impact of such a mass of iron, coming to earth with the tremendous velocity which a meteor is known to possess, is appalling to the imagination; particularly if such a monstrous missile should strike a large city like Washington or New York.

Less mysterious, but more interesting are the fossilized trees from Dakota. These trees decayed after being submerged, leaving matrices which were filled up with silicate deposits. In this manner perfect replicas, in stone, were left of the trees as they stood in the forests. In close proximity is displayed, a large model showing sixteen fossil forests embedded, one on top of the other as they appear in Yellowstone Park. This is chiefly interesting from the fact that when the first forest grew to full sized trees, it was engulfed by a volcanic eruption, on the top of which there grew another forest, which in turn was overwhelmed by volcanic debris in which another forest grew to maturity to meet a like fate, and so on until sixteen sucessive forests met with destruction.

Enormous skeletons of Dinosaurs and gigan-


LABOR'S BONNIE PIPER
LABOR
Tom Fleming 1913

## WILLIAM BAUCHOP WILSON.

Hoot mon! dinna ye ken th' Scot that sits at the end of the Cabinet table? There's a Wilson at the head of the table and a Wilson at the foot. He's a braw Scot—he at the foot. What matter where he sits? Where McGregor sits is the head. A bonnie lad is Willie wi' the pipes, and when he pipes for Labor his notes are nae weak. A motto has he—'tis—"Let the lads that dance, pay the piper—and pay him Union wages."

ment was found under the peat in an Irish bog —probably an Irish Bull Moose.

At the head of the stairway to the second floor, a fine collection of Egyptian mummies greets the eye. A small group surrounded one of the more beautiful specimens in silent admiration. The guard volunteered the information that it was the mummy of an Egyptian Queen.

"Poor thing!" exclaimed a young lady standing by. "She was buried in her hobble skirt."

From ancient Carthage, has been brought to the museum a large section of the floor of a palace built in 100 B. C. Thereon is represented in beautiful mosaic, the crouching figure of a lion. This fine piece of ancient art speaks eloquently of the flourishing state of the fine arts existing at this early period in the old Egyptian city.

Skeletons of all forms of animal life abound in the next section. One particularly noticeable one is that of an elephant's head sawed in half in such a manner as to display the brain cavity, which is exceedingly small for so large a head. This looks bad for the G. O. P.

There are many glass cases on this floor, containing exhibits of the most interesting character. One contains an elaborately constructed model of the interior economy of a man.

In contemplating this life-like representation of man's inside machinery one involuntarily exclaims "What a wonderful piece of work is man!"—until you take a peep at the next case and discover that it contains a similarly constructed model of a goat, and notice that it is just as marvellously fashioned—and then your ego drops—and you pass on to the next exhibit.

Something more substantial and weighty arrests your attention a little farther on, where you stop to examine a large boulder of solid copper which weighs over three tons. The guards waste no time in watching this.

In the section devoted to oils, there are scores of oblong bottles containing petroleum samples from every part of the country; enough to make "John D.'s" mouth water—paradoxical as that may seem.

One exhibit all visitors ask to see, is the widely known and much heralded collection of trophies of Roosevelt's African hunting expedition. The magnitude of this agglomeration of dead-ones is easily understood when it is stated that they number over eleven thousand specimens, of which, one hundred and thirty are lions, fierce and awful to look upon. The closest scrutiny, however, will not disclose the one he tried hardest to get—that of the Democratic Donkey.

# CHAPTER XXII

## WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

WASHINGTON being a great political centre, is also a great social centre. It is the one great American city where society is somewhat more than a relaxation from the struggles of business life. In the days when the Capitol was young, when the city was unkempt, Society was crude and slatternly.

But times have changed. The stiff, uncomfortable and artificial have given way to a more natural and more refined state of society. Party distinctions are not so well defined. No matter how antagonistic men may be in party contests, partisan animosities are never carried into social functions.

Social life at the Capital is divided into two classes. There are the people who occupy official positions which entitle them to places in the social world if they possess the means and inclination; and there are the people who are not of the official or political class, but who reside in Washington because they like its "at-

VOTES FOR WOMEN
THE
KANSAN
CHAMPION
FOR
WOMEN

## SENATOR WM. H. THOMPSON.

Woman, lovely woman! Ambitious woman! You have no truer, finer champion than the "Sunflower Statesman," who extols your virtues and minimizes your blemishes. A crystal-clear ballot-box which reflects the attractive features of lovely womankind is ever his ideal of a perfect electorate. His motto is—"When woman stoops to conquer, man had better dodge."

mosphere"; who like its political life and excitement and prefer its society to that of any other city.

Hon. Charles R. Crisp
Rep. 3rd Dist., Ga.

There is much dignity and stateliness in Washington society. In other cities the prefix "Mr." covers all. At the Capital men are usually addressed by their titles,—if they have any. It is Mr. Congressman, Mr. Senator or Mr. Secretary in the case of those entitled to such distinction. And in the question of precedence Mr. Senator outranks Mr. Congressman. This is one reason why the lowly member of the "House" always looks longingly to the day when he can ascend to the "upper-house."

Excessive wealth counts for little at the Capital. As a matter of fact, there are few men of great wealth in Congress or even in the Cabinet. As a rule rich men do not affect politics in American life as they do in foreign countries. The men prominent in official life are usually of small means dependent entirely upon their salaries.

The members of the diplomatic corps, however, are by reason of their rank, birth and rep-

Hon. James Wickersham
Rep., Alaska

resentative character, usually considered at the top of the social ladder. They live in a style and entertain in a manner befitting their refined station. This has an elevating influence on Washington society and is not conducive to vulgar display which is so often the case where excessive wealth holds dominion. There is no fashionable restaurant famous for its ostentatious dinners in Washington. It is in the privacy of the home that entertainments are held. Society keeps to itself rather than go on parade, and it is never on exhibition as it is in other large cities. Opera boxes are not engaged for the season; there are no authenticated promenades like Hyde Park, Champs Elysees, or Fifth Avenue. If you are a member, you take your friends as invited guests to the Country club, to Chevy Chase, and meet interesting people, but this is not for the indiscriminate multitude.

Position means something at the Capital, but persons are everything,—as the ambitious Congressman's wife found out who fondly imagined that election to Congress carried an open

sesame to all doors. It is a bitter lesson the socially ambitious wife of the new member learns when she realizes that the wife of the President, or the wives of Senators and other officials do not receive her with open arms. Her disillusionment is complete when she reflects that while her husband may be a very big man in his district, he is a small man at the national Capital until he has proved his superiority. In other words, they've got a most annoying habit of looking at a new-comer through the big end of the political and social telescope.

Hon. Samuel B. Avis
Rep. 3rd Dist., W. Va.

To the man who proves himself only an ordinary member of Congress, the social recognition which his wife craves will never be his.

The wives of the Senators from his state will return his wife's call, she will probably be the recipient of an invitation to an improvised dinner, for appearance sake, but that will be all.

Along somewhat similar lines runs the experience of the other woman who, finding the social lines too tightly drawn to her where her husband garnered his golden pile, imagines that the conquest of Washington is easy to one who

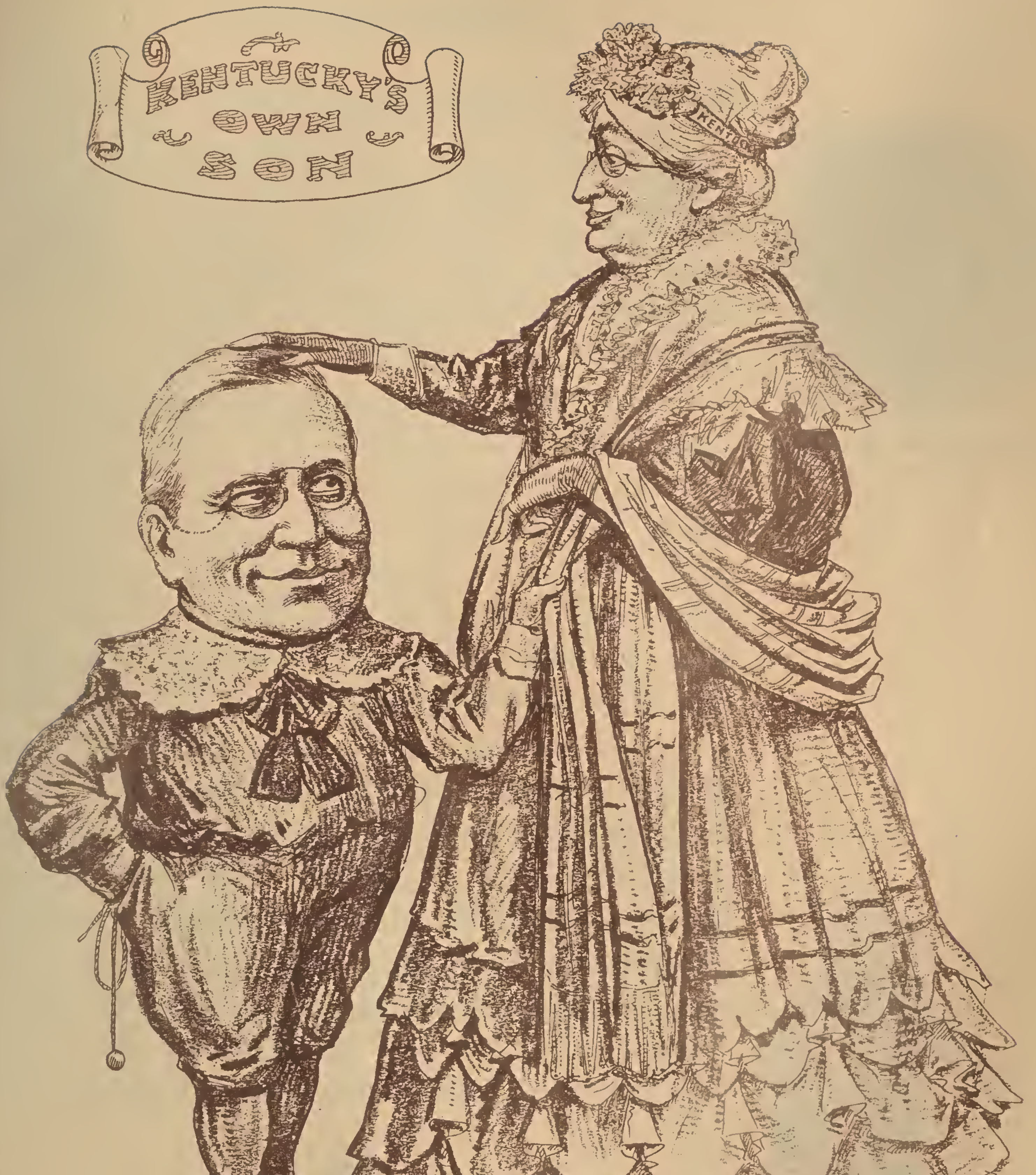
Hon. A. W. Gregg
Rep. 7th Dist., Texas

can afford to buy admission. Having a great house and many servitors, are to her, reasons sufficient to insure easy victory. But such is not the case. Her visitors are not the nice people, the women she really wants to know. There are always men and women who accept her invitations to her expensive entertainments and who in the seclusion of their automobiles, as they depart from her functions, laugh at her pretentions and sneer at her numerous faux pas.

The social code is full of contrasts. The Vice President may live at a hotel and not lose caste. A Cabinet officer may walk to a dinner engagement instead of arriving in a Limousine, and cause no comment. But the President may not depart from precedent. He is always the President. By virtue of his position he is the leader of society. As a rule he is somewhat advanced in years, caring little for social diversions. An invitation to the White House carries with it a command—it is likewise a great compliment. The Presidents have never been men of great private fortune, and their

## SEN. WILLIAM O'CONNELL BRADLEY.

Old Kentucky is proud of her fine thoroughbreds, her beautiful daughters, and her favorite son, Bill Bradley. She has been very kind to him; giving him a Governorship, a United States Senatorship, and several other toys to play with. His motto in life is, "A boy's best friend is his mother-state."


KENTUCKY'S OWN SON
KENTUCKY
Tom Fleming

dinners have never been extravagant affairs.

Hon. Duncan U. Fletcher
U. S. Senator, Florida

The New-Year's reception at the White House is a thing long to be remembered. The big, spacious East Room is gaily festooned with flowers, and in this room are to be seen the most eminent people in official life at the Capital. It is a spectacle that can be seen in no other place, and well repays the long journeys many take to witness it. The President welcomes his guests with a kindly, indulgent smile, but nothing more. Refreshments are never offered at these receptions, and as the government foots all the bills incurred for flowers, decorations and music, the President's private purse does not suffer, but he would most probably be very willing to put his hand in his pocket—and keep it there, and by so doing escape the awful ordeal of hand-shaking he is forced to submit to. But alas, custom, tyrannical custom decrees that the President must be "pump-handled" on every public occasion. 'Tis the thorn that goes with the rose.

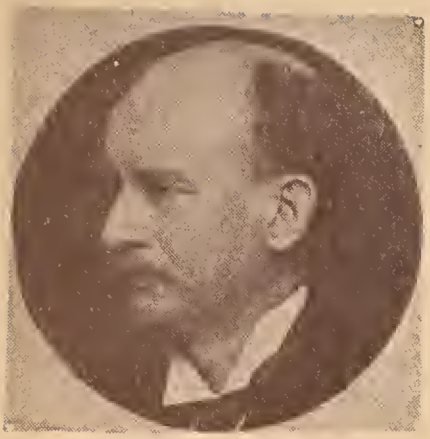
## CHAPTER XXIII

## THE TREASURY.

WHEN President Jackson became impatient at the long delay in selecting a site for the Treasury building he stuck his cane into the ground and exclaimed, "Build at once—and build here."

The decision was unfortunate. Such a beautiful structure should have had a better setting. The architect, Mr. Robert Mills, wished to have a more commodious location for his stately Ionic Temple design, but was overruled by the building commission, and the result is, the Treasury building is the worst placed structure in Washington.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning groups of tourists arrive at the entrance to the big building to inspect its very interesting interior. The tour usually begins at the big vaults in what might be termed the basement of the building. The guide is one who has learned all the particulars of the many departments by heart and very obligingly reels them



Hon. Henry George
Rep., 21st Dist., N. Y.

off for the benefit of the successive parties of sightseers who arrive hour after hour during the time the building is open to visitors.

The big vaults contain silver dollars in bags piled up like cord-wood, and gold dollars in similar bags, with the exception that they don't look so tantalizingly plentiful.

The next sight to make the heart of the visitor ache is that of the big macerator, a machine that chews up money as a cow chews cud. It is all very distressing—this destruction of real money, even if it is worn out. One cannot help thinking that one more round could be taken out of the big packages before they were led to execution.

The macerator is a huge receptacle of steel, containing a quantity of water, and fitted with closely set knives, which, as they revolve cut and macerate the notes to a pulp. An average of one million dollars a day is destroyed by this machine. On one occasion recently, over one hundred and fifty millions of dollars in bank-notes and bonds were placed in the macerator for destruction.

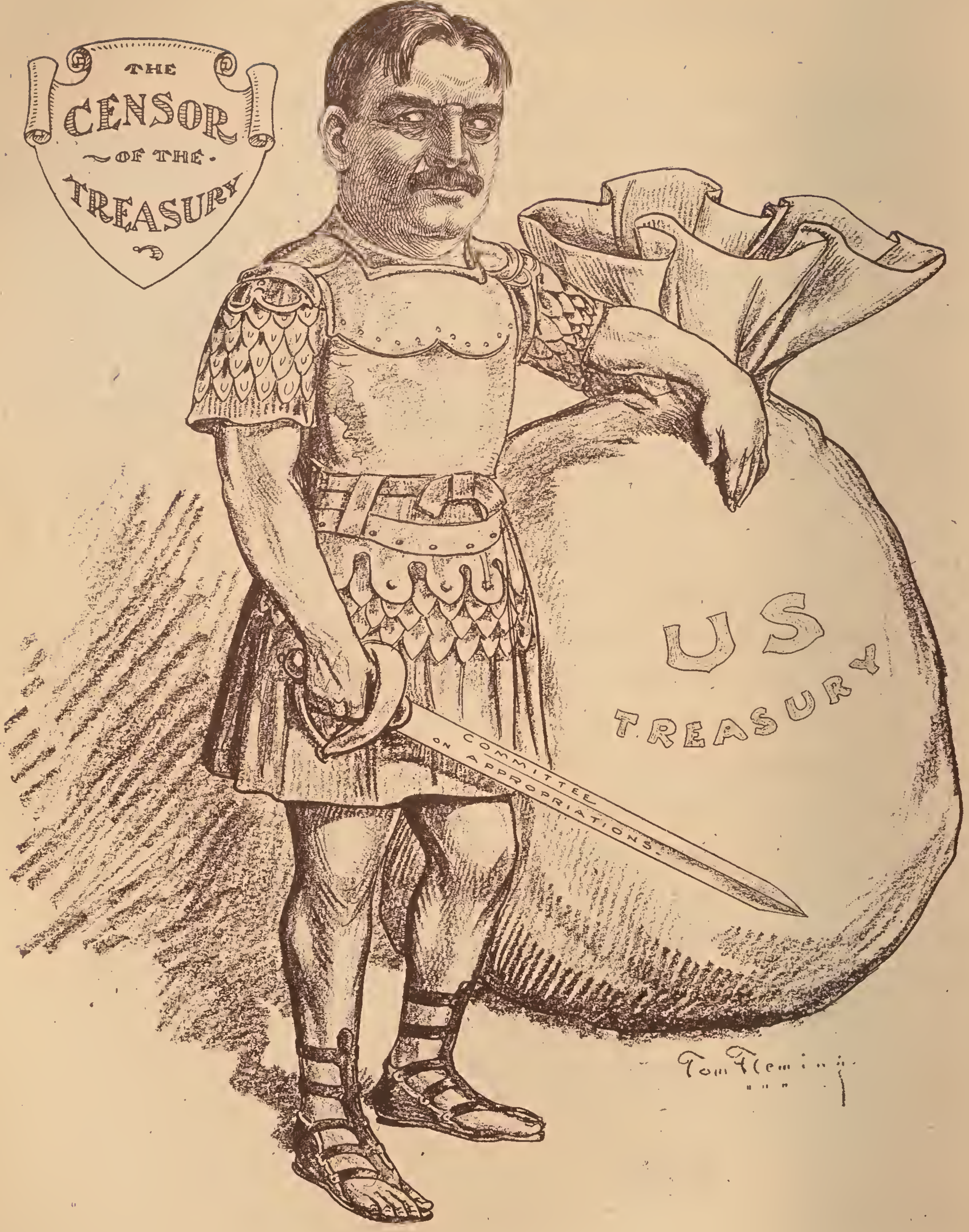
## THE TREASURY.

The greatest care is exercised in correctly counting the bank-notes received and issued. The best counters are women. The suffragists might make use of this fact—The women will be expert vote counters when they get the ballot.

Hon. James W. Good
Rep. 5th Dist., Iowa

Very remarkable is the work done by the expert in damaged money. Burned money, shreds and patches of bank-notes that would defy anyone but an adept in such matters to decipher, are received daily for redemption. Money hidden in stoves and accidently scorched, notes chewed up by dogs, ashes of bank-notes partly burned, and money torn to shreds by lunatics, form some of the problems offered for solution.

Guarding the Treasury is a very serious question and has been given great consideration. A force of seventy watchmen is divided into three reliefs. Night and day the big building is patroled. Electric bells are sounded every half-hour in the Captain's office. This office is in direct communication with the Police Department, with Fort Myer, and the Arsenal.


THE CENSOR OF THE TREASURY
US TREASURY
COMMITTEE ON APPROPRIATIONS
Tom Fleming

## JOHN J. FITZGERALD, M. C.

It was the custom of the ancient Romans to place the purse strings of the Public Treasury into the hands of the ablest and most trusted Pretorian. Caesar knew that the sinews of war derived their strength from the public money banks. Hence his solicitude as to their custodian. Chairman Fitzgerald of the Appropriations Committee is of Irish stock—fighting stock. A centurion who fights to the last cent. His motto is—"Audaces fortuna juvat"—"Fortune favors the brave"—or "More power to him."—take your choice.

If occasion warranted, a thousand men could be called on for protection.

The United States Treasury collects and handles a greater amount of money than any similar institution on earth. It devolves upon the Secretary of the Treasury to advise Congress what amount of money will be required to properly run the government for the ensuing year. The Treasury Department also collects all the taxes levied by Congress for the government's support.

It is a prevailing idea that the United States government has been out of the banking business since Andrew Jackson put the old United States Bank out of commission, but such is not the case. At the office of the sergeant-at-arms of the House of Representatives there is a Federal Bank run exclusively for the benefit of congressmen. This House Bank does every kind of banking business with the exception of lending money. Each fiscal month ends on the third in both branches of Congress. On the fourth of each month each congressman is credited with $625 in this bank, subject to his

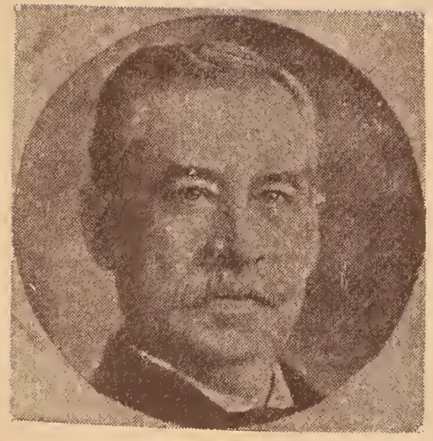
check. Every banking function like the cashing of checks, receiving deposits, and collections is performed for members of the House.

An idea of its scope can be gathered from the fact that it does a business of over four million dollars annually.

The Treasurer of the United States after receiving the individual salary receipts, pays the money to the Bank which in turn honors the members' checks to the amount credited.

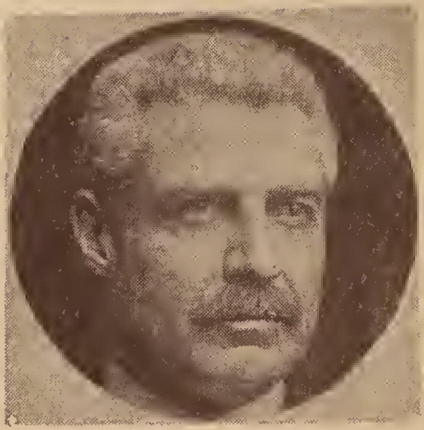
One of the most recent laws passed to prevent counterfeiting is that which prohibits moving-picture companies from making films which show processes of counterfeiting. One company had produced a most elaborate film showing the interior of a den of counterfeiters successfully imitating and passing spurious bank-notes. This was immediately suppressed and all the films and negatives seized and destroyed.

There are many ways in which the Treasury is from time to time enriched. For instance all bank-notes destroyed in great calamities like conflagrations, sinking of ships at sea, and


Hon. William J. Browning
Rep., 5th Dist., N. J.

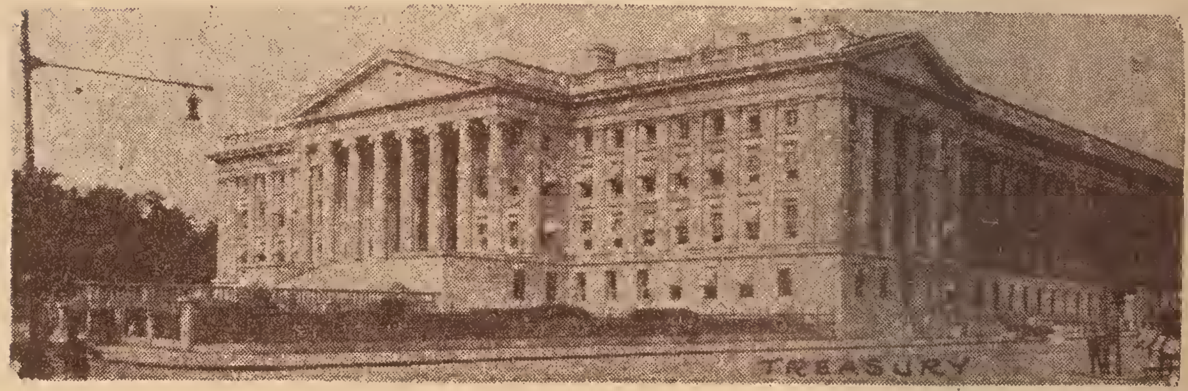
other accidents are a distinct gain to Uncle Sam. The metal in a one cent peice is worth but a fraction of its face value. When this coin is lost the Treasury profits exceedingly through the different between the actual and face values. Nearly nine million of the old half-cent pieces have never been returned to the Treasury department, and considerably over a million of the two and three-cent pieces have disappeared—"For to every one that hath, shall be given, and he shall abound."

A lucrative source of income to the Treasury is the Internal Revenue Bureau. This bureau dates from 1791, when a special tax was levied on Whiskey. This tax was fixed at eighteen cents a gallon. It is now one dollar and ten cents a gallon, but its devotees don't stop at a little thing like that.


Hon. Samuel Rea
Pres., Penna R. R.

But when the first tax of a few cents a gallon was put upon the fiery-fluid it almost led to a civil war, which shows how much the times have changed in one hundred and twenty-two years.

Uncle Sam has lately installed an innovation that promises much in the way of economy in the running expense of the Treasury Department. It is a laundry for soiled paper money, and in view of the added life it will give to bank-notes, the estimates for the current year have been reduced many hundreds of thousands of dollars. It has been objected to on the score that the washing of the notes made counterfeiting easy. But this objection has been overcome by the use of an ink that will stand the cleansing process better. This new ink is another government secret like the silk fibres used exclusively in American bank-notes and will render counterfeiting more difficult than ever and now it can truthfully be said that "It's a bad note that won't wash."



# CHAPTER XXIV

## ENGRAVING AND PRINTING MONEY.

IT is conceded that the handsomest paper currency in the world is that which is printed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington. From an artistic standpoint, the United States banknote is a work of art. In some cases the most eminent decorative artists of the country have been intrusted with the designing of these notes, and the engravings of the portraits and vignettes are unsurpassed as specimens of steel engraving. There is nothing anomalous in the assertion that Uncle Sam knows how to make money.

That the American banknote is the despair of the counterfeiter is evinced in the fact that out of an issue of over $3,000,000,000, less that $15,000 worth of counterfeit money has been detected.

"Is this where you manufacture 'the root of all evil?' " I inquired one day of the official who guards the door of the Money Printery. He gave me back as good as I sent. "Yes, we

A SENATORIAL
STONEWALL
JACKSON
MARYLAND
G.O.P.
G.O.P.
Tom Fleming

## SENATOR JACKSON.

The name Stonewall Jackson has been made famous in American History. There is another—a Jackson who stands upon a stone wall inscribed with the mystic letters G. O. P. which being freely deciphered, signify, Gone out Party, as it has gone out of power in old Maryland and taken the worthy Senator with it. The doughty Jackson avers that some day the tide will turn and then a stone wall will be handy to have in the party.

show you how to make money here," he replied, then turning to a young lady who stood ready to guide a waiting party through the building, he said:

"This gentleman wishes to know all about the making of money—afford him every facility for learning the art, and then furnish the secret service bureau with a perfect description of him, together with as good a photograph you can get of his suspicious looking countenance." As he got off this little pleasantry at my expense he grinned broadly.

I could well afford to stand the raillery however, when I noticed the bright and affable guide he had intrusted me to, in my inspection of the interesting building.

Hon. J. B. Calvo
Minister of Costa Rica

On the wall of the waiting room is a large frame containing samples of the work done in the building. In this collection is a $10,000 gold certificate, the largest note issued.

"There are nearly three thousand employees in this building, two-thirds of whom are women," began the young lady by way of introduction.

"They'll outvote the men when women get the franchise," I remarked.

"Residents of the District of Columbia have no vote," she responded in a deprecatory tone.

"This room," she announced with a wave of the hand over the room we had just entered, "contains six hundred employees engaged in the printing of the notes."

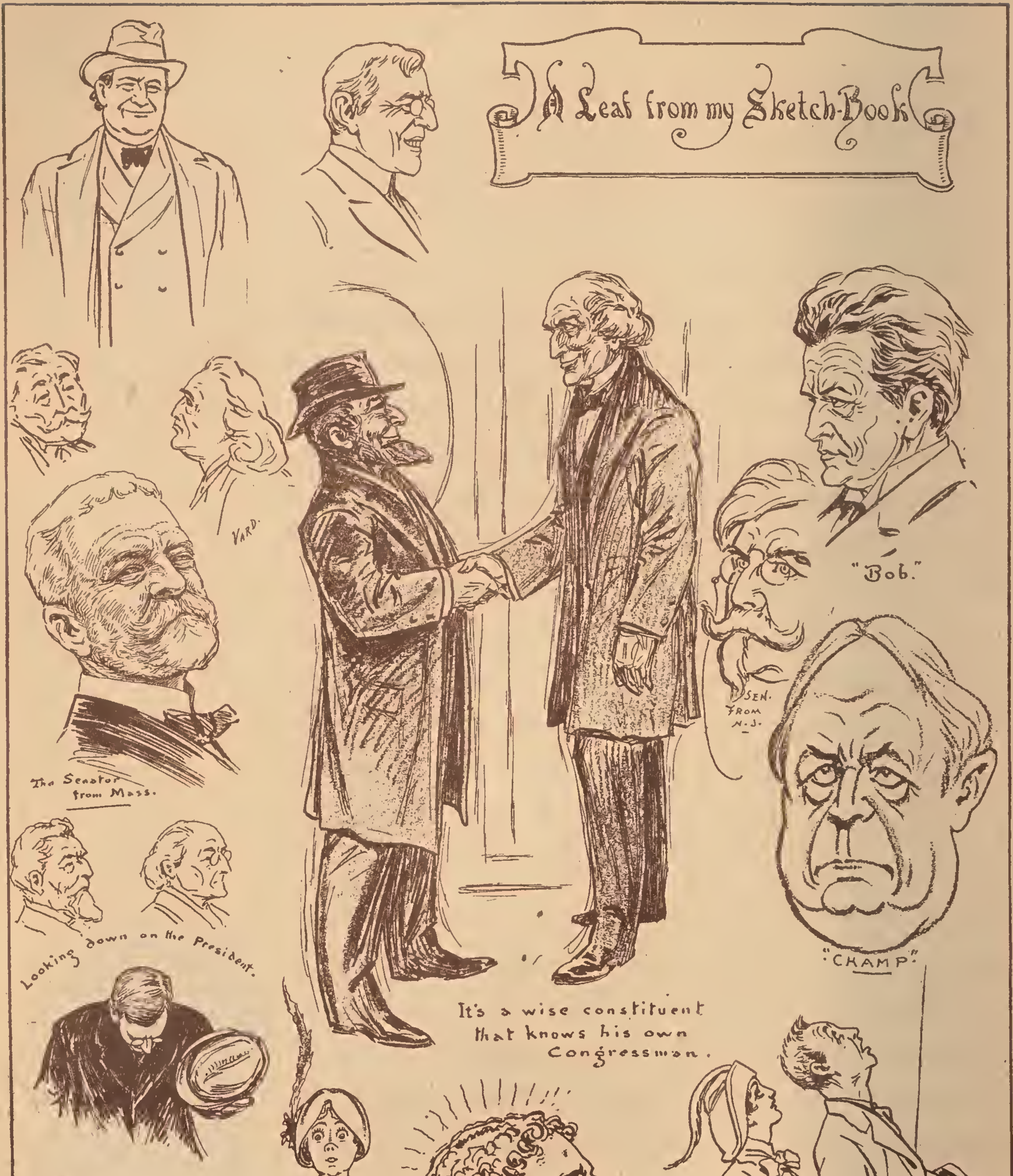
The large spacious room seemed a perfect forest of hand-presses. The operation of printing is very simple. A printer stood on one side of the press with a small hand roller covered with a black, sticky looking ink, which he rolled thoroughly into the engraving on the steel plate lying on the bed of the press, then he wiped off all the surplus ink with a cloth, completing the operation finally with his bare arm which he dexterously used to remove the small particles of unnecessary ink remaining on the plate. Opposite to him on the other side of the press, stood a girl holding a well dampened sheet of paper which she carefully placed on the now ready plate. With a quick movement the printer adjusted the tympan, or cover, and

with a turn of the long handle the plate was run through the press. On its return the printed sheet was removed and closely inspected by the girl while the printer prepared the plate for another impression.

"These printers are expert in their work and as they work piece work, sometimes make as high as ten dollars a day," explained the guide.

This is one method of printing that has not changed in four hundred years. Printing from the steel intaglio engraved plate was common in Albert Durer's time and it is rather remarkable that with all the marvellous advances made in the printing art, no improvement has been made in this particular branch. It is true that steel plate printing can be done on power presses, but the Government deems the hand-press method the only proper way to print uncounterfeitable banknotes.

"The silk-fibred paper used in the making of these notes is made in a small town in Massachusetts," continued the tireless guide, "and is a closely guarded trade secret, while the law forbids any one to have such paper in their


A Leaf from my Sketch-Book
VARD.
The Senator from Mass.
Looking down on the President.
It's a wise constituent that knows his own Congressman.
"Bob."
SEN. FROM N.J.
"CHAMP."
VOTES for WOMEN
The brilliant Vic Murdock
Sen. Sherman, of Illinois. who looks like Lincoln.
AT THE FOOT OF WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

possession. It is received at the Bureau in packages containing one thousand sheets each, and to each of these pressmen, one package is given at a time."

Hon. W. B. Caperton
Rear Admiral, U. S. N.

"Homeopathic doses, as it were," I remarked.

"A good specific for dishonest impulses," retorted the young lady.

"There are fifteen departments in this Bureau," she continued, "and each piece of work passes through the hands of thirty different people. A perfect system of receipting and checking is in vogue, and at the close of the day everything is delivered into the hands of the officials of the Bureau, and every count is verified before the employees are allowed to leave the building."

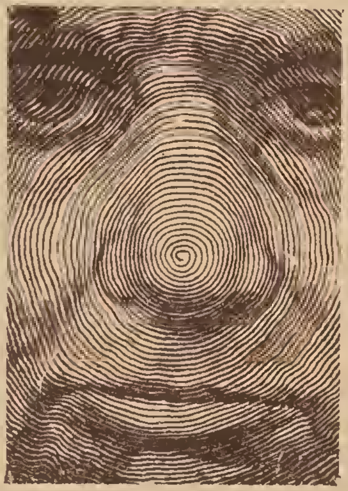
"You haven't shown me how they engrave the plates," I remarked with a smile.

"The engraving room is never shown to visitors. The utmost care is taken to guard against the loss of plates. The original plate is never used in printing, a transfer being made to another plate of softened steel, which is afterward slightly hardened and printed from."

This latter description was slightly inaccurate. A banknote is engraved in sections. There is never a completely engraved plate. One engraver will cut the portrait, another the lettering, and others the lathe work, seal and borders, each an expert in his particular line.

The precaution of excluding visitors from witnessing the process of engraving is unnecessary. No engraver, however expert, could exactly duplicate his own work, line for line. Modern counterfeiting is not done by re-engraving a note by hand. The new process of Photo-engraving in intaglio is the danger now days. I suggested a method that would effectually balk any attempt to counterfeit a banknote by chemical processes. By printing part of the note in ink so light—(preferably light blue)—that it could not be photographed, the danger of counterfeiting would be obviated completely.

For one engraver to make an engraving on a banknote that another engraver could not imitate would seem to be almost an impossibility. It has been suggested to the author that a portrait engraved after the manner of his Lincoln single-line portrait printed as the frontispiece of this book would be uncounterfeitable by any engraver in the world. If the reader will kindly examine this engraving with a magnifying glass he will soon perceive what the artist knows to be a fact—that it is inimitable.



# CHAPTER XXV

## MAIL MATTER.

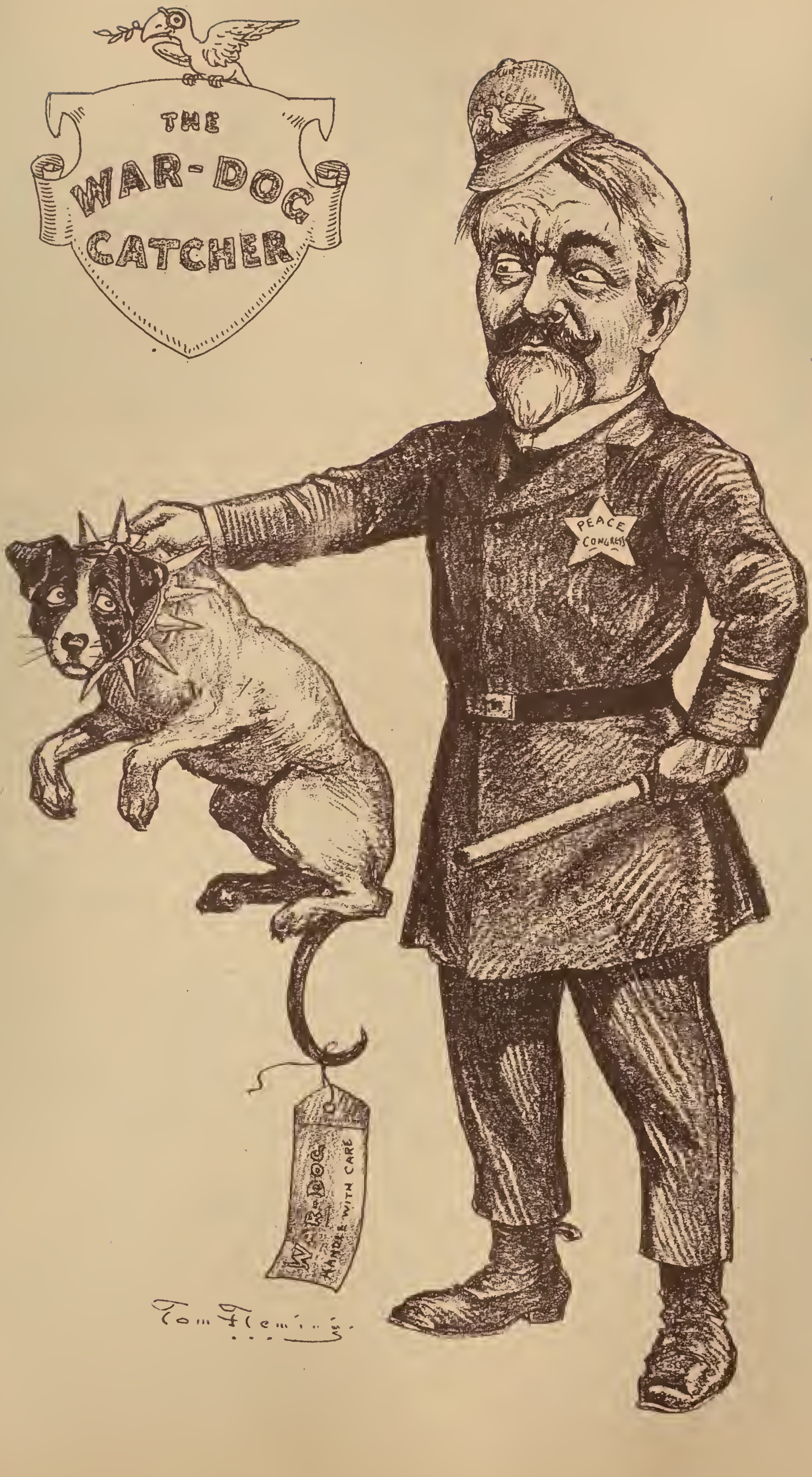
ALMOST a million letters an hour; over a quarter of a million money orders a day; over Sixteen billion pieces of mail a year. This is the record of Uncle Sam's Post Office Department, the largest in the world.

The growth of this business has been phenominal. In 1840, thirty-five cents a year was spent for postage by each citizen. In the present year the average citizen is credited with an expenditure of two dollars and thirty cents. As this estimate was made by the Postal authorities before the installation of the Parcel Post, it is presumed that the next figures will greatly exceed this amount.

Marvellous as has been the growth of the Post Office it is not commensurate with what would be its increase if one-cent letter postage were adopted. This has been promised by Congress as soon as the Postmaster General can show the Department to be self-supporting. The great stumbling block in the way of this

## RICHARD BARTHOLDT, M. C.

Some of the best goods imported into the United States bear the mark "Made in Germany." Congressman Bartholdt, of Missouri, was born in Germany and as a product of the "Fatherland" he rivals the best German importations. As President of the Interparliamentary Union, he is an ardent advocate of International peace. He is said to keep a fine upstanding dove of peace in his back yard in St. Louis. His motto is—"To the Pound with the War-Dogs that delight to bark and bite."


THE WAR-DOG CATCHER
PEACE CONGRESS
WAR-DOG HANDLE WITH CARE
Tom Fleming

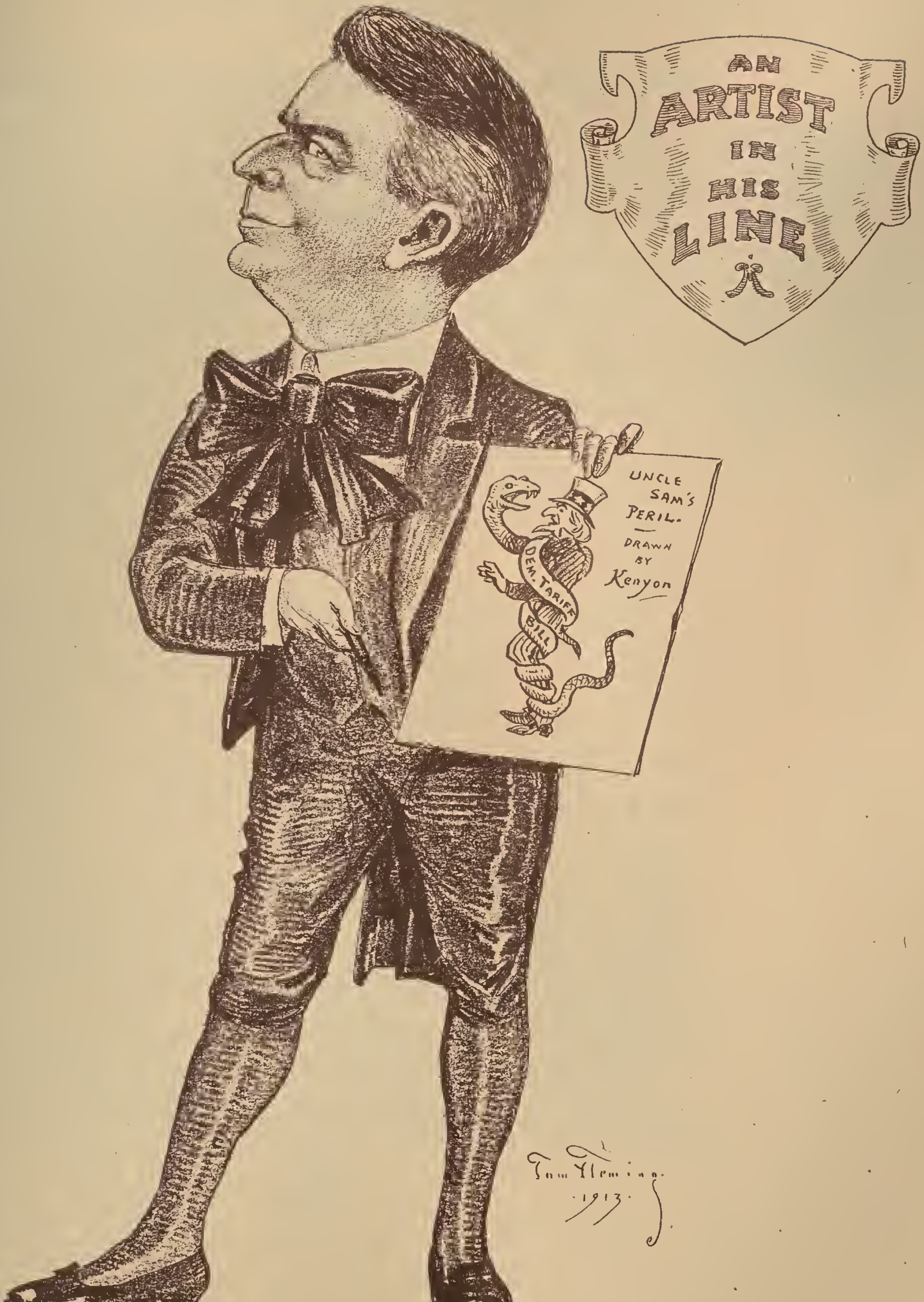
achievement lies at the door of Congress itself. The last Post Office report showed that almost three million pounds of franked congressional mail matter was carried by the Department. This in addition to the twenty-five million pounds of government department mail matter carried makes the principal obstacle to the adoption of this great boon to the letter writing public.

But the franking abuse is being reformed. The old-fashioned orthodox protection tracts, the thread-bare tariff reform pamphlets, and the various electionering documents of politicians seeking re-election, no longer receive the hospitality of the mails. The technicality upon which the use of the frank is refused is that the matter offered is not taken from the government's official publication, The Congressional Record. This reform was accomplished by a simple bureau fiat.

When it is understood that the privilege of franking costs the government twenty million dollars, of which over three million dollars is credited to political uses, the importance of this

## SENATOR WM. S. KENYON.

Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, is an avowed champion of the Tariff and he doesn't care a Keokuk dam who knows it. He's an artist in his line, and his portrayal of Uncle Sam in the slimy folds of the Democrats "Tariff-Bill-snake" is a masterpiece of High (Tariff) Art. His motto is—"The Io-way is the best way."


AN ARTIST IN HIS LINE
A
UNCLE SAM'S PERIL.
DRAWN BY Kenyon
DEM. TARIFF BILL
Tom Fleming 1913

**Hon. John E. Raker**
**Rep., 2nd Dist., Cal.**

single reform is seen to be plainly manifest.

Senator Kenyon has introduced a bill to provide stamps for franks, and that account be kept of the stamps issued to those entitled to the privilege. It is not proposed that the stamps should be limited, but merely that the accounts should be kept. With such a law in force no Congressman would have the assurance to apply for stamps sufficient to mail his washing, clothing, or political documents, to say nought of type-writers, furniture and bric a brac.

The Government's business methods are notoriously loose. Officials neither know nor care about costs. The successful business man's first anxiety is to know what his costs are. No such uneasiness affects the Government's managers. Postal parcel stamps are interchangeable. A parcel stamp will carry a letter. The Postal officials cannot tell what it costs to carry either parcels or letters when accounts are juggled in this manner.

The transportation of the mails on the railways, including the pay of the necessary postal clerks, is over seventy-five million dollars annually.

Hon. Frank B. Willis
Rep., 8th Dist., Ohio

Supplies cut no inconsiderable figure in the expenditure account of the Department. Various attempts have been made to cut down the four million dollars required every year, but with little show of success. One item, that of twine to tie up packages, costs almost two hundred thousand dollars a year and the twine used would reach to the enormous distance of five hundred thousand miles, if stretched out to its full length.

There is a deficit of nearly thirty millions of dollars in the Rural Free Delivery Service. There is no disposition, however, to curtail or restrict this branch of post office business as it has recompenses which amply justify its operation.

Twenty-five thousand letters a day are sent to the Capitol. All the government departments receive heavy installments of mail matter for which no revenue is received by the Postal Department.

More than a thousand postage stamps a year are issued for every man, woman and child in the United States. Almost one hundred thousand one dollar stamps are used annually. It may surprise some readers to know that one hundred dollar stamps are issued to answer some of the requirements of the postal service.

The origin of the postage stamp dates back to 1845. An English Post Office official while at a wayside inn noticed the daughter of the landlord closely scrutinizing a letter which had just been handed to her by the postman. As it was the custom to collect the amount of postage due on the delivery of the mail, he awaited payment. The maiden was about to return the letter, when the official thinking to render her a service, paid the postage and restored the letter to her. She then confessed that she had a secret code with her lover by which they put their messages on the outside of the letters, decipher them on receipt, and promptly return them to the postman without paying charges. This avowal caused the official to devise the postage-in-advance stamp which is in use at the present time.

## POSTAL MAIL MATTER.

The installation of the Parcel Post system has brought many problems to be solved by the Department. The zone system adopted is a new principle in post office routine. A country of small territory can afford to have one rate only, but when distances are so great as they are in the United States, the problem assumes a different phase.

Under the new law the Postmaster General has the power to change the classifications of mailable articles, rates of postage, the weight schedule, and the system of zones, with the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Hence it becomes particularly necessary that the Postmaster General should be a man who has ability and integrity as well as being one with a sincere inclination to serve the public.

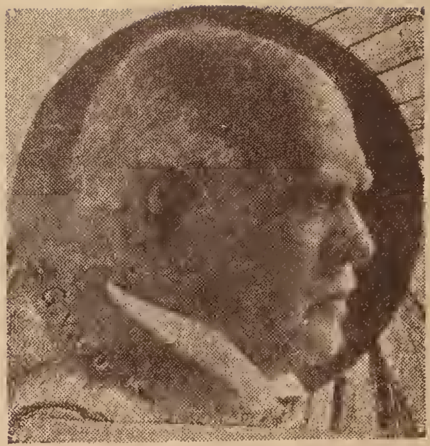
Many conveniences have lately been introduced in the regular mail service. The privilege of precanceling stamps is of great advantage to firms who mail thousands of packages daily. The privilege of sending unstamped third and fourth class matter through the mail by big users of postal facilities, is a great boon

THE GOD OF BILLET DOUX
U.S.M.
Tom Fleming
1913

## ALBERT SIDNEY BURLESON.

It is extremely doubtful if Albert Sidney Burleson knew of the great burden he was taking upon himself when he accepted the post of Postmaster General. Think of the awful responsibility of being the custodian of the myriads of tender epistles of love that emanate from the bosoms of sighing swains and swainettes who helplessly rely on the efficacy and promptitude of Uncle Sam's Postal Department. Think of the thousands of tender missives laden with burning kisses and various other tokens of consuming affection entrusted to his care for safe transmission; and of the aching hearts, should they fail to reach their destination and inadvertently land in the dead-letter office through the inadequacy of their postage. God of Billet Doux, your worshippers are many—betray them not.

to them. By this means a business house can send out two thousand or more identical pieces of mail by printing on the wrappers or envelopes the amount of postage paid, the office at which it was paid, and the number of the permit as a means of identification.


**Hon. Isaac R. Sherwood**
**Rep. 9th Dist., Ohio**

The most interesting institution in the big Post Office building on Pennsylvania avenue is the Dead Letter Office. It receives almost fifteen million "dead" letters a year, and almost ten million post cards. However, it is not as dead as its name implies, as quite recently a couple of live snakes, and several lively alligators were taken out of a package received from Florida. There are all sorts of curious things exhibited in the museum maintained on the top floor, such as jewelry, corsets, doll babies, a snake's hide, opera glasses, rabbit's foot, gloves, a marriage license, a dog license, a gold pen, and quite a collection of photographs.

Just before Christmas there is an annual dead letter sale. This sale usually nets the Department about ten thousand dollars. Thousands of letters addressed to Santa Claus are received about Christmas-time. These were formerly destroyed, but of late years several kindly ladies have undertaken to see that they reached their destination and the requests of the little children who sent them complied with as far as possible. As a result many a little tot receives a present from that red-nosed, fat-bellied Christmas-time benefactor of little children, whose post office address is at the North Pole.

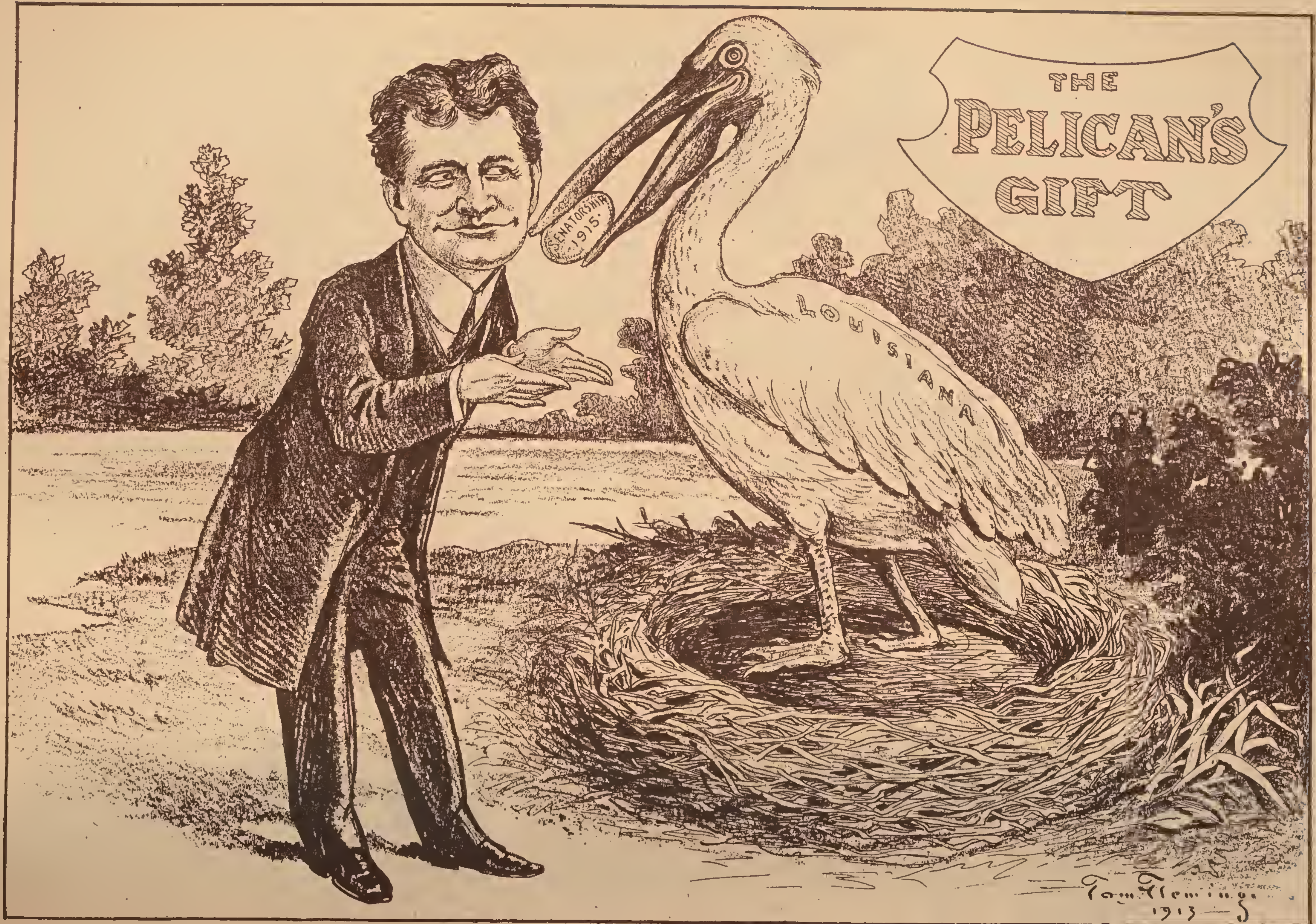
# CHAPTER XXVI

## INVENTION'S HOME.

IF necessity is the mother of invention, the Daddy must be living in the United States, and the cradle for their numerous progeny can be found in the Patent Office.

There is no hint nor menace of race suicide here when you scan the birth records and find that one million patents were recorded in the first one hundred and twenty years of the existence of this "Home of Invention." And at the rate patents are issued at the present time, the next thirty years will suffice to record the next million.

Uncle Sam's Patent Office is indeed a cradle of invention, offering as it does the fullest protection for the offspring of the inventor's brain. In granting an application our government undertakes to be the guardian and protector of the inventor as it ascertains for him the fact that his invention is new before granting him "letters patent," thus establishing his right to priority. When his application is finally


THE PELICAN'S GIFT
SENATORSHIP 1915
LOUISIANA
Tom Fleming 1913

## HON. ROBERT F. BROUSSARD.

A dealer in futures is Congressman Broussard, of Louisianna, who has captured a seat in the United States Senate for 1915. The Pelican is a wise bird in selecting "Bob," who has served his State so well in Congress. His motto is—"To every one that hath (seats in Congress) shall be given (seats in the Senate)."

granted he can be reasonably sure of having acquired rights which can be sustained in the courts. European nations render no such service to their inventors. Their patent office only record inventions, issuing certificates for patents.

Hon. William C. Houston
Rep., 5th Dist., Tenn.

Their governments do not lend assistance to inventors to ascertain rights of priority, as does the United States government.

Many American inventors, not knowing foreign patent laws, make haste to secure patents in European countries in the belief that such patents grant the same security as an American patent. But such is not the case. In fact, instead of a foreign patent certificate being a protection it frequently becomes a source of danger as unscrupulous pirates seize upon all new ideas of evident value and re-patent them.

Uncle Sam's patent is a very different affair, being to all intents and purposes a warranty deed to the inventor who can thus feel secure that his ideas are not pirated from him and incorporated in another patent, and that he will not be under the necessity of instituting expen-

sive law suits to prove title to his own property.

As a result of the perfect system in vogue the business has grown so enormously that a new building will soon be a necessity—it has outgrown its cradle. It would seem from a cursory examination of the thousands of patented devices that the field of invention was well-nigh exhausted and that there was nothing left to invent, but the stream seems to be inexhaustible.

The patent system had its inception in the Federal Constitution.

The First Congress created a patent commission consisting of the Secretary of State, Secretary of War, and the Attorney General. It was fully three months before an application for a patent was made, and in the latter part of 1790 Samuel Hopkins happened along with a process of making pot and pearl ashes which he thought ought to be protected by the government from infringement. This was the first patent granted. A few years later the system was changed, in which the Secretary of State was constituted chief patent commissioner, and the manner of granting patents was much simplified. From this time on, the issuance of patents increased with great rapidity and soon the American inventors led the world.

Hon. Horace W. Vaughan
Rep. 1st Dist., Texas

Frequently some epoch-making invention will bring a whole train of inventions in its wake. With the introduction of the sewing-machine, hundreds of devices for its perfection were patented. Before the automobile was invented there was no use for the myriads of attachments which have made the perfect machine.

Two-thirds of all the wealth of the nation is directly attributable to the product of the Patent office. In the field of electricity, an industry representing an investment of several billions of dollars is the result of patents issued from the modest gray building in Washington, and this apparently is only the beginning. What the future has in store in the development of this "marvel of the universe" can only be conjectured.

Hon. Charles Linthicum
Rep. 4th Dist., Md.

Like the Copyright Bureau, the Patent Office receipts are far in excess of the cost of

Hon. George A. Neely
Rep. 7th Dist., Kan.

maintainance. Each applicant for a patent is assessed a fee of $35.00. This, with other receipts, has resulted in creating a surplus of over $7,000,000. This is a phase of government ownership worth thinking about.

Although the artisans of the country have violently opposed the introduction of patented labor-saving machinery, the result has been tremendously to their benefit. In 1891 Congress instituted an investigation which showed that the average mechanic got twice as much in wages as his predecessor got in 1840; and in 1913, more than twice as much as his prototype in 1891.

Hon. Jacob Johnson
Rep., Utah

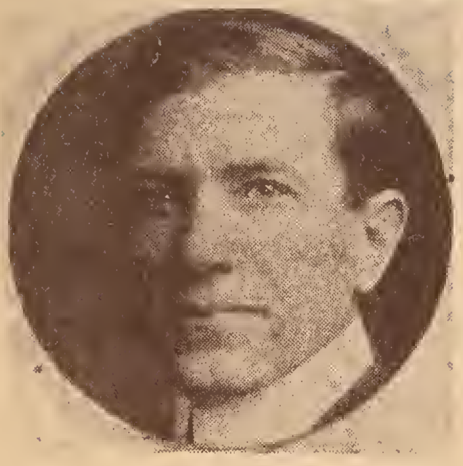
Patents covering inventions relating to transportation have far exceeded in volume those relating to any other phase of human activity. As a result, a wonderful saving has accrued to the people. In the primal days of the country, freight transportation, per mile, cost from twenty to twenty-five cents per ton. At present the average freight charge is less than one cent per ton.

Through the development of farming ma-

## DUDLEY FIELD MALONE.

The Ancient Greeks, placing oratory high amongst the intellectual gifts of man, conferred upon Demosthenes the palm of excellence in eloquence. Heir to nearly all that the father of oratory possessed is Demosthenes Jr.—otherwise Dudley Field Malone. Dudley's field is not the Chautauqua field. As Collector of the port of New York his field is in the Custom House, where his duties are mainly Tariff duties; his motto being, "Uncle Sam expects every man to pay his duties."

DEMOSTHENES JUNIOR
State Dept
Tom Fleming
1913



Hon. Fred A. Britten
Rep. 9th Dist., Ill.

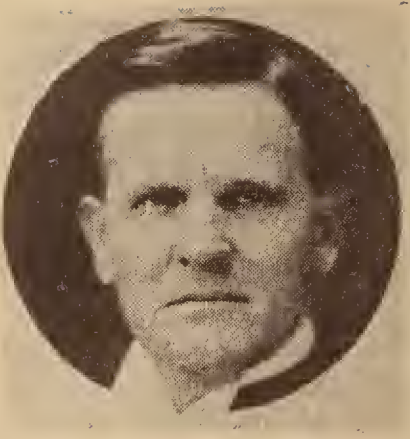
Hon. William E. Cox
Rep. 3rd Dist., Md.

chinery, made possible by the patent system, the productive capacity of the farm has increased three-fold. It cost $5.00 per acre to reap an acre of wheat by the old sickle method. Today an acre of wheat can be harvested for 50 cents.

Over fifty-thousand patents have been issued for inventions relating to agricultural machinery. Probably a billion dollars would not cover the cost of the farm machinery owned by the farmers of the country, and yet the application of machinery to farming operations is declared to be only in its infancy.

Under the stimulating influence of the patent system, the value of our manufacturer has increased marvelously. The wages of employees have advanced five-fold, while the number of operatives has been quadrupled. The work done today by the five million workers could not be duplicated by one hundred millions under the primitive conditions of our grand-daddies.

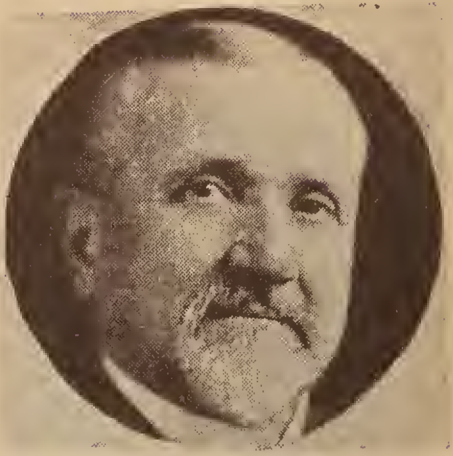
The inventive genius of the machine shops seems to know no bounds. His versatility is remarkable. He has perfected huge hydraulic machinery capable of exerting a force of fifteen thousand tons. One of his feats is to manufacture wire cables graded from a diameter of over two feet to one-tenth that of a schoolgirl's hair; wires so delicate that they can be weaved into cloth that contains thirty thousand meshes to the square inch.



Hon. Irvine L. Lenroot
Rep. 11th Dist., Wis.

Iron is so manipulated by these modern necromancers of manufacture that it can be made twelve times as valuable as gold, when converted into hairsprings for watches.

The patent system has completely revolutionized the making of shoes. By means of lately patented shoe machinery a pair of shoes can be made in twenty minutes. It used to be a two-day job for the old fashioned cobbler to turn out a tolerably good pair of brogans.



Hon. Joseph A. Goulden
Rep. 23rd Dist., N. Y.

In George Washington's day it took the earnings of a month of common labor to buy a single bed sheet. A day's work at "union labor" rates will now buy one. In the old days it required the proceeds of two days' labor to purchase a gridiron. Now they can be bought at the ten-cent store.

Hon. Woodson R. Oglesby
Rep. 24th Dist., N. Y.

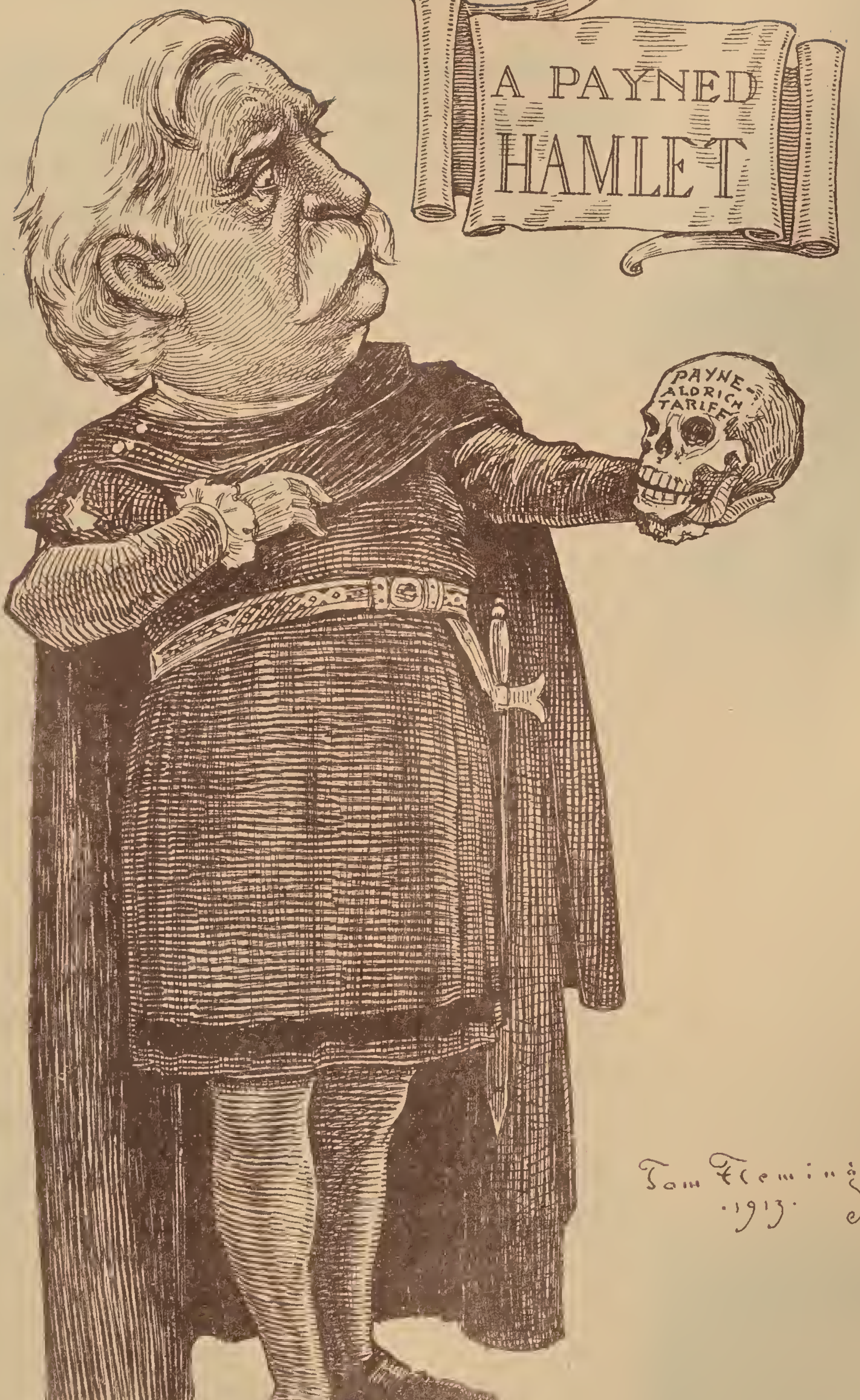
The most significant accomplishment of inventive genius is along the line of machinery to increase the efficiency of the power of coal. A lump of coal weighing two pounds has the power of a horse working twelve hours. If the full force and power of coal could be utilized on a modern Dreadnought, two hundred tons would drive it across the Atlantic ocean. To make electricity directly from coal is Edison's most cherished dream.

The will-o'-the-wisp of invention is the perpetual motion machine. Would-be inventors of this impossiblity have been driven to suicide. The most remarkable ingenuity has been expended on this fatuous idea. One man devised a water wheel for pumping water into a reservoir above; this water in turn to pump water back into the reservoir by turning the wheel as it descended. Another man is said to have worked ten years on a plan which he was convinced would accomplish his purpose, until he endeavored to make a working model. When he found it impossible to make it work he committed suicide.

Hon. Ambrose Kennedy
Rep. 3rd Dist., R. I.

## SERENO PAYNE

Representative Payne of New York gave the Democrats a pain—or rather a Payne-Tariff law, which drove many of them into the Congressional restaurant to cool off. When they recovered, they resolved to kill this child of miscegenation, or unholy alliance, as they termed it; and now the author of the famous tariff bill which bears his name can be seen daily rehearsing the lines from Hamlet, "Alas, poor Bill! I knew him well. A fellow of infinite jest—in fact, he was full of jokes and jokers." And then he sheds tears—bitter tears — ad libitum — ad valorum. His motto is — "There are more things in a Tariff Bill than are dreamt of in Political philosophy."

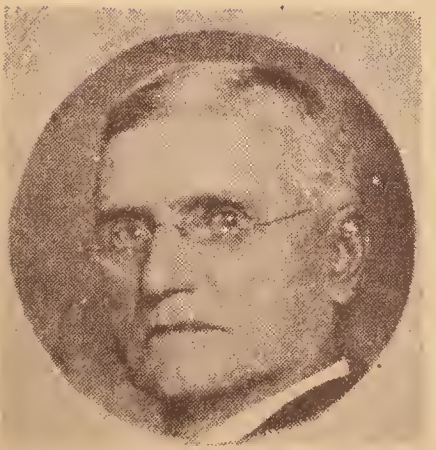

A PAYNED HAMLET
PAYNE-ALDRICH TARIFF
Tom Fleming 1913

The man that invented the roller-skate had troubles of his own. After he had spent a long time in perfecting his idea it cost him one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in England to defend his claim from pirates, but he eventually cleared over a million dollars from his invention.

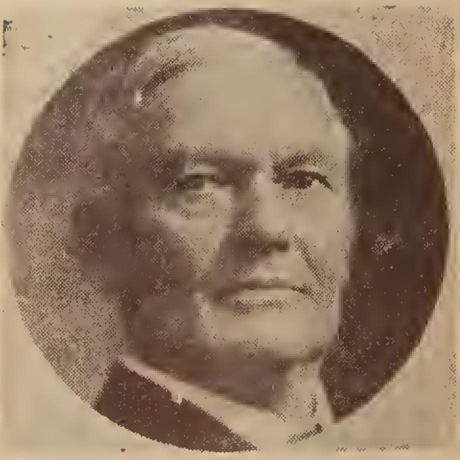
The toy called the returning ball, a small wooden ball attached to an elastic-rubber string, netted over fifty thousand dollars to its deviser. Another toy, the Dancing Jim Crow, brought eighty odd thousand dollars to its inventor. The spring-roller for window shades is credited with a profit of one hundred thousand dollars a year during the life of the patent. Such a simple thing as a copper tip for childrens' shoes paid two million dollars to the man who invented it, while the owner of the patent for driving wells into the bowels of the earth struck a veritable gold mine containing three million dollars.

Hon. Dan. V. Stephens
Rep. 3rd Dist., Neb.

The Patent Office has been the scene of many sanguinary conflicts. Probably the greatest fight ever put up was that over the Cash Reg-


Hon. Charles Booher
Rep. 4th Dist., Mo.

ister. The battle between the National Cash Register and the Hallwood Register extended over many years and cost a big volume of money.



Hon. William E. Williams
Rep.-at-Large, Ill.

These big Patent Office battles involving millions of dollars, contrast vividly with the condition of affairs which existed in the early days of the country. A patent was granted by the Crown, in 1646, to Joseph Jenks for "an engine for the more speedy cutting of grass and hay." This piece of "machinery" was a simple mowing scythe, a successor to the sickle, and the predecessor of a long line of "grass and hay cutters" which finally led to that greatest of all agricultural tools—the modern reaper.

## CHAPTER XXVII

## THE STATUES.

WE KNOW an age best by its statuary and monumental piles. Colors will fade and canvas will decay, but the sculptured form will endure even though crumbled and corroded by the ravages of time.

That "Art is long though life is short" applies with telling force when sculpture is considered, for the sculptor's chisel almost makes immortality for the statue's original.

The sculptured stones of the ancient Assyrian Monarchies, and the Pyramids, Obelisks and rudely fashioned Sphynxes of Egypt record the status of their civilization better than do their primitive hieroglyphics.

Phidias and Praxiteles have eloquently portrayed the exalted state of civilization and refinement attained by the ancient Greeks. These beautiful works of art have been the objects of sincere wonder and admiration for many successive generations and attest vividly the great superiority of the artistic Athenians in their days of civilization and refinement.

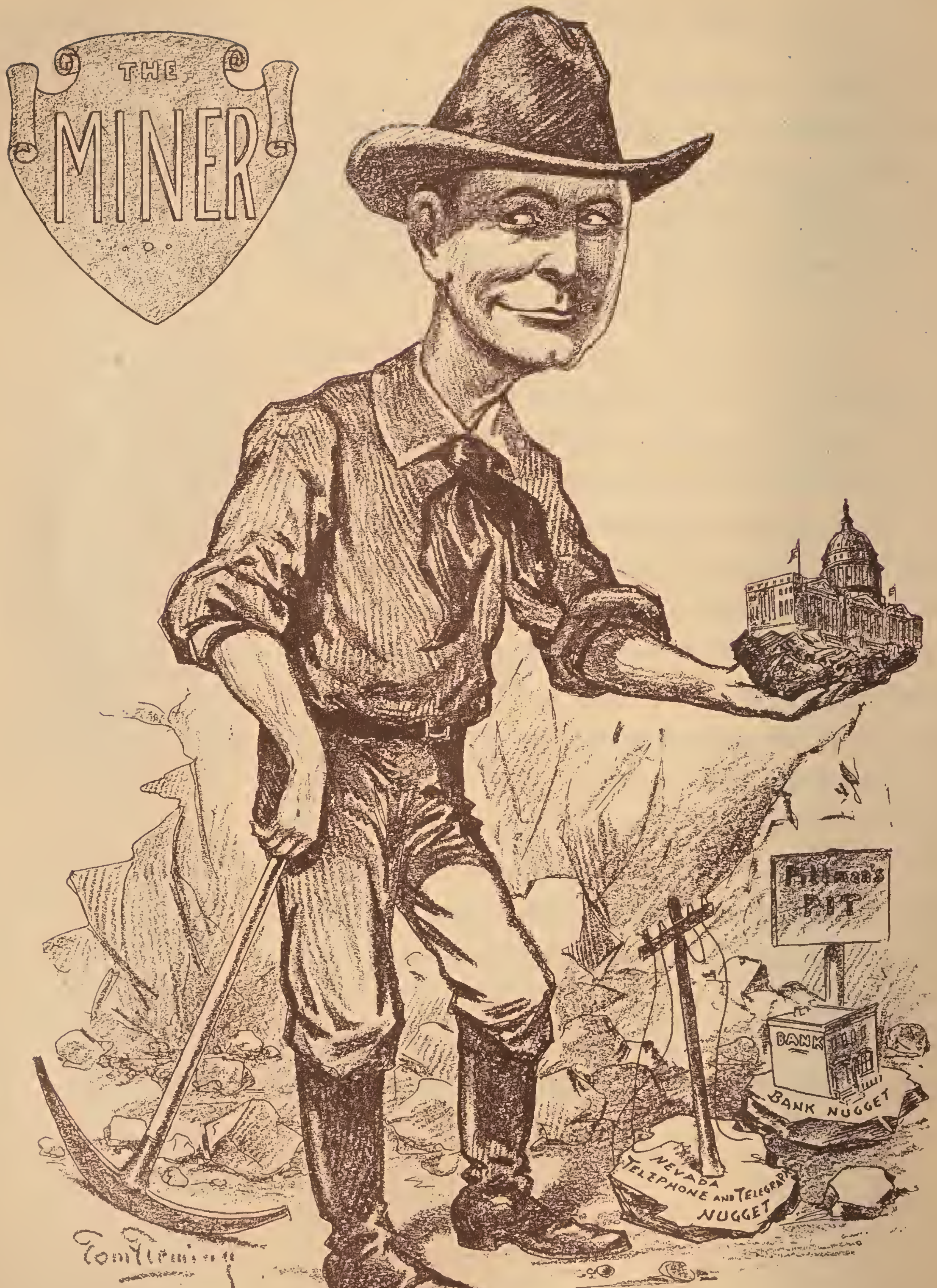
# THE STATUES.

That Washington's early statuary is deficient in artistic merit is due to the fact that the Republic was young and not much given to the refinements of life, but the work of later days, however, has amply compensated for this shortcoming.

The chief offense against good taste in Washington art is to be found in Statuary Hall in the Capitol building. Here are to be found some fearfully and wonderfully made statuary.

In 1864, at the suggestion of Representative Morrill, of Vermont, this room was set apart as a Hall to which each State should be requested to send the statues of two of its more or less distinguished citizens. This act has resulted in gathering the finest jumble of statuary to be seen anywhere. Arnold Bennett in his book, "Your United States," exclaims, "My first notion on entering the former Congress Chamber was that I was in the presence of the weirdest collection of ugly statues that I had ever beheld."

The reason we have so many eye-sores in public statuary is that the average legislator


THE MINER
Pittman's PIT
BANK
BANK NUGGET
NEVADA TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH NUGGET
Tom Fleming

## SENATOR KEY PITTMAN.

The key to Senator Pittman's success can be found in the Pit he has dug for himself. Having spent some years in Alaska, he knew the virtue of digging down until he struck pay-dirt. The golden nuggets he has unearthed is all the evidence required to proclaim his success as a miner. His motto is—"The chief end of a man is the divid-end."

thinks he knows all about art, and is fully qualified to pass judgement upon any and every proposition to erect a statue that may come up for discussion, instead of leaving such delicate matters in the hands of those who are properly equipped by artistic training for such tasks.

The usual method of procedure adopted when a public statute was desired, was to appropriate a fixed sum, appoint a committee, select a site, and last but decidedly not least, hire an artist.

The small matter of asking the co-operation of a committee of competent artists to direct the details was never even considered. When the sketch for the proposed statue was submitted the artist was pulled about with all sorts of restrictions and restraints. Every incompetent on the committee had a finger in the sculptor's clay and the result was the same as when a multitude of cooks undertook to boss the broth.

Imagine what would happen to a "land-lubber" who undertook to criticize the way in which a captain sailed his ship. Yet this is precisely what happens when those not versed in

VON STEUBEN

the fine arts undertake to decide what constitutes a work of art.

But Washington is learning better. The day of the man who can discern no difference between an effigy and a graceful statue has passed, and he is no longer permitted to exercise an influence in securing the erection of statues to frighten horses and automobiles.

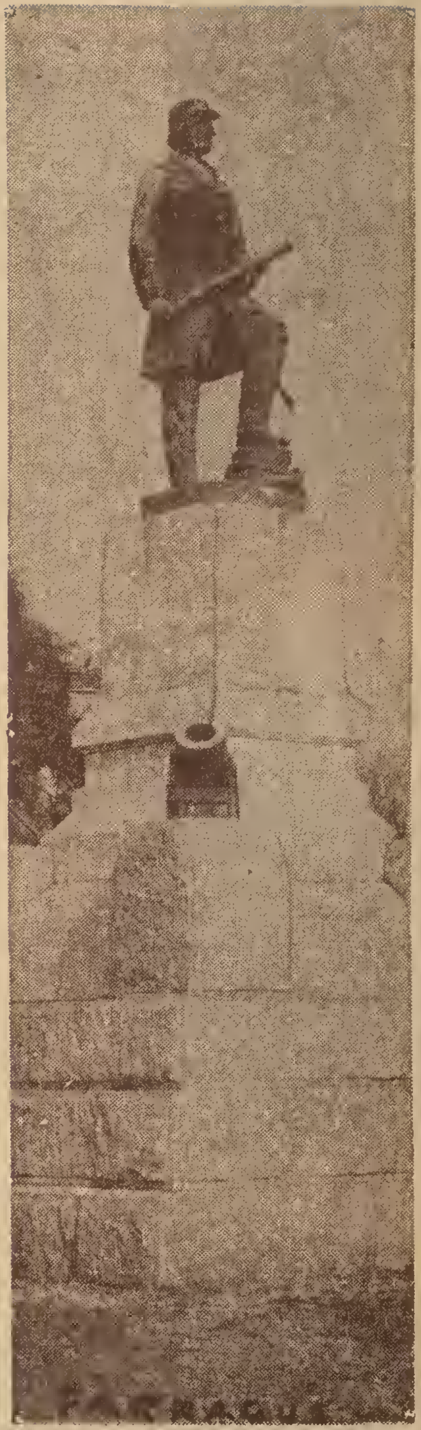
On the Farragut statue in Farragut square there is an inscription which should be taken literally. It is as follows: *"Cast from guns of the Flagship Hartford."* If this work of art could be taken down; with the "Washington" of Washington circle; the "Franklin" on Pennsylvania avenue; the "Greene" of Stanton square; the "Jackson" of Lafayette square; the "Scott" of Scott square; the "McPherson" of McPherson square, and Flannery's counterfeit "Lincoln," and the whole lot pulverized and cast through the mouths of the guns of a warship into the waters of the Potomac, a good day's work would be done for Washington.

The best thing about the statue of "Armed Liberty," which surmounts the dome of the

Capitol, is its great height above the pavements below, where its many shortcomings cannot be seen. Probably this is why it was "skied."

The collection of statuary in the so-called Statuary Hall in the Capitol building has long been a standing joke with those possessing any knowledge whatsoever of art proprieties, not so much on account of the individual inferiorities of the statues themselves, but on account of the inharmonious and inartistic grouping of the figures. In art museums the best of artistic judgement and taste is exercised in grouping statuary, in addition to the greatest care in securing the most effective light to properly display the sculptured work to good advantage.

In Statuary Hall the exhibited statues, good bad or indifferent, are thrown together without any regard to artistic relationship and without a thought as to how the light strikes the sculptured form. The result is not pleasing to behold. The beautiful Houdon statue of "Washington" is placed between two crudely modeled figures much larger in size, making the talented French sculptor's work suffer severely by the inartistic juxtaposition.



The effect produced by bad lighting can be seen in the statue of Governor Shoup of Idaho. Here the sculptor has shown the Governor as a fat man with a preponderance of adipose tissue in the region of his abdomen. This sculptured figure is so placed that a strong light strikes the white marble just at this well rounded spot in such a manner that it shines out like a beacon-light in the dimly lighted hall and produces a most ludicrous effect.

There are, however, some good examples of sculpture in this hall which are worth more than a passing glance. The "Robert E. Lee" is good; likewise Howard Robert's graceful figure of "Fulton," while Volk''s "Shields," Ruckstuhl's "Calhoun," Niehaus's "Ingalls" and French's "Cass" are equally good to look upon. Of the rest—let us be charitable.

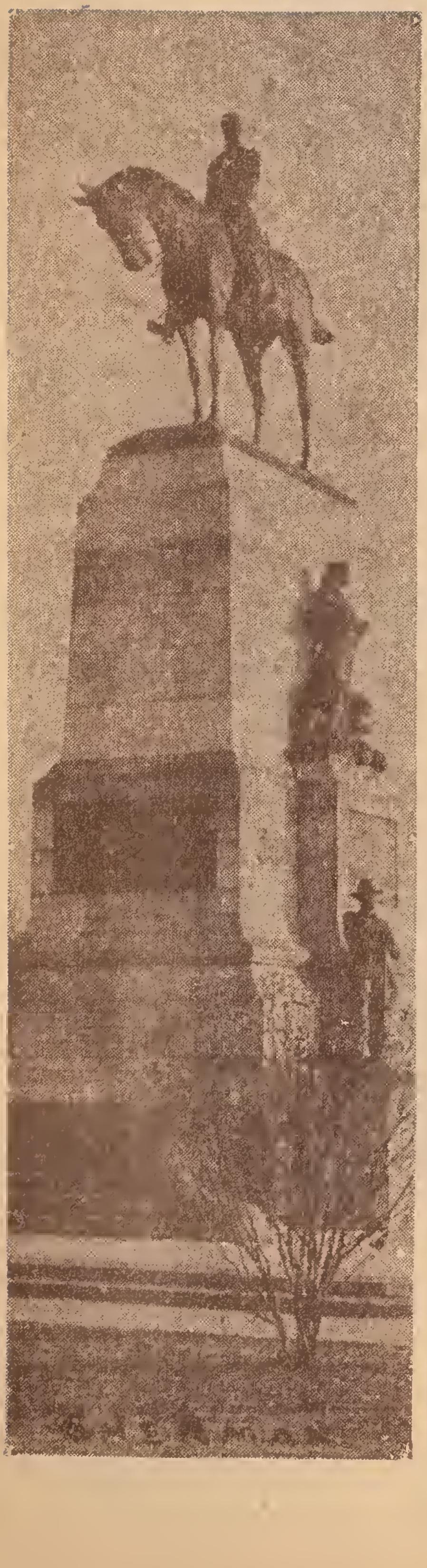
Many years ago when Washington was young and helpless, some one placed an equestrian statue of General Andrew Jackson in Lafayette square. Strong men have been known to gaze upon this wonderful work of art and weep. "Old Hickory" is shown perched

## SENATOR ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.

Diogenes wandered throughout Greece in search of an honest man and it is not recorded that he ever found one. But the world has improved vastly since the days of the Athenians. Diogenes La Follette, of Wisconsin, instituted a similar search within the ranks of the G. O. P., and behold! he found an honest Progressive staring into his very eyes from the dark recesses of a friendly reflector. But, alas, a large strenuous, rambunctious Bull Moose happened along and kicked the reflector to pieces. Whereat the modern Diogenes waxed exceeding wroth and attacked the Bull Moose with might and main, and when his arch enemy met with ignominious defeat, his hilarity and jubilation knew no bounds.

DIOGENES
FINDETH
AN HONEST MAN
Tom Fleming
1913

upon a horse rearing up on its hind legs in such a manner that the old hero seems in imminent danger of falling to the ground. In order to balance the statue the hind legs and tail of the horse are filled solid with lead, while the head of the old soldier is empty—Jackson with an empty head—perish the thought.



But a new light is breaking upon the Capital. Since the Art Commission has undertaken the supervision of art matters a marked improvement is noticeable in the character of the statuary placed throughout the city.

The equestrian statue of Genearl Philip H. Sheridan at Sheridan square is a real work of art. It was modeled by that artistic sculptor with the wretchedly inartistic name of Gutzon Borglum. The beautiful figures that adorn the entrance to the Union Terminal are the work of America's greatest sculptor, the late Augustus St. Gaudens.

A new art note was struck in the conception of the beautiful Columbus Monument erected by the Knights of Columbus. The white marble figure of Columbus is the most admirably

modeled statue of the great navigator to be found in the country.

With the completion of the Lincoln Memorial and the elaborate two hundred and fifty thousand dollar Grant monument, the shortcomings of Washington's early art will be amply compensated for.

Judging by the great preponderance of statues erected to fighting men—men of the sword—there must be something lacking in our state of civilization. Nearly all the sculptured monuments in Washington, as well as elsewhere, are erected to men famous in battle.

The ancient Greeks paid tribute in sculptured stone to their gods and goddesses, their philosophers, and their Teachers, but seldom to their warriors.

How we have retrograded in this respect can be readily seen in the ideals we seek to honor. Why should we build so many monuments to Generals, Admirals and the like and utterly neglect the men who have made the world brighter and better.

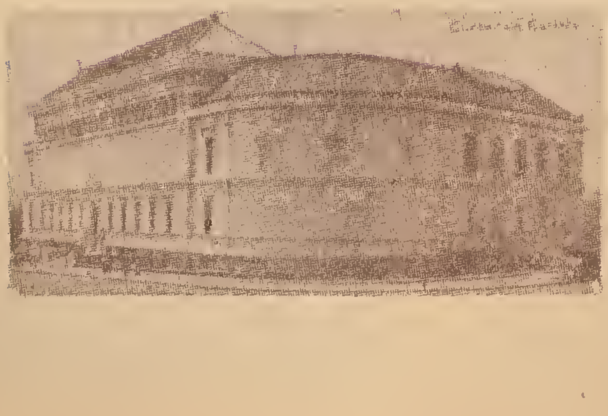
Where are adequate monuments to be found

in commemoration of such men as Franklin, Penn, Emerson, Morse, Howe, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Beecher, Phillips and many others who deserve remembrance far better than the "butchers" of history? Where are statues of the many noble women of America? Martha Washington, who gave up her beautiful Virginia home, and her silk and satin gowns, and donned homespun that she might cheer her noble husband in his dreary and cheerless camp; who staked her great fortune and risked confiscation and a life of poverty, for her country—where is there to be found a monument to her?

And is Nancy Hanks, who gave the country an Abraham Lincoln, unworthy of a monument?

Let us learn to be humane; to honor the finer attributes of mankind; to curb the propensity to slaughter and oppress.

The grandest monument at the Capitol of this great Republic should be one erected to Him who proclaimed love for all the world—"The Prince of Peace."



# CHAPTER XXVIII

## THE MOVING PICTURERS.

"WHAT do you shoot this morning?"

"I go to shoot his excellency, the President."

"Have a care for the secret service man!"

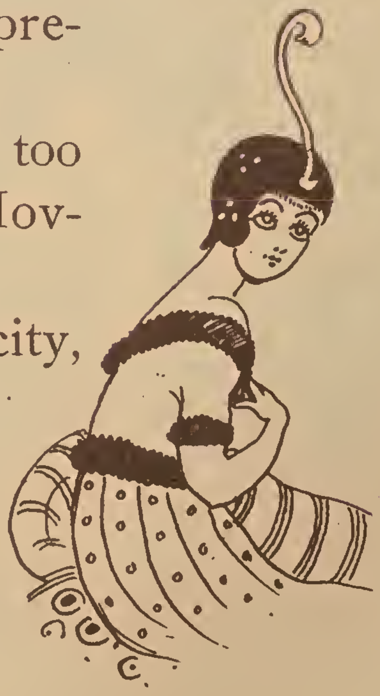
"With my trusty film, I fear him not. Only the direst of misfortune can thwart my design. I mean to have a full thousand feet of Woodrow ere the sun goes down. I have Tumulty's ear."

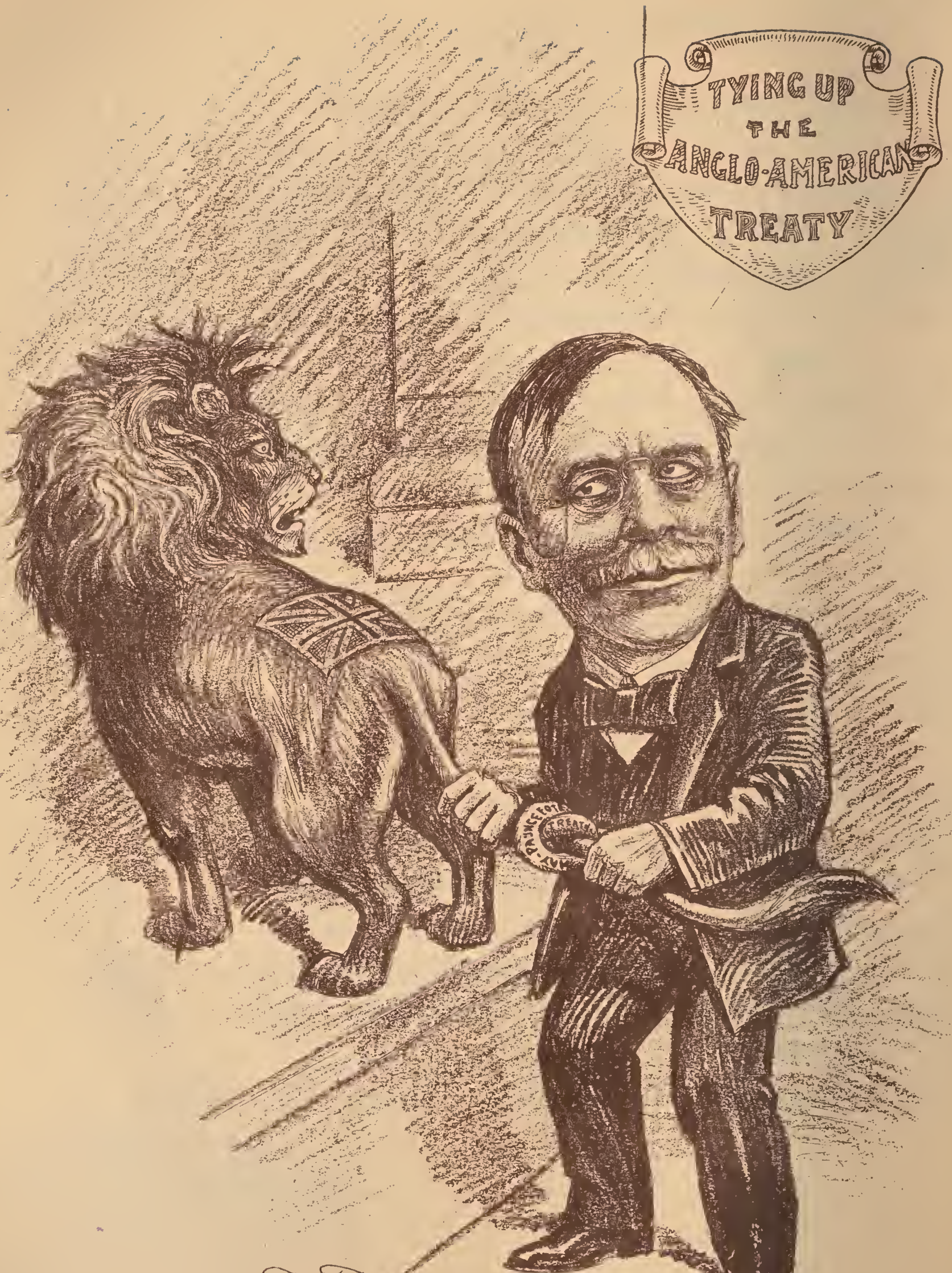
This sanguinary dialogue took place at the entrance to the White House grounds between two conspirators whose schemes and plots were concocted in the dark rooms of their respective organizations.

These modern-day photo-buccaneers are headstrong and foolhardy and shoot with precision.

No hardship is too great, no mission too perilous for these men of the camera—the Moving Picturers.

Their fame is country-wide. Every city,




TYING UP THE ANGLO-AMERICAN TREATY
HAY-PAUNCEFOTE TREATY
Tom Fleming 1913

## SEN. GEORGE EARLE CHAMBERLAIN.

The British Lion has got a mournful tale to unfold since the Oregon Senator tied up the proposition to let John Bull's ships use the Panama Canal on the same terms as those accorded to the ships of Uncle Sam. His motto is—"Charity begins at C. Likewise at home. Likewise with home ships in the Panama Canal."

Hon. Andrew J. Peters
Rep. 11th Dist., Mass.

town and hamlet knows of their exploits, and every one with red blood flowing in his veins delights when their dark deeds are dragged forth into the light and made spectacles of.

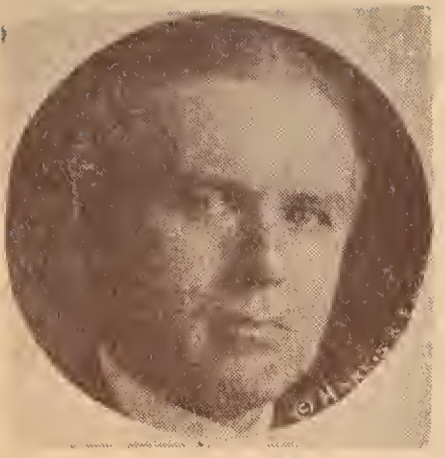
Washington is a bright shining mark for them, and on special occasions the Halls of Congress are invaded by these marauding bands who shoot Congressmen on sight.

The Statesmen are not willing victims, and although permission to do up Congress has been repeatedly denied to the picture men they are not thwarted. If real Congressmen cannot be secured for their films they readily manufacture counterfeits. By means of old-fashioned frock-coats, false wigs and whiskers a very satisfactory brand of statesman can be produced at short notice.

It is good as a circus to watch their improvised statesmen go through their manoevers in front of the Capitol. "Sir, you cannot bribe me to vote against this bill!" exclaims the actor statesman as he waves aloft a half ream of paper which is supposed to represent the bill, in the picture-film.

Hon. Henry D. Flood
Rep. 10th Dist., Va.

"Then I'll expose yeh," snarls the made-up villain. By this time a fairly good sized crowd has pushed into the picture, which is just what the moving picture man wants, as it adds eclat to the scene and makes it realistic.

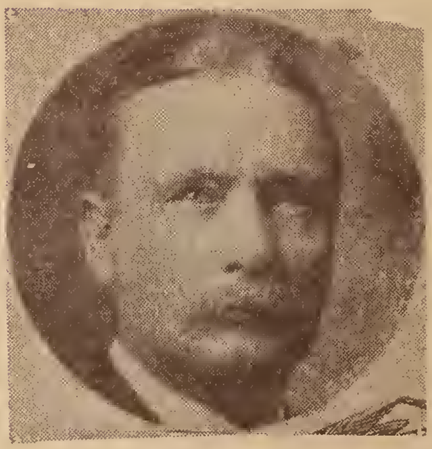

Hon. John A. Maguire
Rep. 1st Dist., Neb.

Hon. George White
Rep.-at-Large, Ohio

The method of taking these moving pictures is unique. The director has located a suitable place on the Capitol steps a day or so before. Then at such time of day as the sun hits the locality to the best advantage an automobile appears on the scene with actors suitably made up to represent the types of statesmen suitable for moving picture audiences; the camera man unlimbers his picture gatling gun; the director chalks out his camera field and shoos off the rubber-necks, and clickey-click the handle turns, the lobbyist sneaks up the Capitol steps, the Congressman waves his bill in defiance, the lobbyist's female accomplice flirts with the aged statesman, the lawmaker yields to her blandishments. She secures the bill, passes it to her pal who disappears from the scene with the hateful piece of legislation in his grasp and a satanic leer on his crafty countenance. This completes the first act of the thrilling drama of "The Lobbyist's Triumph," which makes the audience shriek with delight when the film is flashed on the screen of the nickeldrome and airdrome.

"How the Congressman Was Tempted" is another thriller enacted in the park. The picture machine is aimed in the direction of the Capitol so as to secure local color for the scenes. A jay looking member walks leisurely into the field of the camera. He is accosted by a beautiful gurl. She weeps. He stops to console her. She is consoled. She snuggles close to his bosom—daughter-like. He is smitten with her bee-uty. His arm is about her peek-a-boo waist. She is innocent—so innocent. Her old invalid Paw-paw has a claim against the government. At the old home they will starve if it is not allowed to pass at this session. Will the old codger assist a maiden in distress? Of course he will. He is stuck on her innocent bee-uty and her bee-u-tiful innocence. He is about to yield to her blandishments when the be-whiskered secret service man appears upon the scene. He recognizes Kate, the notorious lobby queen.

Hon. John W. Abercrombie
Rep.-at-Large, Ala.



Hon. H. T. Helgeson
Rep. 1st Dist., N. Dak.

Hon. Dudley Doolittle
Rep. 4th Dist., Kan.

The villainess is foiled. The camera is folded up and the actors are bundled into the waiting automobile to seek other pastures for their film work.

Pictures showing statesmen in various guises are not the only scenes depicted in Washington. Films depicting hoboes being chased through the streets, comic policemen and motley crowds in close pursuit, falling over fruit stands, knocking down Chinese laundrymen with baskets of clothes, etc., are frequent enough, but the acme of perfection is reached when a Civil War scene is staged on the White House grounds.

A bright day is selected when the President is away from the Capitol. Then a motor bus appears and deposits a conglomerated group of statesmen, army officers, plantation negroes, ante-bellum ladies in crinoline, and a mob of supernumeries made up to represent soldiers, civilians and others requisite in moving picture scenes.

A tall, attenuated figure surmounted by a preposterously tall hat, made up to represent Lincoln, emerges from the big front door of the

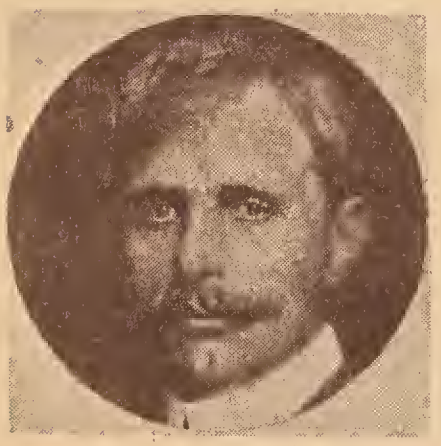
## SENATOR THOMAS P. GORE.

"I see," said the blind man, "that a thoroughly good Tariff Bill has at last been passed." The blind man was Thomas P. Gore, of Oklahoma, who can see clearer into political problems than the majority of those who boast of their sight. The genial Senator is a man of peace—his nature belies his name. His motto is—"If you don't see what you want, ask for it."

·THE ·BLIND· ·SENATOR·
·Tom Fleming·

Hon. George M. Young
Rep. 2nd Dist., N. D.

White House. He is accosted by the wan figure of a woe begone widow attired in the habiliments usually affected by melodramatic actresses in blood and thunder plays. Will the kind President save her son who has been arrested as a deserter and is to be shot in the morning? She is on her knees hanging on for dear life to the big hand of the President, which she has grasped in the throes of her extremity. The gaunt figure shows great emotion. He releases his hand and with it brushes a tear from his capacious nose. T'is heart breaking, but absolutely necessary to the effectiveness of the film.



Hon. George P. McLean
U. S. Senator, Conn.

The next act in this distressing drama is enacted in the camp of the Army of the Potomac and which furnishes the good and sufficient reason why the noble President should pardon the boy. The deserter escapes his prison, discovers a secret attack upon the camp, returns, and puts the commanding officer on his guard. A successful repulse is accomplished and amid the waving of flags, and cheers of victorious soldiers, the boy-hero resignedly returns to his prison tent to await death in the morn.

This leads up to the next scene, which is enacted in the President's office in the White House. Old Abe is discovered seated at a desk immersed in official papers and documents. He wearily raises his head from his arduous task, turns his troubled face to the camera, heaves a heavy sigh, and again resumes his task. A commotion is heard at the door. The sentry is trying to prevent the widow from seeing the President. He bids the soldier to desist, the anxious mother eagerly approaches waving a dispatch from the camp. The solemn visaged face relaxes as he reads the heroic exploit of the condemned boy, hastens to a table and dashes off a full pardon, which he smilingly tenders to the bereaved mother, who thanks him profusely, and leaves the focus-field of the camera.

Hon. John A. Key
Rep. 13th Dist., Ohio

How the moving-picturers secured permission to use the President's room for the enactment of their play, is only one of their many feats of securing apparently impossible places for their camera work.

Hon. James B. Aswell
Rep. 8th Dist., Ala.

# CHAPTER XXIX

## WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

ONE rainy day when the sky was overcast and a general air of depression seemed to prevail, there appeared at the entrance to the great shaft erected to the memory of Washington, a pilgrim of solemn mein. He was tall and spare of frame and his prominent nose was bridged with antique spectacles, over the rims of which he had a curious way of looking quizzically, when spoken to. His manner was of the mournful kind, like one who saw naught but woe on this side of the grave.

Hon. Frederick H. Gillett
Rep. 2nd Dist., Mass.

He had come all the way from the far-west to scatter his wife's ashes from the top of Washington monument, the highest pile of masonry in the world. It was in response to the dying wish of one who had been the partner of his life's joys—or was it woes?

As he approached the imposing shaft of white marble with his mournful eyes uplifted to heaven, toward which the obelisk eloquently pointed, he uttered a sigh that attracted the attention of the guard standing by.

Hon. Claude L. Engle
Rep., Florida

Hon. Adison T. Smith
Rep., Idaho

## WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

"You can't carry that lunch-box to the top of the monument," exclaimed the watchful official, as he caught sight of the box the old man carried beneath his arm.

"My dear sir," replied the one from Kansas, "this is not a lunch-box. It is all that remains of my dear consort, who departed this life less than a fortnight ago, and I gave her my solemn promise that, after cremation, I would scatter her ashes from the top of the highest monument in the world, to the four winds of heaven," and as he concluded the explanation of his most solemn mission, he rolled his eyes aloft as if in expectancy of some evidence of her astral presence.

"My friend, it can't be did!" sententiously ejaculated the guard, with a twinkle of the eye, which escaped the old man.

"And why, might I ask?" he inquired, as he elevated his eyebrows.

"Because it's against the rules," explained the official.

"But I was not aware that there were any rules governing such cases."

Hon. James Manahan
Rep., Minn.

YE
KURRENCY
KIDS
&
Tom Fleming

## SEN. OWEN AND REP. GLASS.

Those "Kurrency Kids," Senator Owen and Representative Glass, are the ones who took the string out of stringency by unloosening the string that tied Uncle Sam's money bag in time of panic. They have a motto in common which is, "Glass houses can be broken—Owen money is to be broke."

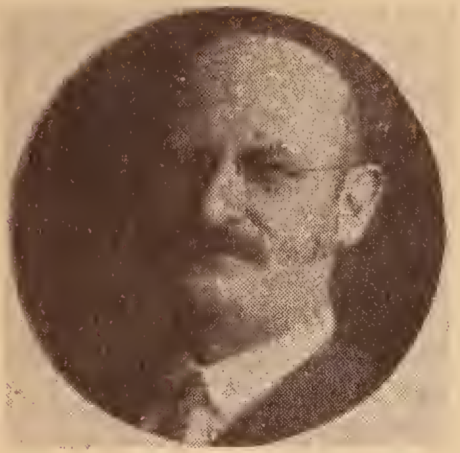
"Well, you see, in the first place there's a rule which forbids throwing of things from the top of the monument, and, furthermore, there are always lots of people around the base looking up in astonishment at its wonderful height, and as they always look up open-mouthed, your wife's remains might find lodgement——." The man from Kansas waited to hear no more. With a convulsive gasp, he darted in the direction of the Potomac River to throw the sacred ashes of his dearly beloved one into the running stream and not hazard the risk of having them swallowed by open-mouthed sightseers.

Hon. P. D. Norton
Rep. 3rd Dist., N. D.

Viewed from any angle, the Washington monument is a most impressive sight. Among the great monuments of the world it stands unique. It's very simplicity marks it for distinction.

As you stand at its base and look upward, along its perfectly true lines, extending over five hundred and fifty feet skyward, its grandeur and impressiveness overwhelms you—if you are at all impressionable.

Hon. Joseph Howell
Rep., Utah



Hon. George A. Kindel,
Rep. 5th Dis., Colo.

If you are good at climbing stairways, you might try to climb the nine hundred steps which lead to the top. It is the only way to examine the interesting interior of this wonderful monument.

Forty States and sixteen cities are represented in the memorial stones which line the interior, while upward of fifty were contributed by Masonic lodges, and kindred societies.

As you climb upward you will find the interior lighted with electric lights, which makes an examination of the memorial stones quite feasible. The series begins at the thirty-foot landing and extends to a height of two hundred and eighty feet. There are stones from Braddock's field, the Battlefield of Long Island, the ruins of ancient Carthage, the Temple of Aesculapius, Vesuvius mountain, the Alexandrian Library in Egypt, the Tomb of Napoleon at St. Helena island, the Parthenon at Athens, and many other famous localities.

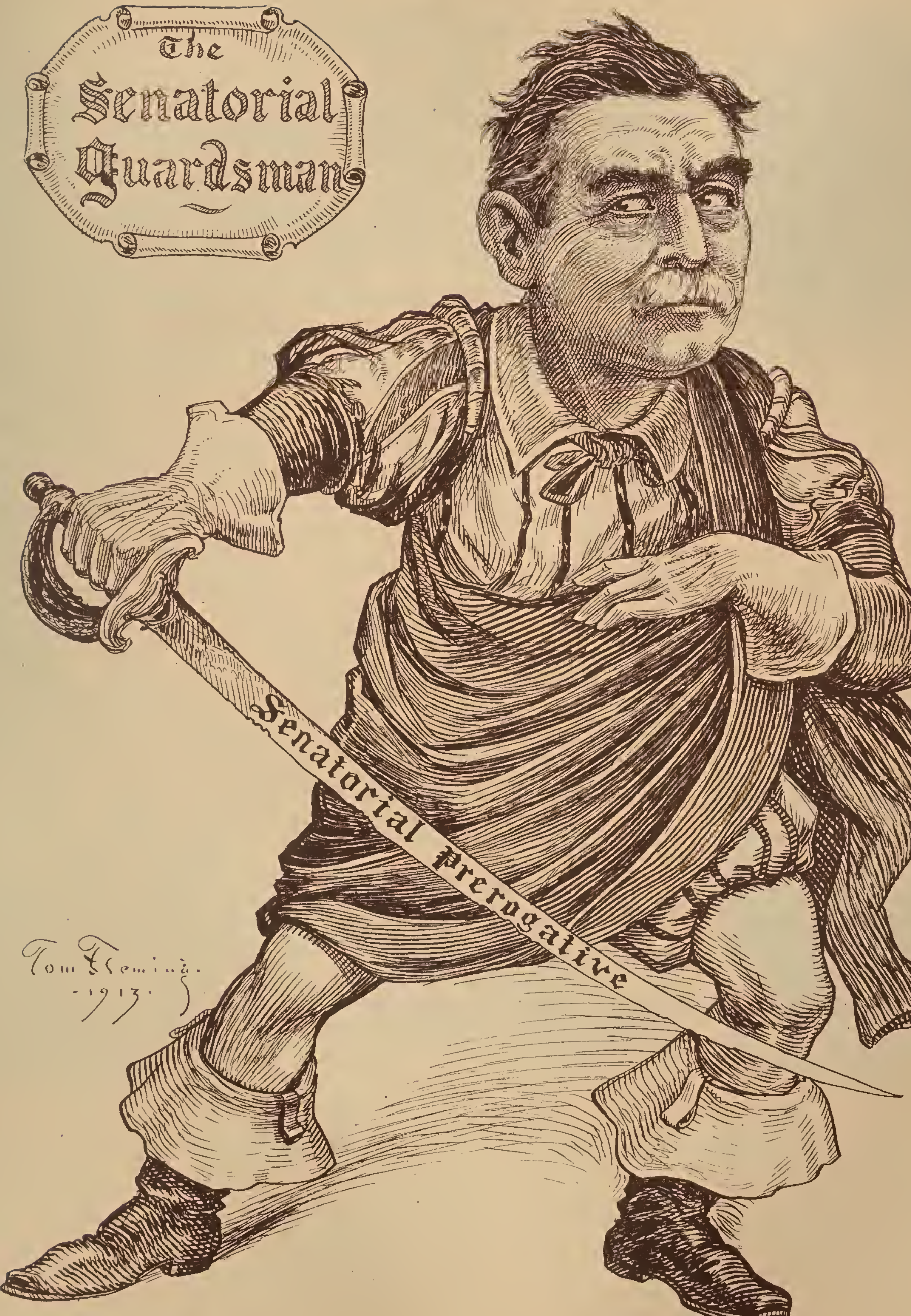
Large figures denoting the height are painted on the steps at every landing. When the three hundred and tenth foot is reached, a sign pro-

CLINEDINST PH.

Hon. James W. Bryan,
Rep., Wash. State.

## SENATOR FURNIVAL SIMMONS.

A brave and intrepid Guardsman of Senatorial Prerogative is the tar-heel Senator. His trusty sword is ever ready to defend the rights, privileges and prerogatives of his beloved Senate, which even the sovereign President may not transgress. When the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, "It's a long time between drinks, and it should be made longer," the Senator drafted a prohibition law that boomed the soft-drink industry to a marvelous extent. His motto is—"All for one, and one for all."


The Senatorial Guardsman
Senatorial prerogative
Tom Fleming 1913

Hon. William J. Cary,
4th Dis., Wis.

claims the fact that you have reached the height of the Capitol building. At the five hundred and twenty foot mark you are informed that you have reached the height of St. Peter's church at Rome. This proves a vivid way to impress you with the magnitude of the monument—if the sinews of your legs don't sufficiently remind you of the fact by this time.

When you reach the top after the weary climb, (and which you inwardly resolve never to try again) you will most probably be interested in the data respecting the monument which is inscribed in a document hanging on the wall. This informs you that the walls are only eighteen inches thick at the top. At the base they measure fifteen feet in thickness. A plumb-line suspended from the top, inside, does not deflect three-eights of an inch from a straight line to the bottom of the shaft.

At the top the walls are pierced with eight port-holes or windows which afford magnificent views of the city. There is no city in the world that would look so well at so great an elevation. This is due to the fact that the

Hon. John Stephens,
Rep. 13th Dis., Texas.

large public buildings are constructed of white marble or granite, and are generally nestled about with the green foliage of adjacent parks, which contrast beautifully with the light-hued stone work.

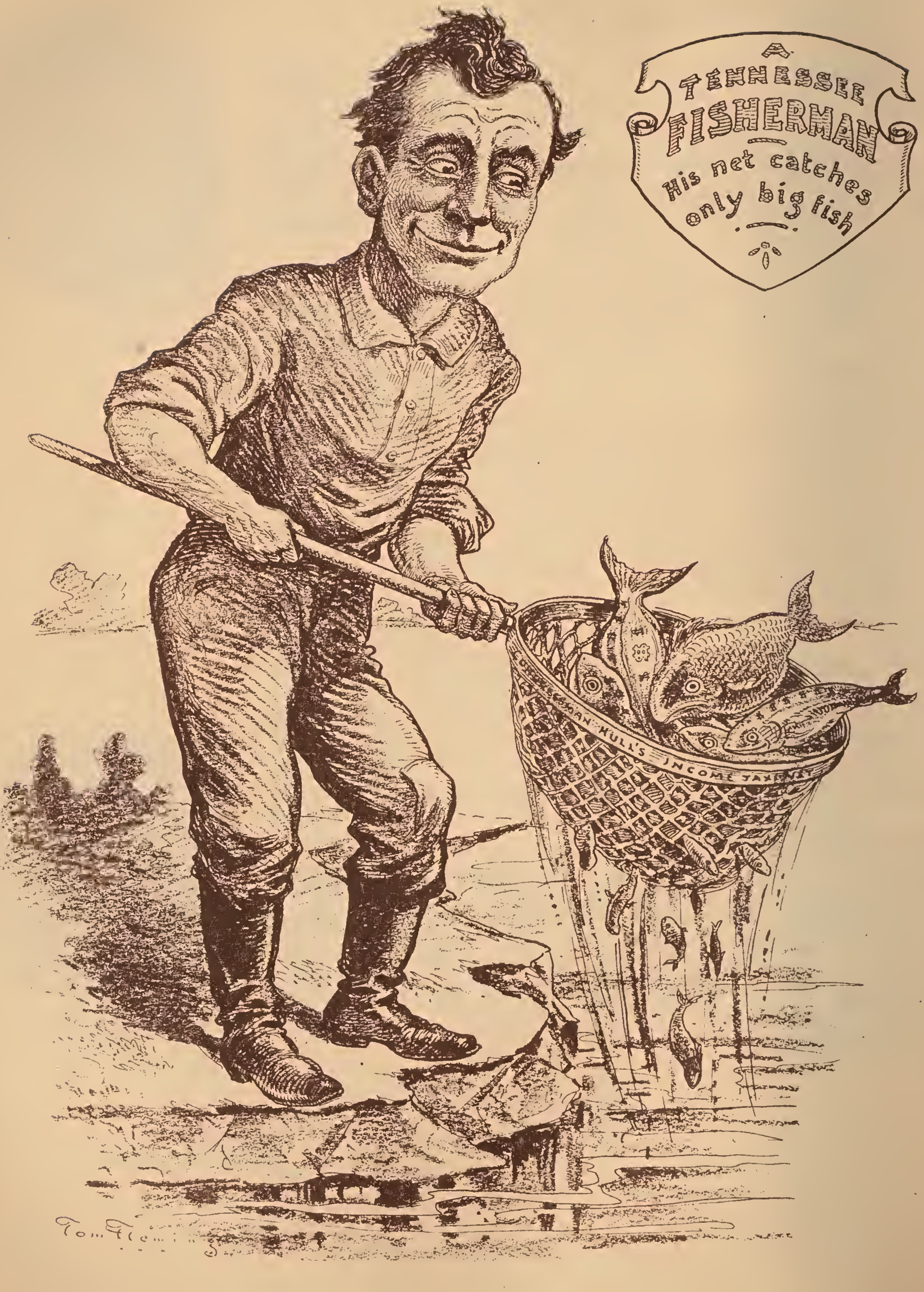
Looking southward, can be discerned the famous Potomac flats—with all modern improvements.

Spanning the river can be seen the historic long bridge constructed seventy years ago, while far in the distance can be discerned the blue hills of Virginia. In the middle distance lies Arlington Cemetry with its many monuments to the dead, showing like little white specks among the rich green foliage. To the East lies the beautiful white Capitol building in a solid field of emerald hue. Augustus St. Gaudens pronounced it the most beautiful picture in the world.

Over its right wing can be clearly discerned the glistening gilded dome of the Congressional Library. A little farther to the right lies the Anacostia river, with the Navy Yard resting on its banks.

Hon. William H. Calder
Rep. 6th Dist., N. Y.

Hon. Dudley M. Hughes
Rep. 12th Dist., Ga.


A TENNESSEE FISHERMAN
His net catches only big fish
CONGRESSMAN HULL'S INCOME TAX NET
Tom Fleming

## HONORABLE CORDELL HULL, M. C.

The author of the Income Tax Law has constructed an ingenious net that catches only the big fish and lets the little fellows escape. The big ones wax wroth at this and exclaim in unison, "We're sick of the Hull business." But that does not deter him. His motto is—"A good Income Tax Law will net Uncle Sam a tidy sum."

Hon. Roy O. Woodruff,
Rep. 10th Dis., Mich.

Through the next opening can be seen the White House, easily the most conspicuous object in view. It does not require an opera-glass to see the stars and stripes flying from the flagstaff—when the President is at home.

On a clear day the view from the top of the monument is the most beautiful panorama you ever saw and well worth a climb of nine hundred steps—but you had better take the elevator.

The question has often been asked, "Has the monument ever been struck by lightning?" In 1885, during the course of a severe storm, five immense sparks were seen to centre on and fly from the apex, but no damage was done. Shortly after, however, during another storm, a severe discharge of lightning cracked a stone under the apex and forced it slightly outward. After this mishap a commission of electrical experts provided a remedy by extending ten rods of copper horizontally around the pyramid. On each of these rods at an interval of five feet between, were placed pointed conductors, gold plated and tipped with platinum, three inches in length. There are two hundred of these con-

Hon. James S. Davenport,
Rep. 3rd Dis., Okla.

Hon. Francis O. Linquist,
Rep. 11th Dis., Mich.

Hon. Edward Platt,
Rep. 26th Dis., N. Y.

Hon. Benjamin I. Taylor,
Rep. 25th Dis., N. Y.

ductors in all, exposed on the pyramid. Down the four outer edges of the pyramid from the apex, copper wires were run. They were brought forward toward the centre to connect with the iron beams. These four wires, then, crossing the rods holding the small pointed conductors, connected them and the aluminum apex to the beams. With the four wires that were placed on the inside of the pyramid as original connection, there are now eight wires connecting two hundred points with the grounding at the centre of the base of the monument which terminates in an underground well thirty-two feet deep and filled with water. At the bottom of this well is placed a copper plate to which the wires are attached.

This seemingly intricate grounding is an illustration of the delicacy with which the details for the protection of the big monument from lightning were worked out.

# CHAPTER XXX

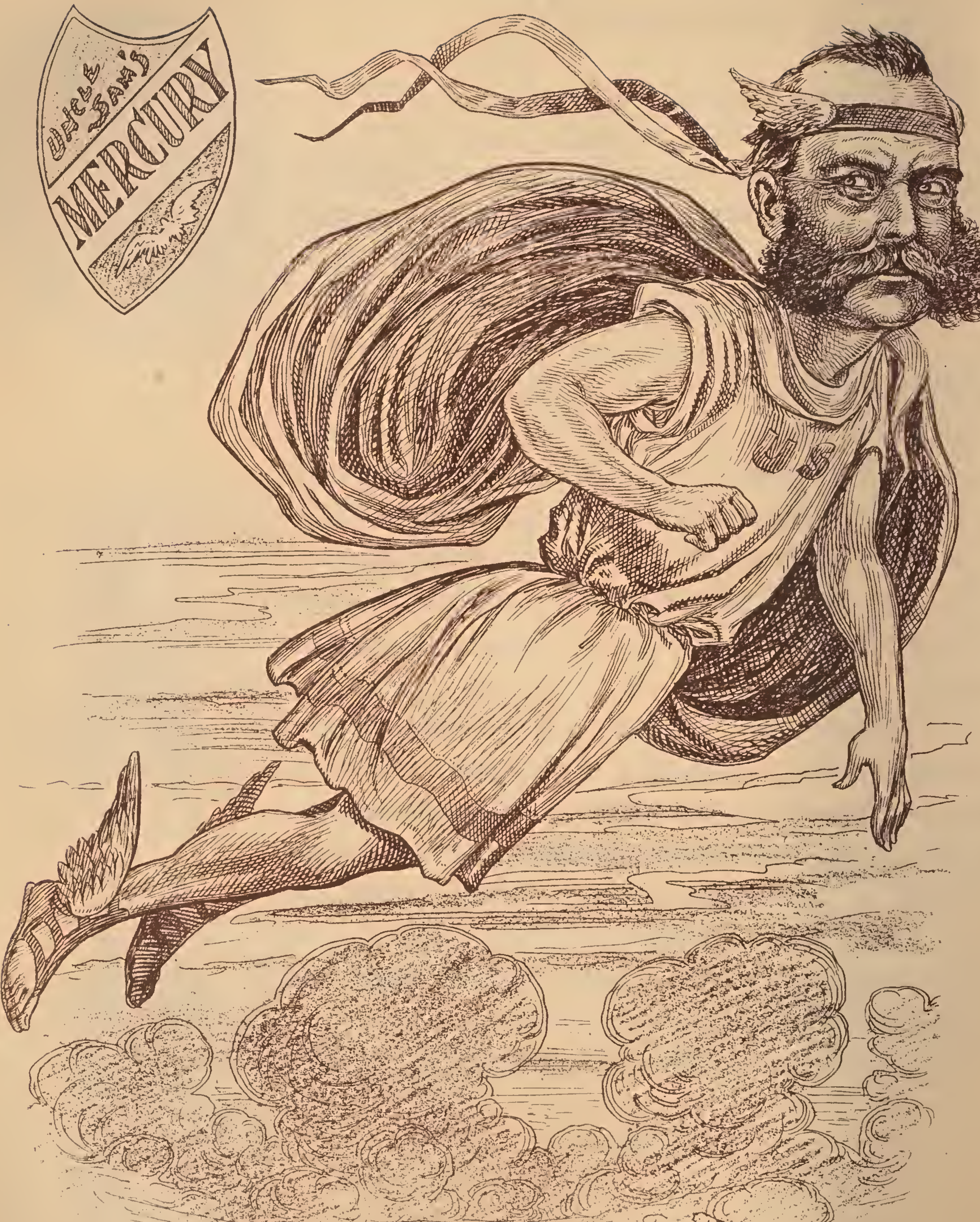
## ON MARKET DAY.

Hon. William B. Borland,
Rep. 5th Dis., Mo.

TWO barrels supporting a couple of wide boards on which were placed sundry baskets of sweet potatoes, radishes, apples, carrots and eggs, comprised the nucleus of Rastus Johnson White's stand just outside of Center Market. Ranged around this mixed collection of baskets were several open boxes containing corn on the cob, parsnips, onions, walnuts, shellbark hickory nuts and a peck measure of peanuts. In addition to this was an old tub containing a small quantity of butter in pound lumps.

Mr. White was black; so black that it was difficult to discern the old black pipe he held in his mouth. In many respects he was an exceedingly picturesque personage. His coat was patched so often, that the patches seemed to constitute the greater part of the garment, and which made it several times thicker than the original specifications called for.

In regard to his nether extremities, it was


UNCLE SAM'S
MERCURY
U.S.
Tom
1913

## WM. COX REDFIELD.

Mercury fittingly represents the Department of Commerce as he was the first Interstate Commerce Commissioner. Ancient mythology classifies him as the God of Thieves. Thanks to the advanced state of civilization in this Twentieth Century, we have no thieves. In commercial life we have "Conversion of assets"; Misappropriation of funds; Absorption of surplus, etc., but we have no thieves. The word "thief" is abrupt and offensive—it is obsolete in polite commercial circles. Mercury was also the inventor of the Lyre—pronounced Liar—many modern financiers are pronounced liars. Mercury was equipped with winged feet—Secretary Redfield is equipped with wings of beautiful whiskers. His motto is—"There is no profit in a crop of whiskers—for the barber."

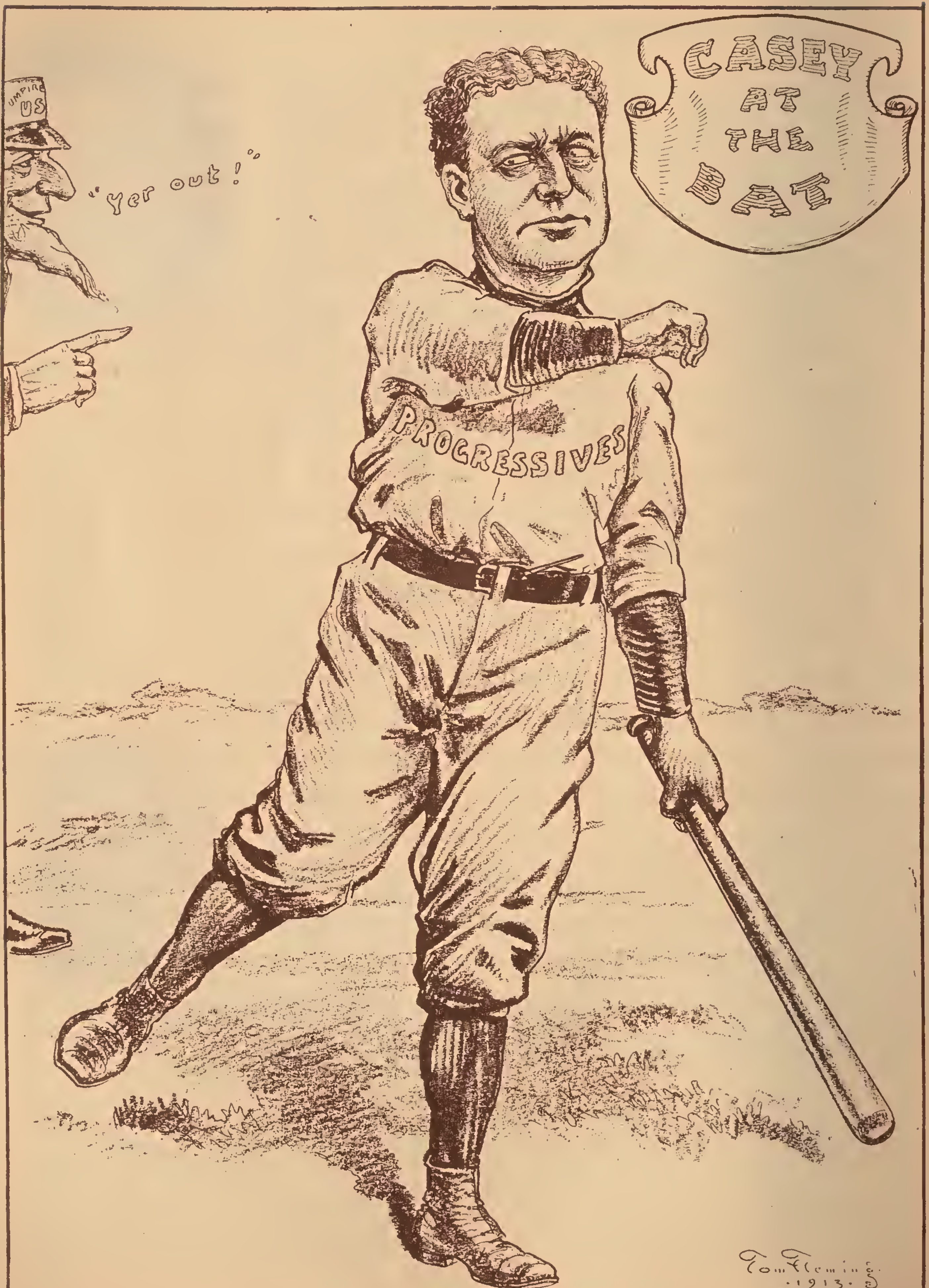
rather a hard matter to tell where they started, or where they left off, as his feet were encased in coarse bagging secured in place by pieces of twine wrapped round and round. This arrangement served the double purpose of keeping Mr. White's feet free from the snow which lightly covered the sidewalk, as well as keep them warm; the latter being a prime necessity as it is only in the mildest weather that these sons of Africa do not feel cold.

Hon. Byron Patten Harrison, 6th Dis., Miss.

If Mr. White was picturesque, his market wagon was spectacular, having been repaired again and again until there remained not a piece of wood or iron, nor a solitary piece of canvass that constituted its original make-up. In order to ease the strain on some of the weaker parts of the wheels, strips of wood were bound with wire diagonally across the spokes, in such a manner that at every rotation of the wheel the ends of the homely splint struck the ground with a jar that momentarily threatened disaster as he backed up to the curb.

Hon. Walter Lewis Hensley, 13th Dis., Mo.

This is only a fair description of the majority of the ramshackle vehicles that constitute the


CASEY AT THE BAT
UMPIRE
US
"yer out!"
PROGRESSIVES
Tom Fleming
·1913·

## VICTOR MURDOCK, M. C.

The strawberry blonde who represents a Kansas district in Congress is an incorrigible baseball fan. As "Casey at the bat," he essayed to make the hit that would land the Progressives a winner. But, alas, the mighty "Casey" struck out. Umpire Uncle Sam declared the side out and the game lost to them. But wait—wait until they get another inning. Then will they win;—unless the other side scores more runs.

three or four blocks of market-way that lines the curb along the Mall on every market morn.

These market-men are usually accompanied by their wives, who sit huddled up in a multitude of blankets until a customer stops to inspect the little stock of vegetables for sale, and it must be said they are far better at making bargains than are their husbands.

They are quite eager to make sales, as the sooner they sell out the sooner they start for home. Regarding the quality of their stock, it is of very good grade. The butter is freshly churned, and sweet, and the eggs are fresh.

"How much is butter this morning?" I inquired, more for the purpose of drawing out the "old mammy" than with any intention of purchasing.

"Buttah?"

"Yes."

"Well, they'se gittin' thirty-seben cents inside dar," indicating the Market house across the way by a jerk of her thumb over her shoulder, "but ah reckon ah kin let yo hab sum for thirty-foah."

Hon. Edward Keating,
Cong.-at-Large, Col.

As I did not make an immediate response to this offer she added, "Dar's anoder tub in de 'fix' dat p'raps yo'd like bettah!"

"Why do you call that a 'fix'?" I inquired with some curiosity.

"Ef yo look close yo won't hab to ax dat question," replied the mammy with a good natured smile.

"I guess you'll have to explain," I retorted after looking over the rig.

"We calls 'em 'fixes' cos we fixes 'em so often, I reckon."

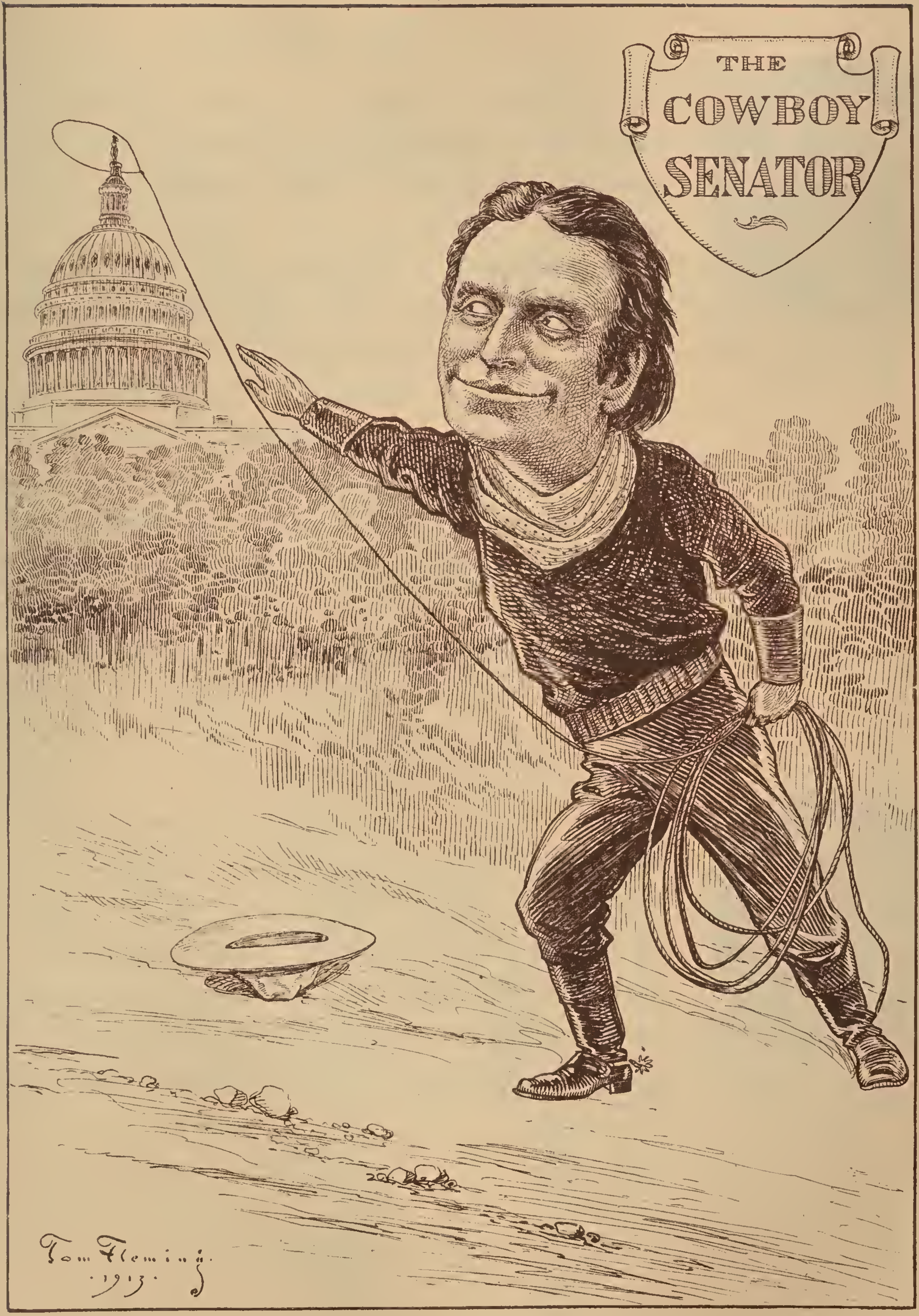
The explanation was so satisfactory I gave her a dime in lieu of the profit she might have made on the pound of butter she might have sold.

Hon. Richard W. Austin,
2nd Dis., Tenn.

A little farther down the line was a rig so remarkable in make-up that I was forced to stop and examine it. What had once been an old family coach was now doing duty for an old negro farmer who had just arrived from Charles county, Maryland. As the old darkey removed the baskets and boxes of "garden-sass" and other products of his farm that filled

## SENATOR HENRY FOUNTAIN ASHURST.

When Arizona was admitted to Uncle Sam's more or less happy family of States, a clear sighted cowboy-statesman spied the bronze Liberty atop of the Capitol at Washington. "It's mine!" he cried as he seized his trusty lariat and, with a mighty throw, lassoed the temple wherein the solemn and sedate senators sit. Now the Arizona Adonis occupies a conspicuous seat within the sacred Senate chamber, the beheld of all the beholders in the Senate gallery. His motto is—"When you want a thing, lasso it."


THE COWBOY SENATOR
Tom Fleming
·1913·

Hon. Wm. A. Ashbrook,
Rep. 17th Dis., Ohio.

the recesses of the old coach, it groaned and creaked as if in thankfulness at the relief of the burden its old frame seemed too feeble to sustain.

Attached to this quaint old market contrivance, by a system of ropes, strings and straps which served as a harness, was the sorriest specimen of a horse that could be imagined. The poor old nag stood with his head bowed down almost to the ground—a most dejected looking animal, with legs swollen by old age and hide roughened and toughened by exposure to rain and wind, a veteran of many years of hard service. How he ever survived the journey was a mystery. These old "traps" come from a radius of a dozen miles or so to market a few dollars' worth of farm-produce on market day. The range and variety of articles offered for sale is extraordinary. Great bunches of white and yellow daisies, packages of herbs and medicinal roots gathered in the swamps, packages of freshly-churned, unsalted butter, pots of cottage cheese, packages of leaf tobacco, baskets of persimmons, boxes of ber-

Hon. Burton L. French,
Rep.-at-Large, Idaho.

## SENATOR LUKE LEA.

Luke Lea, of Tennessee, is the youngster of the Senate. The Mountain State believes in the old adage which observes that "Youth must be served—when youth deserves to be served." Luke Lea entered the Senate at the age of 32—which is "going some" for a boy. His motto is—"Boys will be boys, and Senators too—sometimes."

THE BOY SENATOR
SPEECH
Tom Fleming
1913

Hon. Frank E. Guernsey,
Rep. 4th Dis., Me.

ries and dozens of fresh eggs, tempt the marketers who swarm about the odd looking market wagons.

The white farmers scattered through the throng are fully as picturesque as their sable-hued competitors. Judging by the contents of their wagons, their farms are larger. Where the blacks have a few pecks of sweet potatoes, the white farmer will have a barrel or so, and his produce will be of a little better grade, with his prices correspondingly higher.

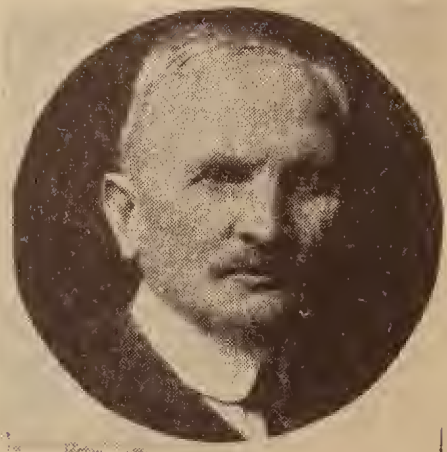
Withal there is an air of cheerfulness and contentment about these simple country folks that betokens a happy, congenial life close to nature which is pleasant to contemplate.

If perchance you should be in Washington when the early morning sun has risen just high enough to tip the top of Washington monument, dear reader, take a stroll down to this quaint old market place, inhale the invigorating air redolent of fresh vegetables and fragrant fruit for an hour or so, and if on your return to your habitation you have no appetite for breakfast, then you had better consult a physician.

Hon. Frank W. Mondell,
Rep., Wyo.

# CHAPTER XXXI

## PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

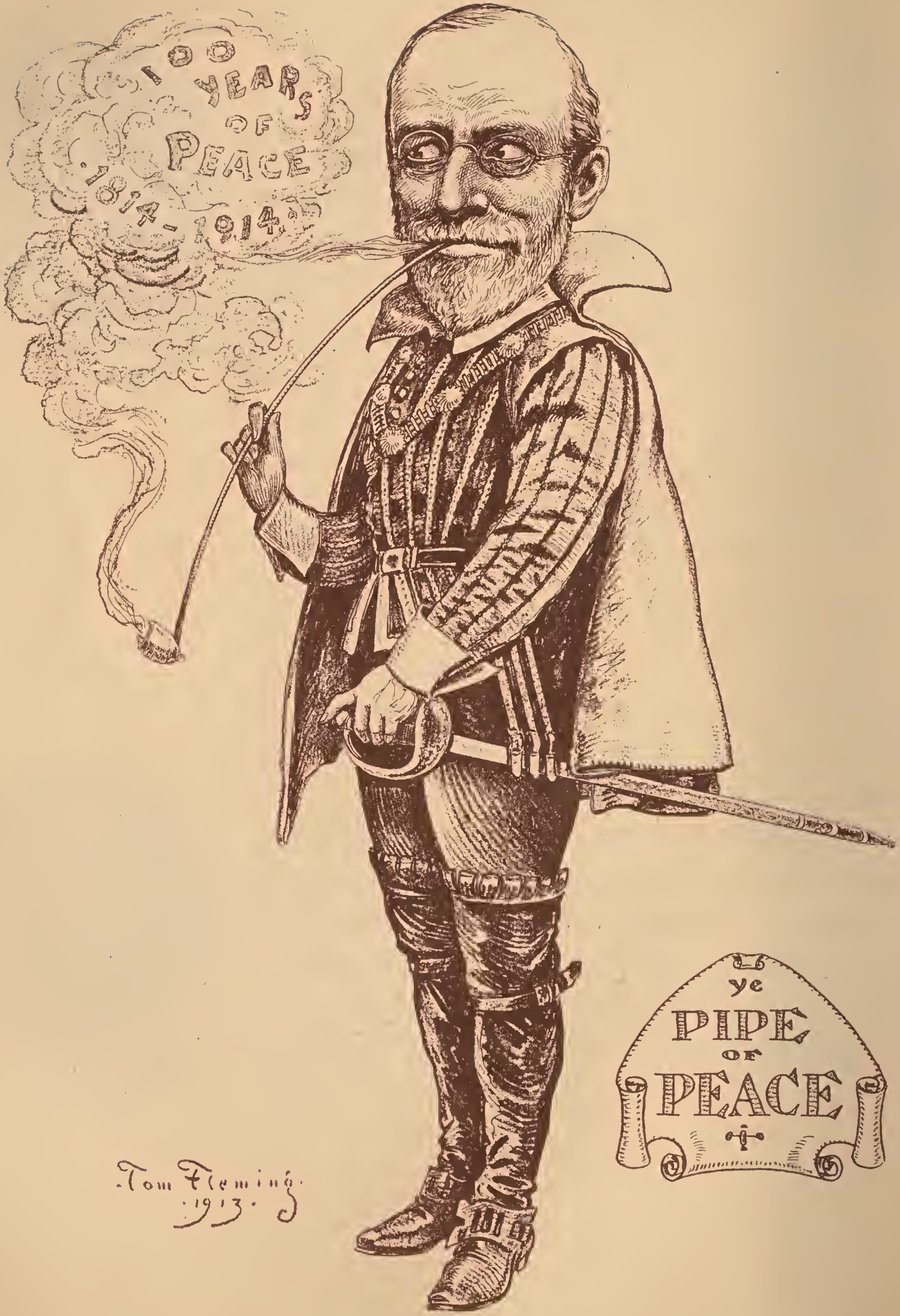


Hon. Bryan F. Mahon,
Rep. 2nd Dis., Conn.

THE most famous avenue in the world is probably Washington's Pennsylvania avenue. The well known figures that pass along it in daily procession to the Capitol; the prominence given to it on Inaugural days; and the historical reminiscences connected with almost every block of its length, from the Peace monument to the White House, all combine to give it a fame not possessed by any other thoroughfare.

Hon. Frank Plumley,
Rep. 2nd Dis., Vt.

At the close of the Civil War in 1865 it was the scene of one of the most remarkable spectacles ever witnessed. A victorious army right off the bloodiest battle fields, with battle flags shot to ribbons, flying in the breeze; and bronzed, grim veterans with uniforms originally blue but turned a rusty brown from the rough usage of long marches through deep mud on the Virginia roads, and torn to rags in thickets along the Rappahannock and Potomac, passed in review along this historic avenue and


100 YEARS OF PEACE
1814-1914
ye PIPE OF PEACE
Tom Fleming 1913

## CECIL ARTHUR SPRING-RICE, K. C. M. G.

Sir Cecil Arthur Walter Raleigh Spring-Rice, K. C. M. G., is the newest British Ambassador. Sir Walter Raleigh discovered the Indians trusting to the Pipe of Peace to avert war—the first Tobacco Trust. The modern Sir hits the pipe too. He smokes a new "100 Year Peace" brand of tobacco. May his pipe never go out.

presented a scene probably never paralelled in history.

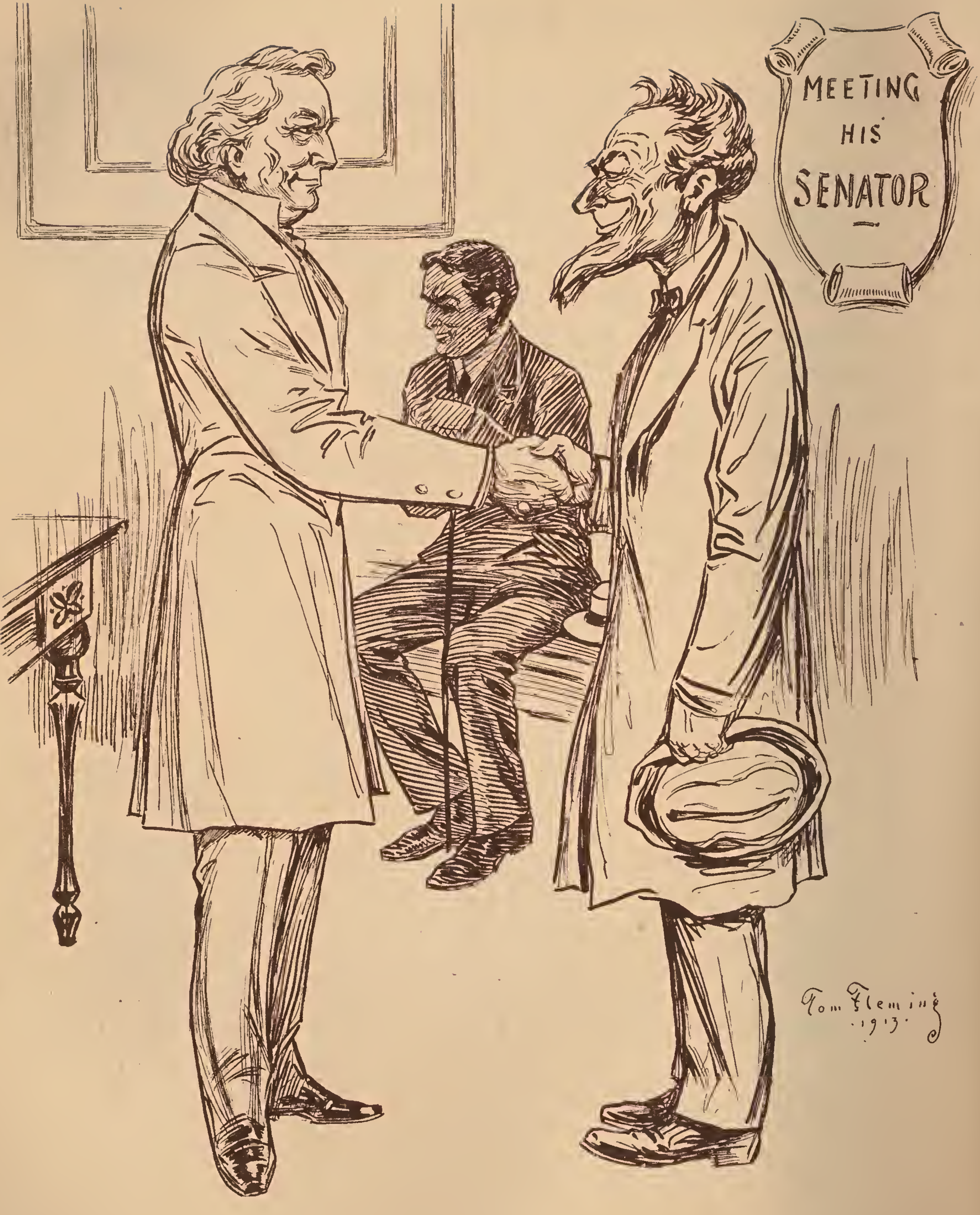
This famous review showed none of the features connected with the usual military parade where the alignment is perfect and the marching-step kept to precision. These battle tried veterans marched without any semblance of stiff military order, with the easy swing of men inured to the hardships of long campaigns, but nevertheless with the unison that characterizes the well drilled and seasoned army.

The scene was pathetic in the extreme. Regiment after regiment passed along the avenue, with only fragments of their quotas, and the eager crowds that lined along the pavements on either side were almost too saddened at the sight to cheer the brave men who had survived the terrible ordeals through which they had passed.

Only a few months later there passed another procession—one of the saddest ever witnessed. A great President was stricken down at the height of his glory, and the funeral cortege passed between heavy hearts, and tear-stained

Hon. Willis J. Hulings
Rep. 28th Dist., Penn.

Hon. Finis J. Garrett
Rep. 9th Dist., Tenn.



MEETING
HIS
SENATOR
Tom Fleming
1913

faces as it slowly moved down the avenue with the remains of a nation's idol.

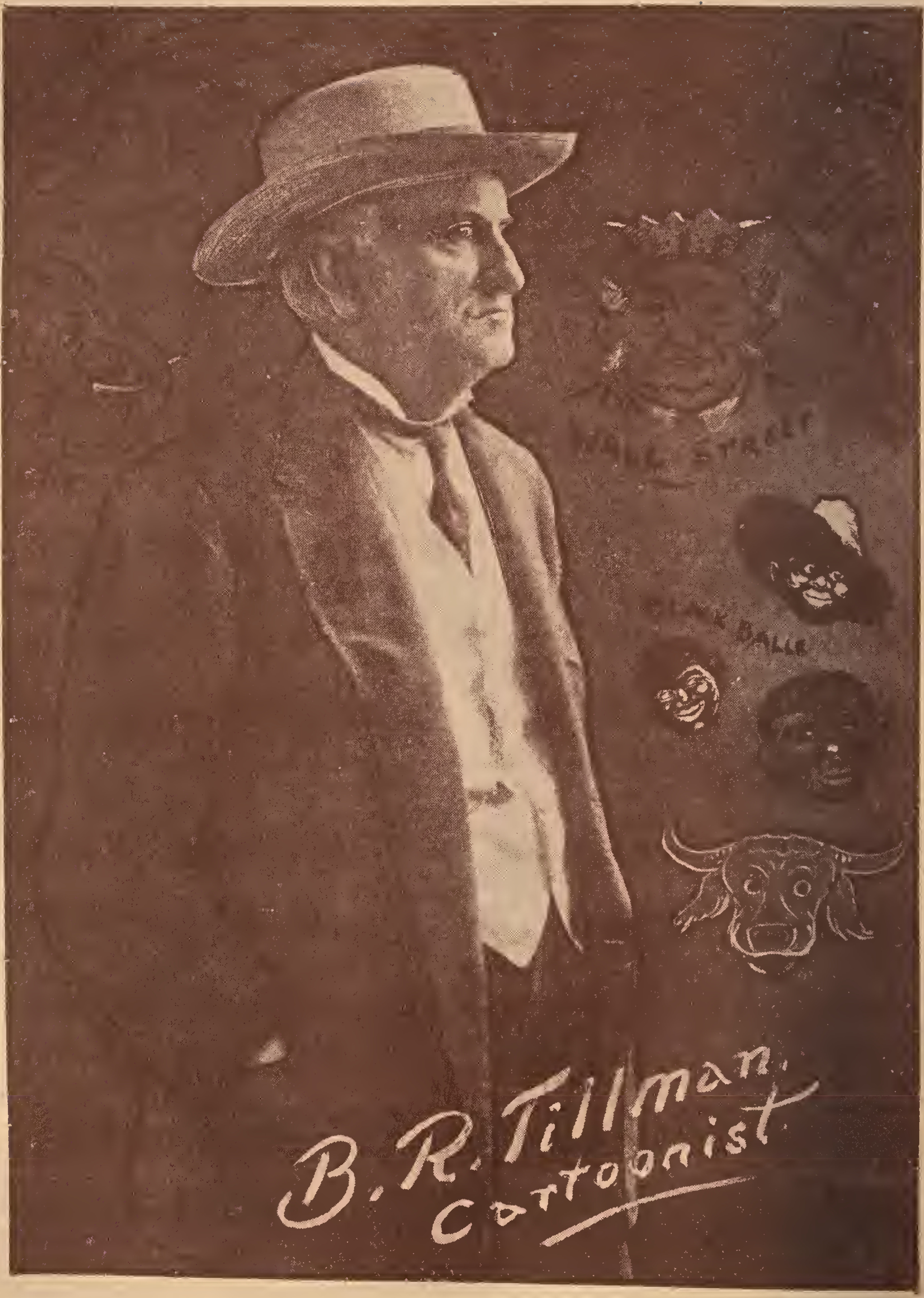
But these scenes of sorrow are no more. Grim-visaged war has changed his front. Of clanking scabbard and flashing steel there is a plentitude, but the modern occasion is festive and unwarlike. Gold lace abounds in profusion on the avenue on gala days, for men are but children grown up. How the average man likes to don a showy uniform with shiny gold braid, bright, glittering epaulettes, and medals galore. No peacock is vainer of his resplendent plumage, and no turkey gobbler can strut prouder than the fighting man on parade.

To tell the story of Pennsylvania avenue would be to almost tell the story of Washington, so intimately is the one connected with the other. Every event of importance at the Capital is in some way featured on the "avenue" as it is known to Washingtonians, while few visitors to the city ever fail to traverse its length from the Capitol to the White House.

On New Year's Day, the vicinity of the Executive Mansion is a scene of splendor.

Hon. H. B. Ferguson,
Rep., N. M.

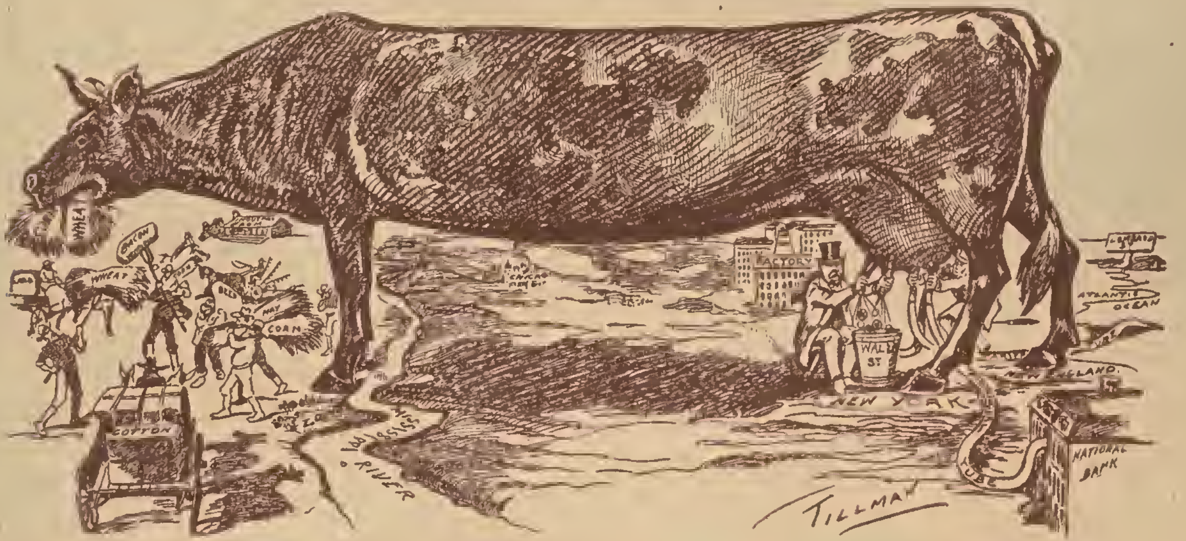
Hon. Thomas L. Ruby,
Rep. 16th Dis., Mo.


WALL STREET
BLACK BALLS
B. R. Tillman,
Cartoonist

## SENATOR BENJAMIN RYAN TILLMAN.

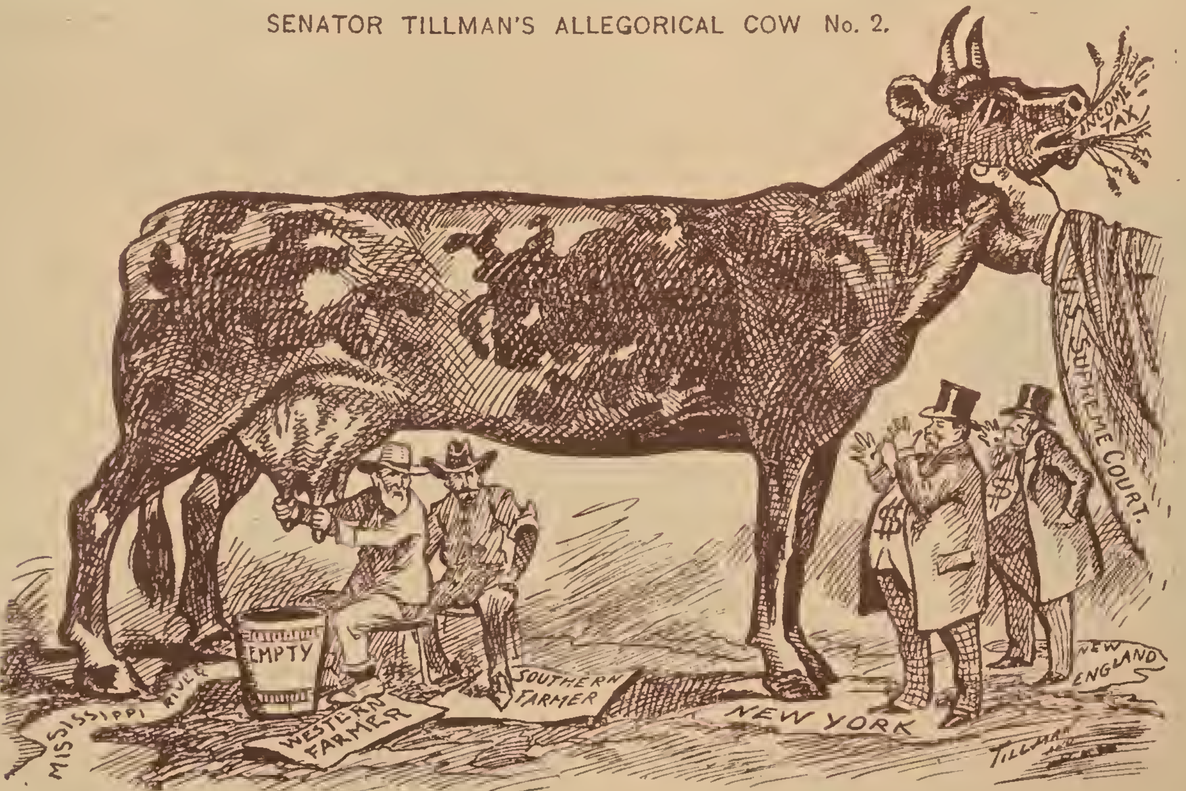
The South Carolina Senator is a picturesque orator. His oratorical thrusts are keen and sharp like the prongs of a pitchfork. A cartoon is a pictured oration and the cartoonist's pen point is even sharper than the pitchfork's prongs. The Senator has laid down the pitchfork and taken up the cartoonist's weapon. He has published a cartoon in the Congressional Record and for the first time in the history of that prosaic journal, it has become interesting. The Senator's cartoons equal his speeches and deserve the enconium of an honorary palmetto.

SENATOR TILLMAN'S ALLEGORICAL COW.



THIS CARTOON, DESIGNED BY SENATOR TILLMAN, SHOWS HIS IDEA OF THE PRESENT AMERICAN SITUATION. THE COW, SYMBOLICAL OF NATIONAL RESOURCES, IS FEEDING ON THE FARMERS OUT WEST, WHILE HER GOLDEN MILK IS ALL DRAWN BY THE GENTLEMEN OF ABILITY IN WALL STREET.

SENATOR TILLMAN'S ALLEGORICAL COW No. 2.



In this cartoon Senator Tillman shows the result of the attempt of the farmers to turn the big cow around, to let her feed on income tax in the East while they should milk her in the West. But the cow, as Senator Tillman draws her, was not a reversible cow. As soon as she tried to feed on income tax the Supreme Court seized her by the throat as a reminder that she must do her eating exclusively in the agricultural regions. The farmers in the West are disappointed and get no income-tax milk.

Hon. John M. Nelson,
2nd Dis., Wis.

Brilliantly uniformed Army and Navy officers, foreign ambassadors and other officials of high rank in strange and gorgeous array throng the pavements on their way to attend the grand hand-shaking fest in which the President's good right hand plays a star part. It is on occasions like this that Pennsylvania avenue is at its best.

It is the natural promenade for every one in official life, and the visitor who is looking for the familiar faces of famous men will find them on this noted thoroughfare. Here you will meet the millionaire and the pauper, the Congressman and the clerk all wending their way toward the Capitol on every bright morning.

Hon. E. Y. Webb,
Rep. 9th Dis., N. C.

Pedestrianism is not exactly a fad in Washington. It is a pleasant pursuit on the wide avenues and uncrowded sidewalks. The Chief Executive democratically goes abroad without the least fear of attracting unpleasant attention or being molested by the curious. President Wilson is frequently seen apparently alone—but only apparently. If you should look carefully about, you might discern a couple of secret service men in close proximity. In the

## HONORABLE CHAMP CLARK.

Champ Clark, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, is from Missouri. He has to be shown. As Speaker, he has no vote, and as Speaker he never speaks, but the bang of his gavel is eloquence personified. His motto is—"The man that swings the gavel, rules the House."

Map of
MIZ-ZOU-RA
Tom Fleming
1913

Hon. H. M. Jacoway
Rep. 5th Dist., Ark.

case of the nation's chief executive this precaution is made necessary by the importance of the high office he occupies. But this necessary espionage does not interfere in the least with the liberty of his movements. He is as unmindful of their presence as a small boy out on a lark.

In the early morning hours a stream of Congressmen will be encountered on their way to the Congressional office building. Speaker Clark is a fine walker. With his arms swinging and his broad shoulders squared, he looks the typical Westerner. Oscar W. Underwood is another energetic walker. He is one of the best dressed men in Congress and never fails to attract attention as he walks to the Capitol.

Hon. John Lesher
Rep. 17th Dist., Penn.

Perhaps Senator Lodge owes some of his physical and mental healthfulness to his daily habit of walking to the sessions in the Senate chamber. He rarely walks alone. Usually he is accompanied by Senator Root, who is almost as good a pedestrian as he is a lawyer.

When Senator Martine, of New Jersey,

## SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE.

When the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock they planted a lodge in the wilderness, and a Lodge is there today. He represents a section of this now cultivated wilderness in the United States Senate. Many changes have come over this land since the time of the Puritan. It is now known as the lair of the sacred codfish, the home of a one-time World's Champion Baseball Club, and the domain of Henry Cabot Lodge.

·YE·MODERN·
·PILGRIM·FATHER·

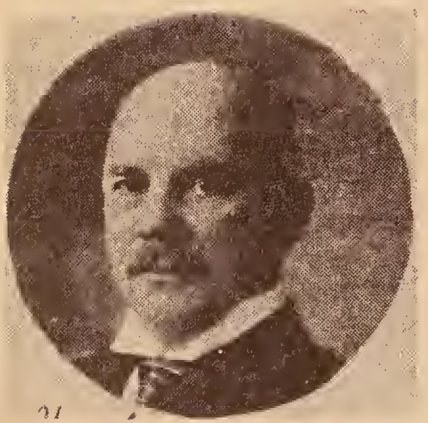
Hon. Scott Ferris,
5th Dis., Okla.

walks down Pennsylvania avenut he rolls along like a sailor walking a ship's deck in a rolling sea.

Senator O'Gorman is a very notable figure on the avenue. Faultlessly attired, as the New Yorkers usually are, he moves along like one in the fullest enjoyment of health. He rather closely resembles Richard Croker in make-up. He has the same closely cropped beard, which only half conceals a remarkably firm jaw and resolute mouth. His figure, too, is of the same sturdy build as the former Tammany chieftain. But here the resemblance ends, for the Senator is a much slower and more deliberate walker. Often he will walk for blocks with bowed head, as if in deep thought.

A most noteworthy figure on fine mornings is that of Senator Vardaman, of Mississippi, who bowls along like an athlete, his long hair, and strong, expressive face making a personality which invariably attracts attention from the crowds of visitors who throng the streets in the vicinity of capitol hill.

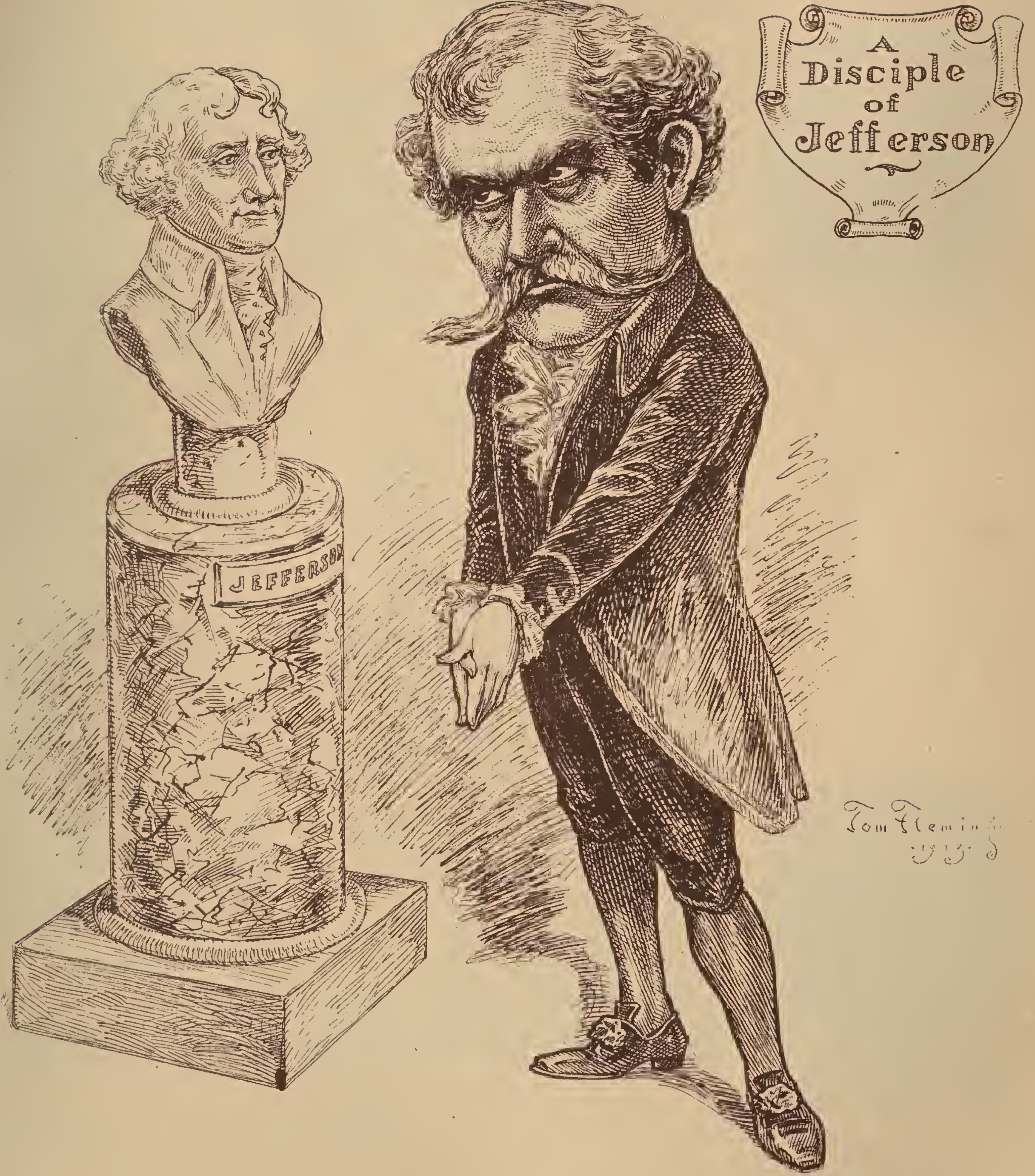
His colleague, Senator John Sharp Williams,



Hon. Wm. G. Sharp,
14th Dis., Ohio.

## SENATOR JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS.

Thomas Jefferson never had a more sincere admirer than Senator Williams of Yazoo. The honorable Senator being a highly educated man, knows where to draw the line of distinction between Jeffersonian simplicity, and a Jeffersonian simpleton. While Democratic floor-leader in the lower house he incurred the enmity of a saffron-hued journalist who owned, but seldom occupied a seat in Congress. Being a cotton planter, he knew a political Boll-weevil when he saw one. By vigorously spraying the pest with old fashioned Jeffersonian Democracy mixture, he banished it from the chamber and it has not been seen since. The Senator is a very bright man. An aphorism of the present Senate is—"There is never a dull moment while John Sharp has the floor."


A Disciple of Jefferson
JEFFERSON
Tom Fleming 1913

Hon. William L. Igoe
Rep. 11th Dist., Mo.

is of quite a different type. He is never seen alone. His companions (and there are usually several) are frequently newspaper men. The Senator is of a studious turn and his intimates are of the college or university.

Several bulky forms are usually seen slowly and laboriously making their way up the steep walk that leads to the Capitol building on bright sunshiny mornings. If you scan their faces you will find them wreathed in smiles. There seems to be the utmost friendliness between them, and to the casual onlooker, they seem like brothers. They are Senators Ollie James, Augustus Octavius Bacon and Luke Lea.

A figure new to Washington has lately appeared on the avenue. Arrayed in the height of the prevailing fashion, with jaunty air and nonchalant manner, Senator James Hamilton Lewis is the observed of all observers. He is the acknowledged Beau Brummel of the Senate, and sartorially at least, one of the finest that ever came down the "Pike."

Of precisely the opposite type is Senator Bankhead, the grim old Southron who esteems

Hon. Gordon Lee
Rep. 7th Dist., Ga.

dress habiliaments as of the least importance to a United States Senator.

Hon. John W. Davis,
Rep. 1st Dis., W. Va.

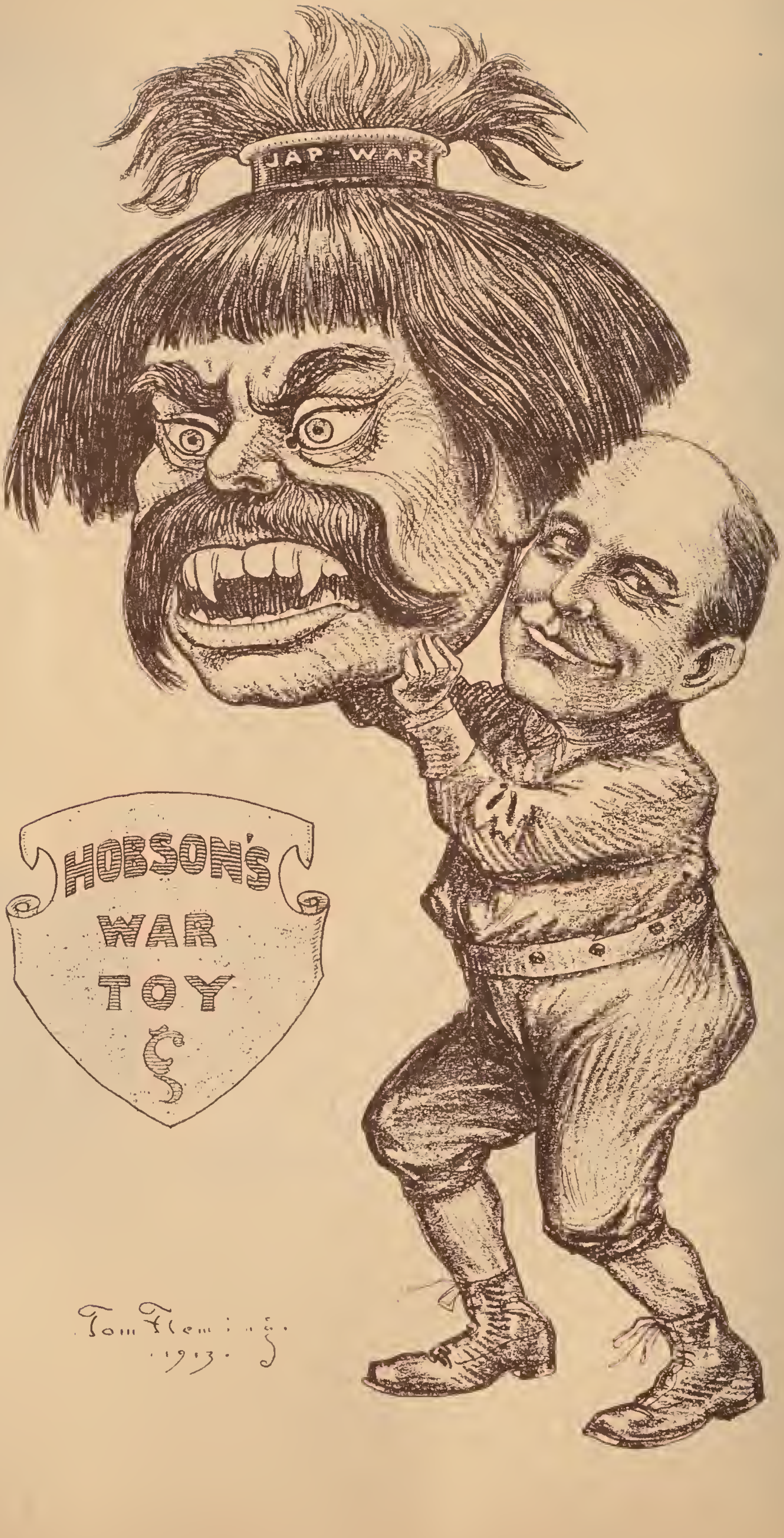
Representative Henry George, Jr., (who looks like his illustrious father without a beard) is a pedestrian who scoots along like a belated express train. He is always in a hurry.

A familiar group that marches down the avenue like a military detachment on parade is that composed usually of Congressmen Hamill, Kinkead, Scully, McCoy and Townsend. They are known as the "Mosquetaires"—they hail from the mosquito state—New Jersey.

Washington millionaires usually walk—the poorer men ride. Congressman Jefferson Levy, who owns block after block of New York real estate, always walks. So do Senators Oliver, Penrose, Du Pont, Saulsbury and Hoke Smith—all rich men.

You will find an astonishing degree of naturalness in the eminent men who come to Washington to help make the nation's laws. Men like Congressmen Fitzgerald, Goldfogle and Reardon, of New York, Murdock, of Kansas, and Rainey, of Illinois, are very democratic.

Hon. John J. Mitchell,
Rep. 13th Dis., Mass.



JAP-WAR
HOBSON'S
WAR
TOY
Tom Fleming
·1913·

## RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, M. C.

The wrinkled front of grim-visaged war is held aloft by the Hero of Santiago who delights to throw a scare into Uncle Sam, to awaken him to the danger that he sees in the far east. Peace may have her victories, but they are not the Hobson kind. Between Peace and War, Hobson's choice is War. His motto is—"The knees that shake with fear, when I appear, are japan—ese."

## PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

As they jog along they often stop to look in the shop windows, and a friend is sure to get a cordial handshake on meeting with them. These men and others like them you will notice are returned, session after session. Their cordiality and Bon Homie is as bread cast upon the waters.

Hon. Charles Forest Curry,
Rep. 3rd Dis., Cal.

Hon. William A. Cullop,
Rep. 2nd Dis., Ind.

Hon. Louis Fitz Henry
Rep. 17th Dis., Ill.

Hon. W. L. Goodwin,
Rep. 6th Dis., N. C.

# CHAPTER XXXII

## STATE, WAR AND NAVY.

IT used to be said that the State, War and Navy building was the largest office building in the world; but since the advent of the big skyscrapers, a more modest claim will suffice. Nevertheless, a building such as this is, with two miles of marble halls and over five hundred rooms is "some" building. As the records and archives are priceless and cannot be duplicated, the entire construction is fireproof.

The Navy Department is located in the east wing, the War Department in the West wing and the State Department in the South.

The Secretary of State occupies a sumptuous suite of offices on the second floor overlooking the park on the Potomac. The Diplomatic room, a long and stately room assigned to conferences with representatives of foreign governments, is perhaps the most interesting. Historical paintings of great value adorn its walls and make it well worth a visit. Among

Hon. Horace M. Towner,
Rep. 8th Dis., Iowa.

Hon. Adolph J. Sabath,
Rep. 5th Dis., Ill.

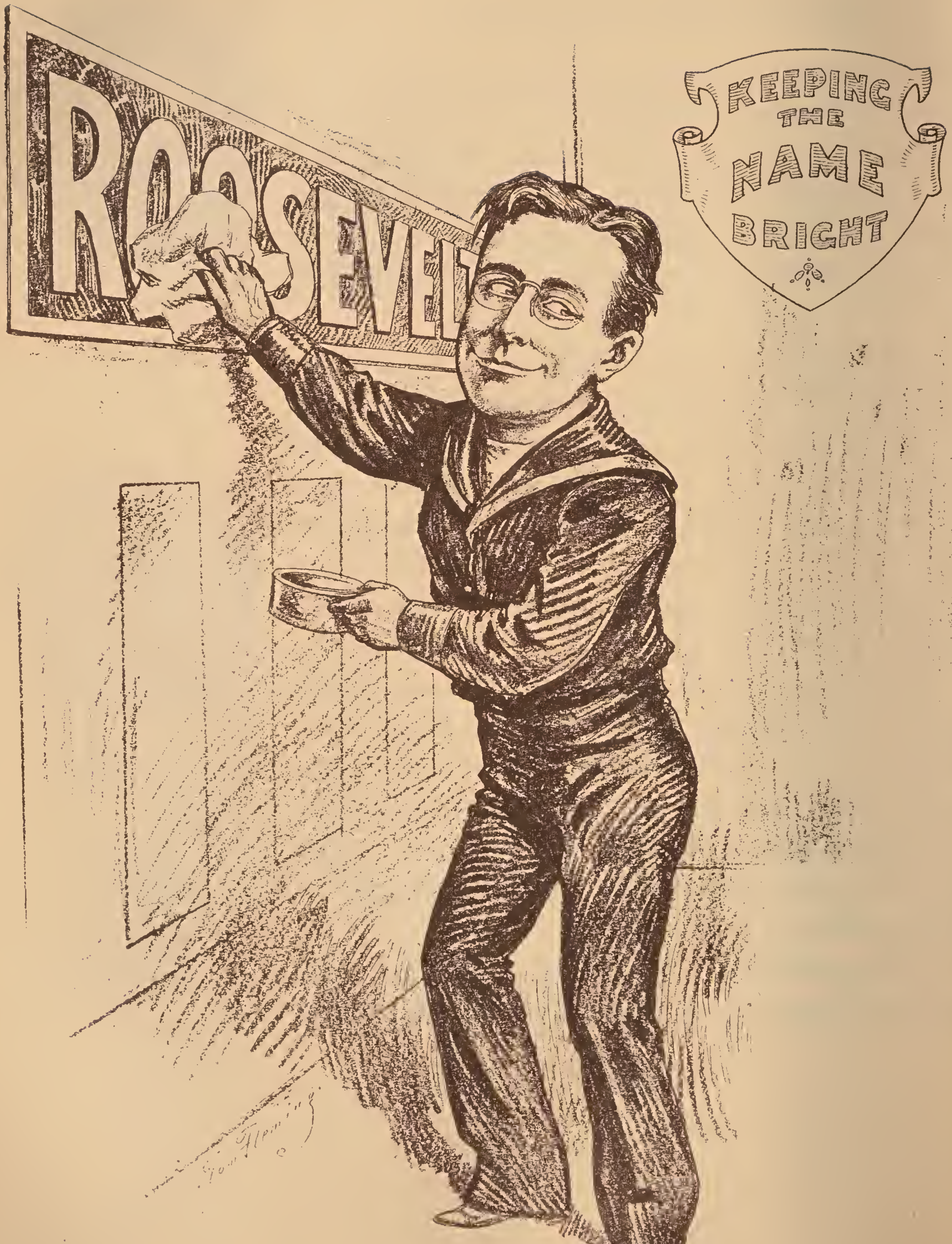
them are fine oil paintings of Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, William H. Seward, E. B. Washburne, Hamilton Fish, William M. Evarts, James G. Blaine, F. T. Frelinghuysen and John Hay; some of the Secretaries of State who have served Uncle Sam in days gone by.

A most entertaining room is one containing the Library of the State; for it contains, among other things of note, a fac simile of that much neglected document, the Declaration of Independence, the original of which is slowly disintegrating and fading away notwithstanding the efforts made to preserve it by hermetically sealing it between heavy plates of glass.

Hon. John T. Watkins,
Rep. 4th Dis., La.

Here may also be seen the sword of Washington (the Father of his country must have had an armory of swords) the identical and well attested sword he carried through all of his campaigns; and also the desk on which Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence.

Another curious exhibit in this room is a well preserved copy of the Pekin Gazette, the


ROOSEVELT
KEEPING THE NAME BRIGHT
Tom Fleming

## FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who is Assistant Secretary of the Navy, adds great lustre to a name already bright. In words somewhat similar to those in "Pinafore" it can be said:

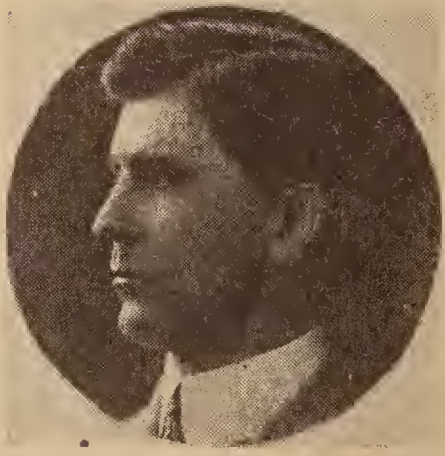
He polished up the name
So faith-ful-lee,
That now he is a ruler
Of a big Na-vee.

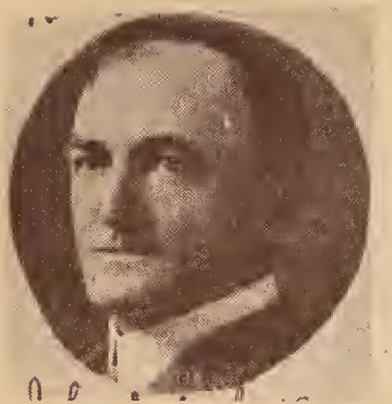
oldest newspaper in the world, having been issued daily since the eighth century—the original yellow journal.

The library is a very notable one, fully equal to that of Great Britain's in importance. It includes over sixty thousand books on international law, history, biography and diplomacy. The government has expended vast sums to secure the valuable works comprised in this collection. Forty-five thousand dollars were paid for the complete papers of Washington, which are bound into three hundred and thirty-six volumes. Twenty-five thousand dollars was the cost of the Madison papers, comprising seventy-five volumes. The records and papers of Jefferson, Monroe, Hamilton and Franklin, aggregating about two hundred and fifty-six volumes, cost over seventy-five thousand dollars.

The State Department is the depository for all the proclamations by the Executive, all engrossed copies of the laws of the United States, all treaties, pardons and the myriads of other records and archives.

Hon. C. B. Slemp,
Rep. 9th Dis., Va.

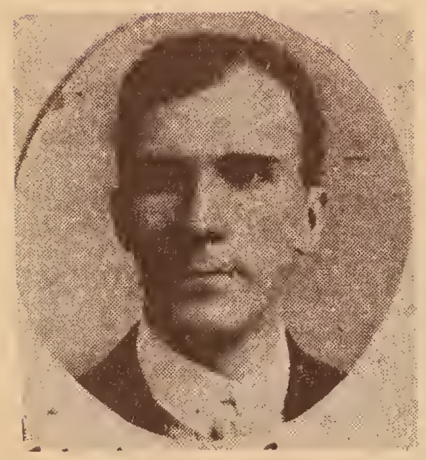

Hon. Claude U. Stone,
Rep. 16th Dis., Ill.



Hon. John I. Nolan,
6th Dis., Cal.

In the passage ways leading to the Navy Department are a number of very fine models of war ships of the navy. These always attract crowds of people and to the "land-lubber" are very instructive. A ship has to pass through the ten bureaus presided over by the Secretary of the Navy before it is a finished product. This is said to be the most efficient system that could be devised to strengthen a navy. The walls of the corridor to the Secretary of War's offices and the ante-room show portraits of former secretaries beginning with Washington's Secretary of War, Henry Knox. Well executed portraits of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan are also to be seen in this department.

The Headquarters of the Army, and the office of the Commander-in-Chief are to be found on the opposite side of the hall.



Hon. M. Clyde Kelly,
13th Dis., Pa.

In the War and Navy Departments certain officers are engaged steadily in keeping tab on the operations of the Mexican Federal and Constitutionalist forces which are keeping Mexico in a state of constant turmoil and which may, in the opinion of army experts, eventually

## MAJOR GENERAL LEONARD WOOD.

Maj. Gen. Dr. Wood is Chief of Staff of Uncle Sam's standing army. The appropriateness of this lies in the fact that Wood is the proper material to make a staff of. A former President wishing to secure suitable timber to frame up a new army organization, saw Wood. Deciding that Wood would do, he asked "would Wood accept?" Wood replied that he would. So Wood was elevated to the high post. His motto is—"Look up, when you leap."

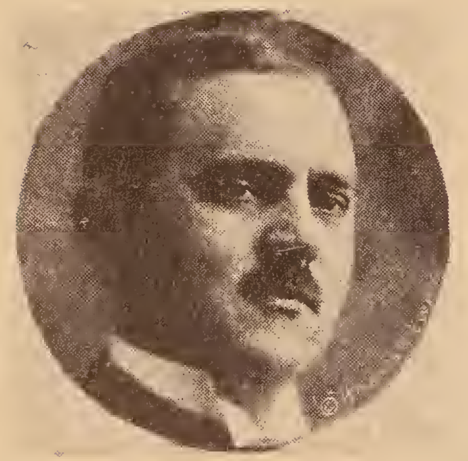
Gen. Wood, Champion of Ye Game of LEAP FROG
Tom Fleming 1913

Hon. William A. Oldfield,
Rep. 2nd Dis., Ark.

lead to intervention on the part of Uncle Sam. To be prepared for such a contingency, army and navy officers who have had service either as military or naval attaches or on war ships stationed in Mexican waters, have been assigned to the task of keeping a record on large maps, of every detachment and command of the warring forces, and their constantly changing locations.

The Revolutionists, or Constitutionalists as they prefer to be designated, are represented by blue-tacks, and the Federals by red ones. To these tacks are attached tags containing an enumeration in red ink of the number of troops in each force, and the number of guns and their calibre. All field artillery, machine guns and rapid-fire guns are designated with great minuteness. The names of commanding officers and their lieutenants are given in a large number of instances.

The condition of every mile of railroad track, of every bridge, viaduct and embankment in Mexico is noted, and the efficiency of the loco-



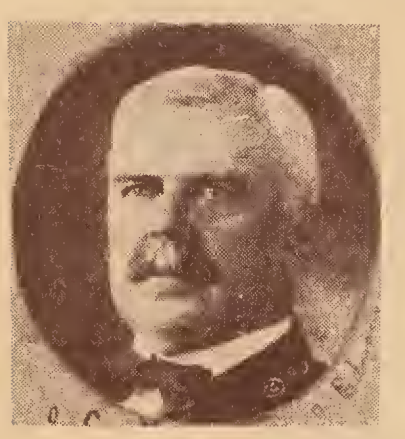
Hon. Ira C. Copley,
Rep. 11th Dis., Ill.

## SENATOR WILLARD SAULSBURY.

A distinguished member of the American House of Lords is the present Lord of Delaware—a big man from a small State. He makes less noise than his colleague, who is in the gunpowder business, nevertheless Willard spells Will-lord in Delaware. His motto is—"Better a Big-bug amongst little bugs, than a little bug amongst Big-bugs."

THE LORD OF DELAWARE
Tom Fleming
1913

Hon. John H. Small,
Rep. 1st Dis., N. C.



Hon. J. C. Floyd,
Rep. 3rd Dis., Ark.

motives and cars on all the railways is carefully and accurately denoted.

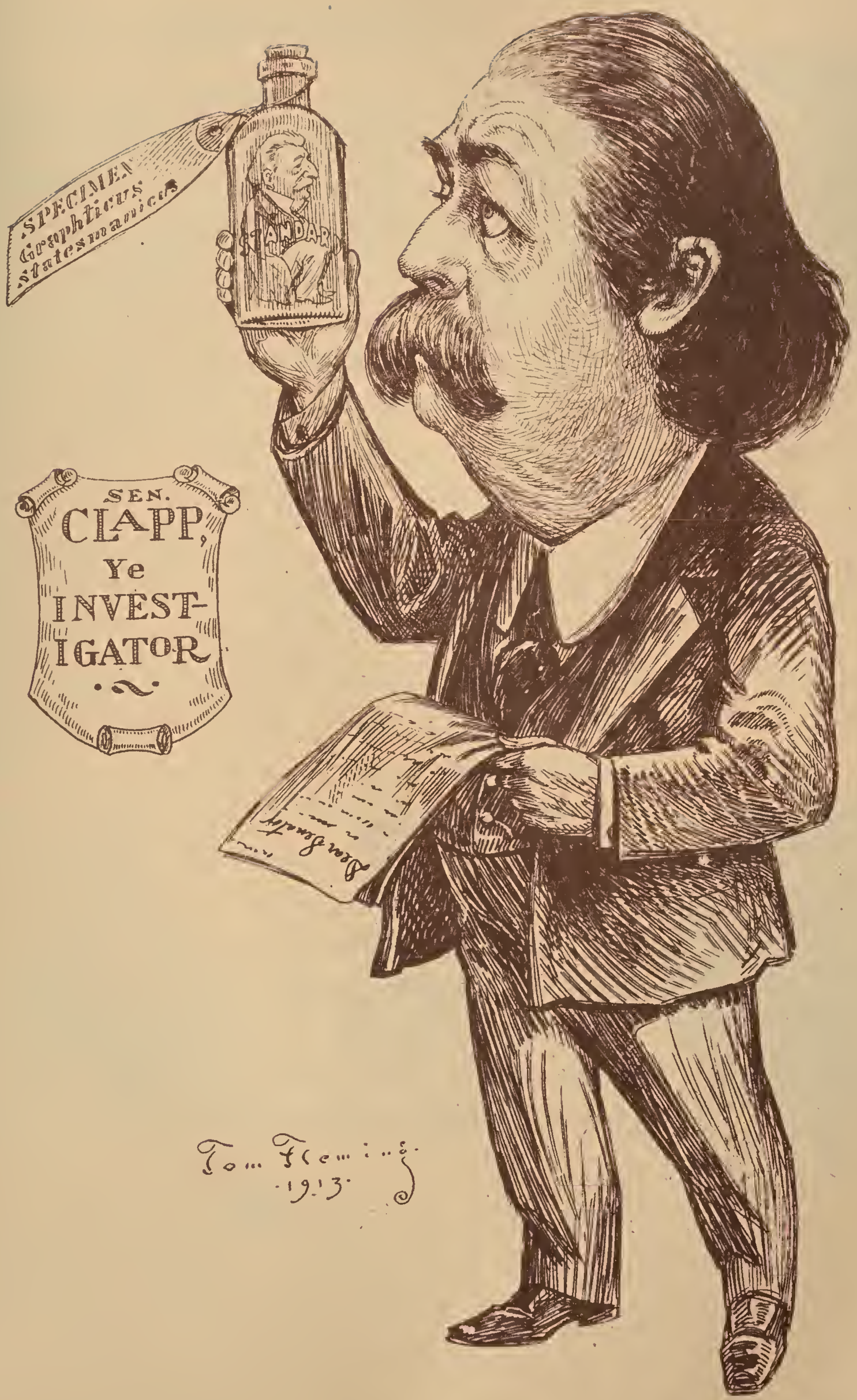
It is extremely interesting to know how all this information is collected. From army and navy officers and various secret agents of the United States government, much of this data is secured. Private advices from trustworthy persons residing in Mexico also furnish valuable information of great value in such records.

This work of obtaining military information has been in progress for some years. None of it may ever be utilized in the acutal conduct of war, but if there should ever come a time and a need for it, the knowledge so painstakingly secured may prove to be of inestimable value. The old axiom "In time of peace prepare for war" is religiously observed in Uncle Sam's War and Navy Departments.

The United States spends $100,000,000 a year on its army—two-thirds as much as France pays for hers. This large expenditure, when taken in connection with the smallness of our army, is hard to understand. General Leonard Wood says that notwithstanding this

## SENATOR MOSES E. CLAPP.

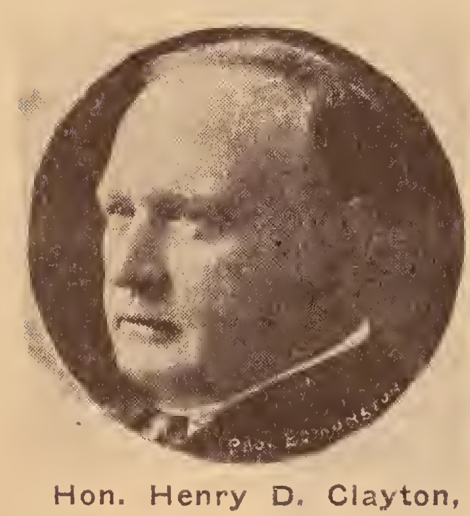
Moses struck the rock and brought forth a stream of water—but it was left to the modern Moses to strike the Rockefeller; and lo!—there issued forth a turgid and rancid stream of oil. The Senator, being a true Progressive, believes in progress. He believes that the progress of bribe-tainted Senators *out* of the Senate can be greatly accelerated by the judicious use of oiled letters. In his pursuit of this class of game, he has captured many choice specimens which he has preserved in oil for the delectation and scrutiny of future generations, hoping thereby to prove the truth of the old proverb—"The wicked stand in Standard Oil places, which are slippery."


SPECIMEN
Graphticus
statesmanicus
STANDAR
SEN.
CLAPP,
Ye
INVEST-
IGATOR
Tom Fleming
1913

Hon. James D. Post,
Rep. 7th Dis., Ohio.

great outlay, we have no decent army. He declares that if the department was properly and efficiently managed an army of 450,000 men could be maintained on this big sum; that Uncle Sam could be a big mogul among the war-lords of the world, and occupy a commanding place at the war-councils of the nations—but there are members of Congress who differ with him.

The army now has about seventy-five thousand regulars and about one hundred and twenty thousand militia available. The army is replenished by men enlisted for three-year periods. The dignitaries of the army think we ought to imitate European countries and maintain a great standing army commensurate with Uncle Sam's importance in the family of nations. To accomplish this purpose we have periodical war scares in the yellow journals. Japan is getting ready to land a couple of million of men on our coast and knock us all into a cocked hat. Our Monroe Doctrine will some day embroil us with a European power who will land a monster army on the beach at Coney Island, or Atlantic City and knock smithereens out of us. But



Hon. Henry D. Clayton,
Rep. 3rd Dis., Ala.

## STATE, WAR AND NAVY.

Hon. Porter G. Ten Eyck,
Rep. 28th Dis., N. Y.

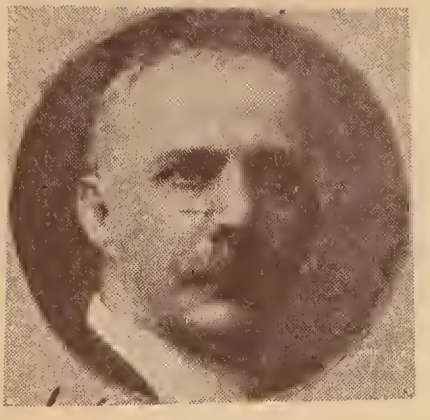
Uncle Sam doesn't seem to scare much. He wonders if these military sharps ever take into account the number of ships necessary to transport a big army with its necessary supplies and ammunition across the stormy oceans. And also the very important question as to what our navy would be doing in the meantime. Modern wars are decided by the biggest war chests, and Uncle Sam is rich—very rich.

It is not surprising to find that our Military Doctors should decide that the army is sick—that's the business of a doctor. On the other hand it makes a man vastly more important to have command of 450,000 men, rather than a mere corporal's guard of 75,000.

Hon. Thomas Konop,
Rep. 9th Dis., Wis.

# CHAPTER XXXIII

## UNCLE SAM'S PRINT SHOP.



Hon. C. O. Lobeck,
Rep. 2nd Dis., Neb.

THE art of printing is the art preservative of all the arts, including the art of oratory as practiced in the Halls of Congress, where "leave to print" is so often the powerful ally of many a tongue-tied Demosthenes who might otherwise perish were it not for that famous oratorical life-saving station, The Congressional Record.

No other periodical has so large or so fine a home, for Uncle Sam's print-shop is the largest and finest in the world. It cost the tidy sum of sixteen million dollars to build and equip.

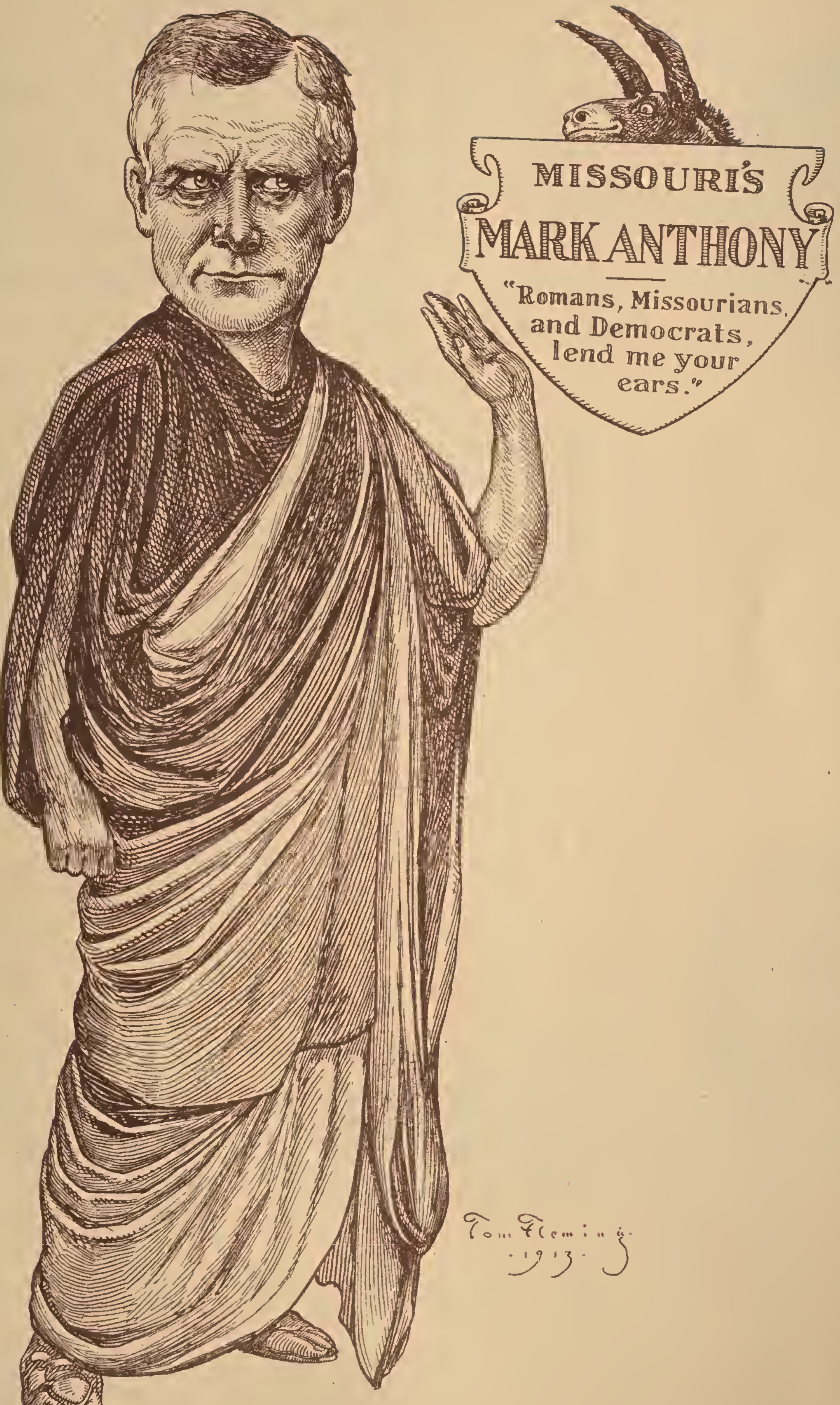
Hon. Egan R. Kriess,
Rep. 15th Dis., Pa.

Besides the daily Congressional Record, it produces a score of daily, weekly, monthly and yearly publications. Its operations are on a truly enormous scale. In one year it set up one million and a quarter pages of type matter, printed over three billion pages and bound over a million and three-quarter copies of various books and pamphlets.

It consumes over a million dollars' worth of

## SENATOR JAMES A. REED.

Julius Caesar had his Mark Anthony and Champ Clark had his Senator Reed. A great tragedy was enacted when the Missouri Champ was slain in the Democratic Convention Forum. "Et tu Brute"—"Bryan you brute!" he exclaimed as he counted the conspirators daggers sticking in him. His faithful Mark Anthony Reed was disconsolate. "Romans, Italians, Missourians!" he beseeched, "lend me your ears." But the Democratic donkey shrieked a mocking "Hee Haw!" as he galloped off with his ears in the direction of the Wilson stables. Mark Anthony was bent, but not broken. A Reed will bend without breaking.


MISSOURI'S
MARK ANTHONY
"Romans, Missourians, and Democrats, lend me your ears."
Tom Fleming 1913

Hon. Andrew J. Volstead,
7th Dis., Minn.

paper annually. The waste paper sold amounts to forty thousand dollars worth in a twelvemonth, while twenty-five tons of printers' ink are used on its labrynth of printing presses. In one room can be counted ninety linotype machines in operation, and in another room the roar of eighty-eight presses can be heard whose output is over a million copies an hour. These presses are the finest built, equipped with all modern appliances, and are run by individual electric motors.

President Wilson recently transmitted a lengthy document to Congress. In two days it was printed and in the hands of every member of Congress, and every member of the press in Washington. It comprised over two hundred and fifty pages, illustrated with twenty-five half-tone engravings. An ordinary printing establishment would require at least a week to produce a similar work.

Printing the Congressional Record, with its accompanient printing of committee reports, hearings, and bills, amounts to a trifle over two million dollars a year.

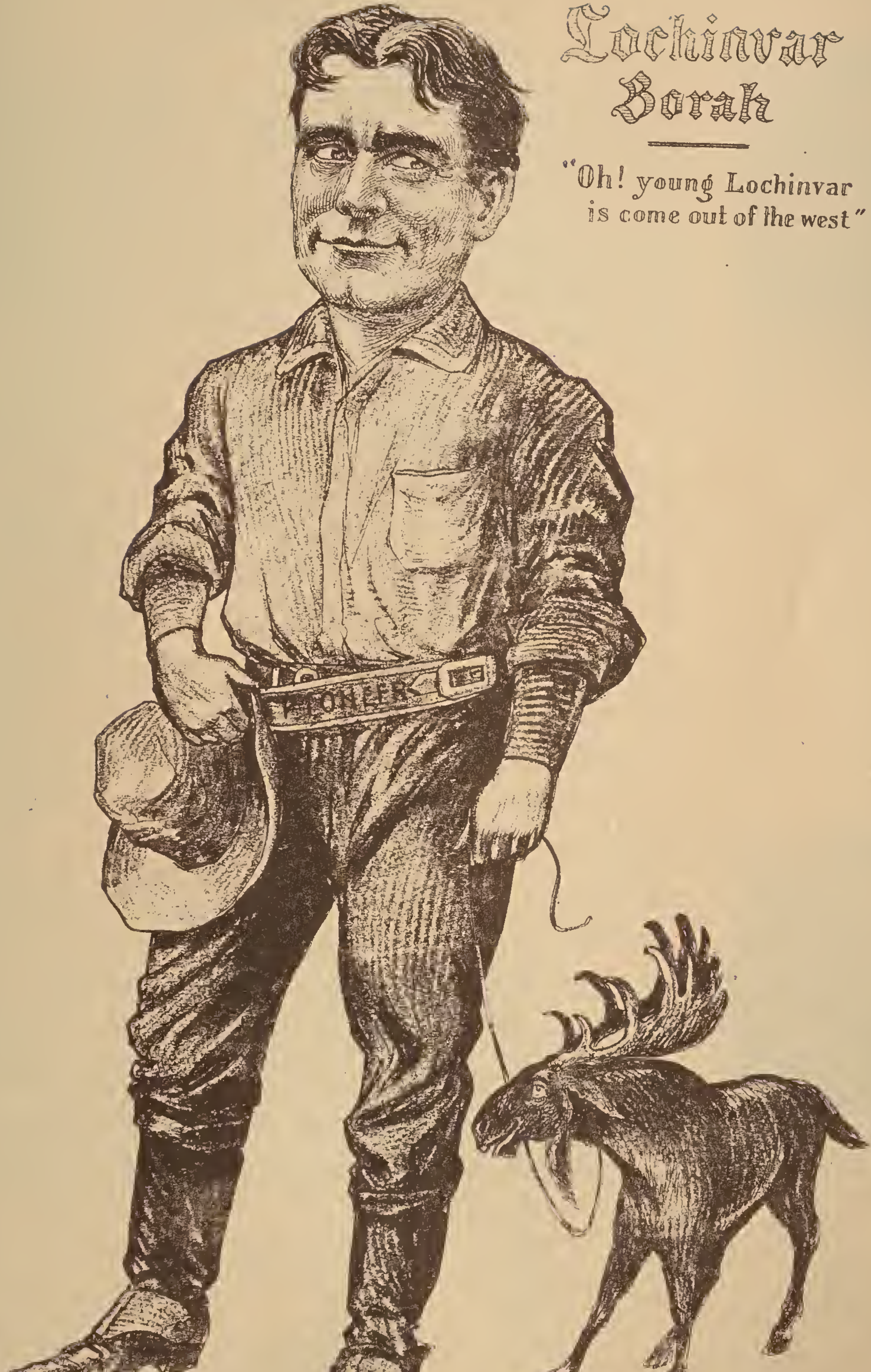
Hon. William Kettner,
Rep. 11th Dis., Cal.

## SENATOR WILLIAM EDGAR BORAH.

A new Lochinvar is come out of the west. His name is Borah, and his State is Idaho. The wise men of the east have prophesied that he is to lead his tribe back to the promised land where there is a beautiful maiden awaiting him in a castle painted white. His motto is—"A Bull Moose on a string is worth two in the woods."

# Lochinvar Borah

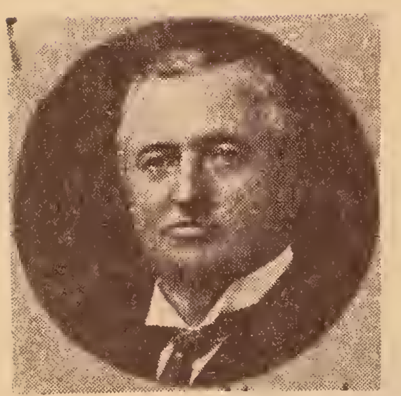
"Oh! young Lochinvar
is come out of the west"



Hon. John J. Esch,
Rep. 7th Dis., Wis.

The Patent Office makes heavy demands on the resources of the Public Printer. Printing the Patent Office Gazette, a weekly, containing drawings and specifications of all patents issued, and all the trade-marks granted during the week would alone seriously tax the capacity of any first-class printing plant.

The annual Year-Book issued by the Department of Agriculture is a no inconsiderable item in the output of the Printing bureau. Five hundred thousand copies of this elaborate work are turned out annually. It consists of eight hundred pages, illustrated with beautiful plates in color of various fruits grown in the United States, as well as a great number of elaborate half-tone engravings. Such a work would probably sell for five dollars a copy. Each volume weighs approximately three pounds and is particularly well bound. It is one of the most useful and valuable books produced and distributed by the government, and is highly appreciated by the intelligent farmers who get it through the agency of their local Congressmen.



Hon. William Kennedy,
Rep. 5th Dis., Conn.

The greatest feat in printing ever undertaken

## SENATOR WILLIAM HUGHES.

United States Senator Hughes is a well known figure at the Capitol, but as "Billy" Hughes, he is far better known in New Jersey, where he resides. In a metaphorical sense, he plays first fiddle in the Administration Orchestra and it is a certainty that he is never out of tune. His many friends in the Senate declare that he's the most popular Bill that ever passed from the House to the Senate chamber. His motto is—"The President is always right, but right or wrong, I'm with the President."

A FIRST FIDDLE IN THE SENATE ORCHESTRA

Hon. Frank L. Green,
Rep. 1st Dis., Vt.

was that which was accomplished when the Government Printing bureau produced The War of the Rebellion Records. This stupendous work consisted of one hundred and twenty-eight volumes, containing more than a hundred thousand pages. The entire edition reached the big figures of one million and a half of volumes.

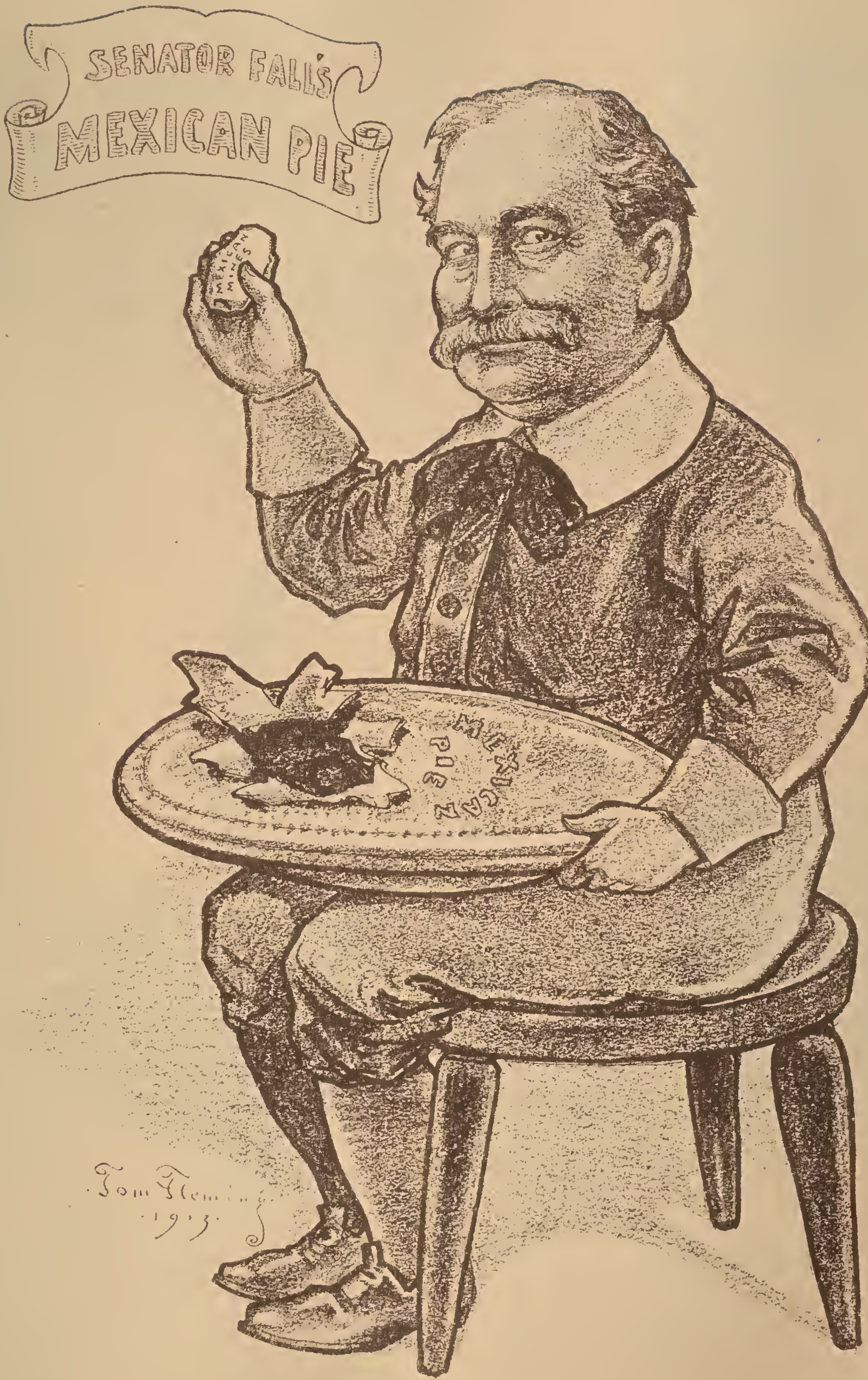
So accurately are the accounts of the plant kept that the head of the bureau is made acquainted with the costs of operation at the close of each day. This enables him to shape his operations to suit the amount appropriated for use during the fiscal year. It is safe to say that the government printing office was never run so economically and so efficiently as it is today and notwithstanding the half million dollars which the government demands for holidays and leaves of absence, it compares favorably with any printing plant in the country.

Hon. Albert Johnson,
Rep. 2nd Dis., Wash.

What is particularly needed at the Government Printery is an able and consciencious editor who knows how to use a blue pencil. It was disclosed in a recent investigation into the

## SENATOR ALBERT FALL.

Little Al Fall,
Sat in the Hall,
Grasping his Mexican pie.
He put in his thumb,
Plucked out a plum;
"Oh! What a sly boy am I!"


SENATOR FALL'S
MEXICAN PIE
MEXICAN MINES
MEXICAN PIE
Tom Fleming
1913

Hon. Otis Wingo,
Rep. 4th Dis., Ark.

cost of printing that two-thirds of the public documents printed could be blue-penciled to half of their dimensions without impairing their value.

Brevity is the soul of wit—just as much in Uncle Sam's Printery as anywhere else.

Hon. F. D. Tess,
Rep. 6th Dis., Ohio.

# CHAPTER XXXIV

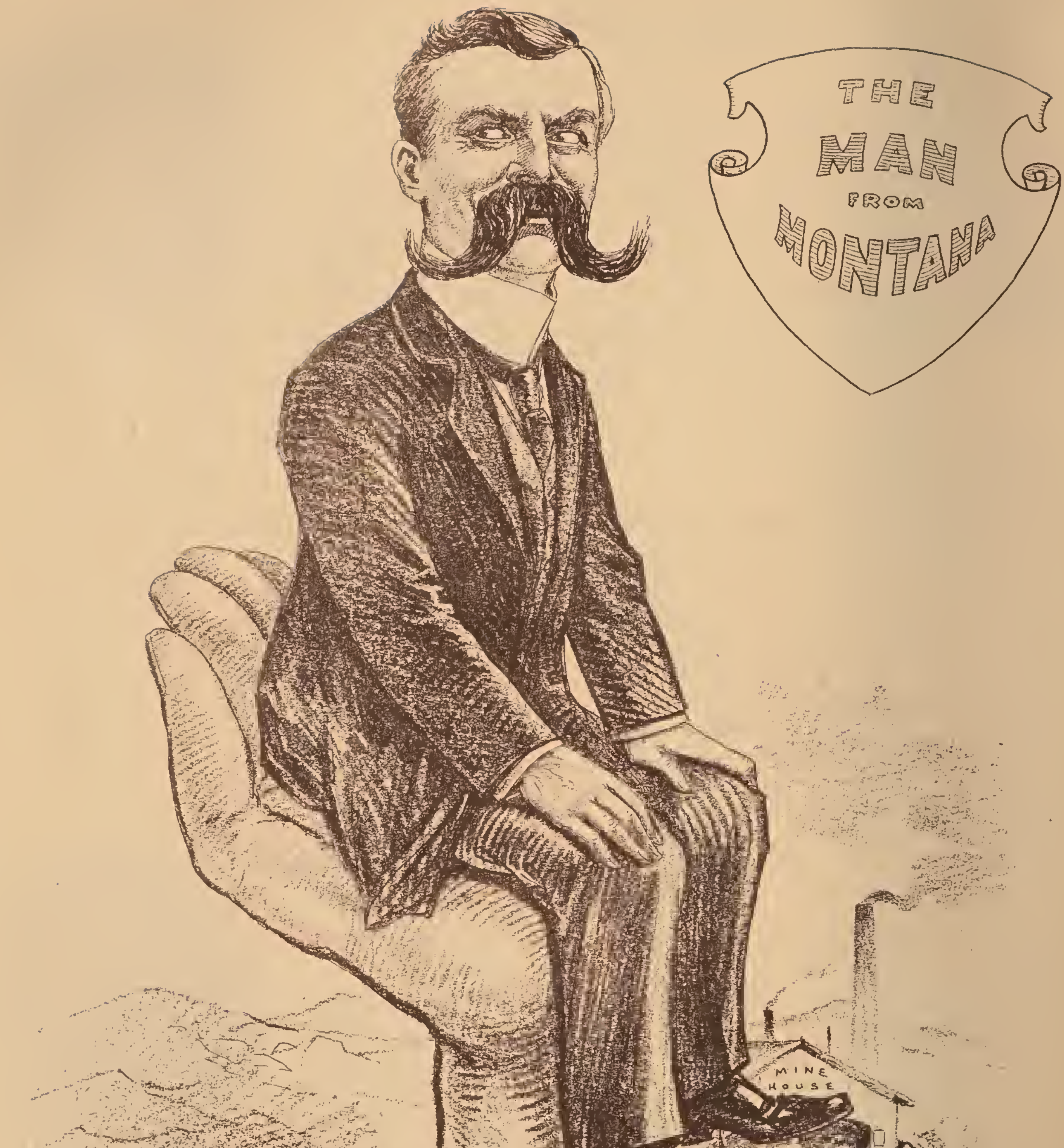
## THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

SOME ten years ago the McMillan Park commission, composed of four of the most eminent architects and artists of America, unanimously agreed upon a situation upon the banks of the Potomac river whereon to erect a suitabe memorial to Abraham Lincoln. After the fiercest battle fought in many a year on the floor of the House of Representatives it was finally decided to appropriate $2,000,000 for the purpose.

Hon. Finley Gray,
Rep. 1st Dis., Ind.

In 1911 a commission known as the Lincoln Memorial Commission, having with rare good judgment considered the confusion that ensues when there is a competition of many designs, determined to avoid any such unhappy contingency and selected Henry Bacon, the talented New York architect, to plan the proposed memorial. This plan provides for the erection of an exquisite structure of white marble fashioned upon the beautiful lines of ancient Greek art as exemplified in the Parthenon of the

Hon. Irwin S. Pepper,
2nd Dis., Iowa.


THE MAN FROM MONTANA
MINE HOUSE
THE MINERS OF MONTANA

## SENATOR T. J. WALSH.

From the bowels of Montana's earth come great treasures. The mighty arm of Labor has performed a great task in uplifting this far-western State to an enviable height through the development of its great mineral resources. It has likewise elevated a number of its worthy citizens, chief amongst whom is Senator Walsh, who is familiarly known as "The man from Montana."

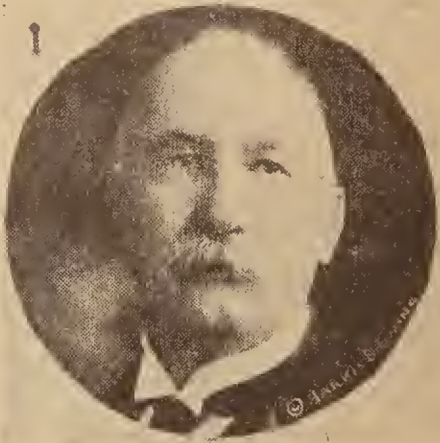
Acropolis at Athens. Its interior dimensions will be one hundred and thirty feet long, sixty feet wide and sixty feet from the floor to the ceiling. In the centre of the west hall, will be placed an heroic statute of Lincoln. In the centre of the north wall will be displayed the text of the celebrated Gettysburg address, while in a corresponding position on the south wall will be set a memorial of Lincoln's second inaugural address.

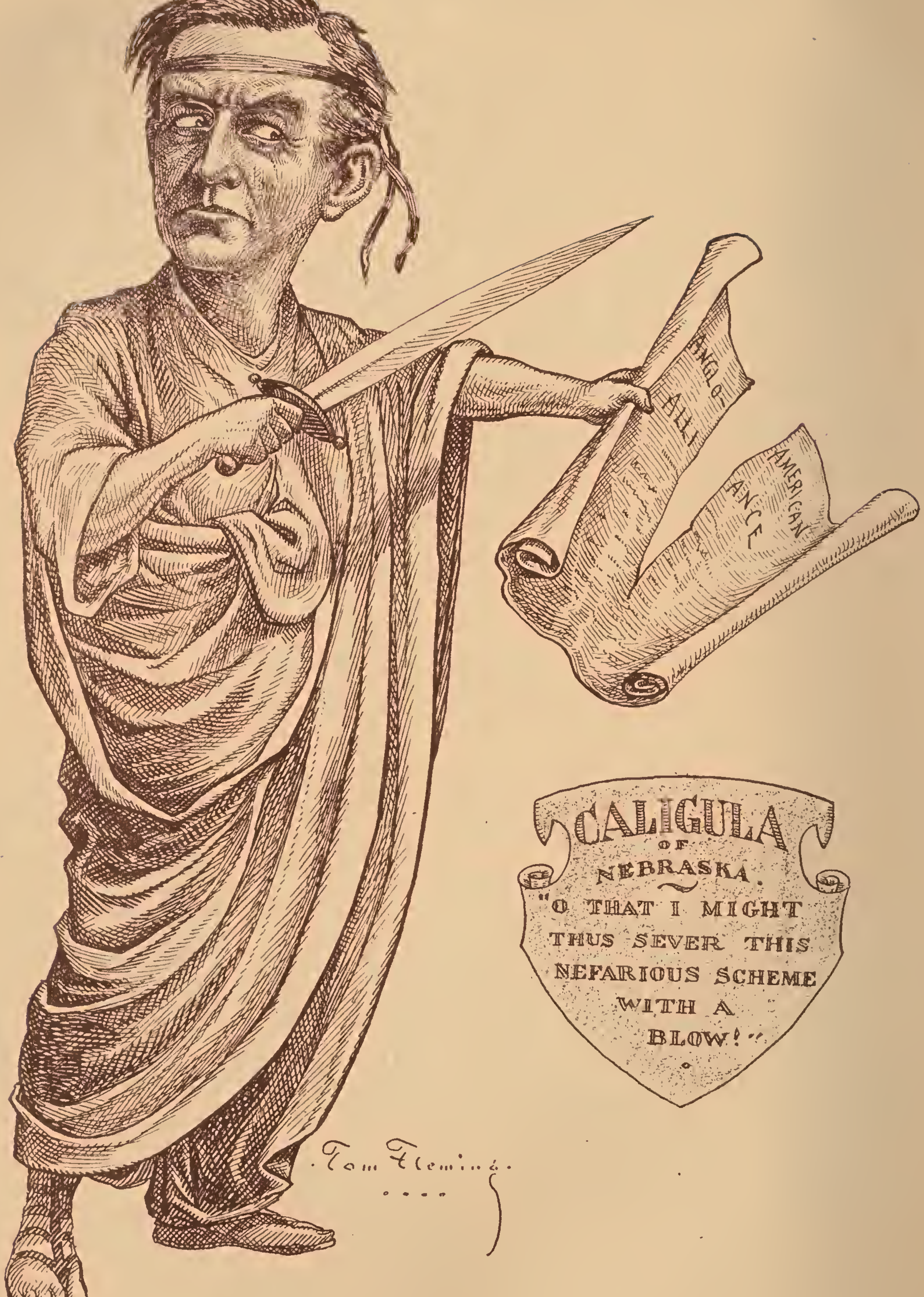
Hon. Manuel Earnshaw,
Delegate, Philippine Islands.

Across the hall from east to west, screening the statue as it were from the mural memorials, will be a colonnade of pillars of Ionic type. This is done to relieve the emptiness of the hall and to isolate the memorials and make the tablets more impressive.

East of the memorial will be a large lagoon on the reflective surface of which will be mirrored the white marble structure in all its beauty of Greek design.

The memorial structure is designed to surmount a series of terraces of which the lowest will be circular in form with a diameter of one thousand feet. The topmost terrace, set in the


Hon. G. W. Taylor,
Rep. 1st Dis., Ala.


ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLI ANCE
CALIGULA OF NEBRASKA.
"O THAT I MIGHT THUS SEVER THIS NEFARIOUS SCHEME WITH A BLOW!"
Tom Fleming

## SENATOR GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK.

Caligula, the Roman Emperor, wished that all his enemies had but one throat that he might cut it with a stroke. The Nebraska Senator has the same sanguinary impulse regarding the Tobacco Trust. Latterly he has manifested a patriotic impulse to slash the "Anglo-American Arbitration Alliance" proposition. His motto is—"Down with Arbi-Traitors!"

centre of this great circle, will be in the form of a rectangle, with its long side facing the Capitol. It will be ascended by thirteen steps, symbolical of the thirteen original states of the Union.

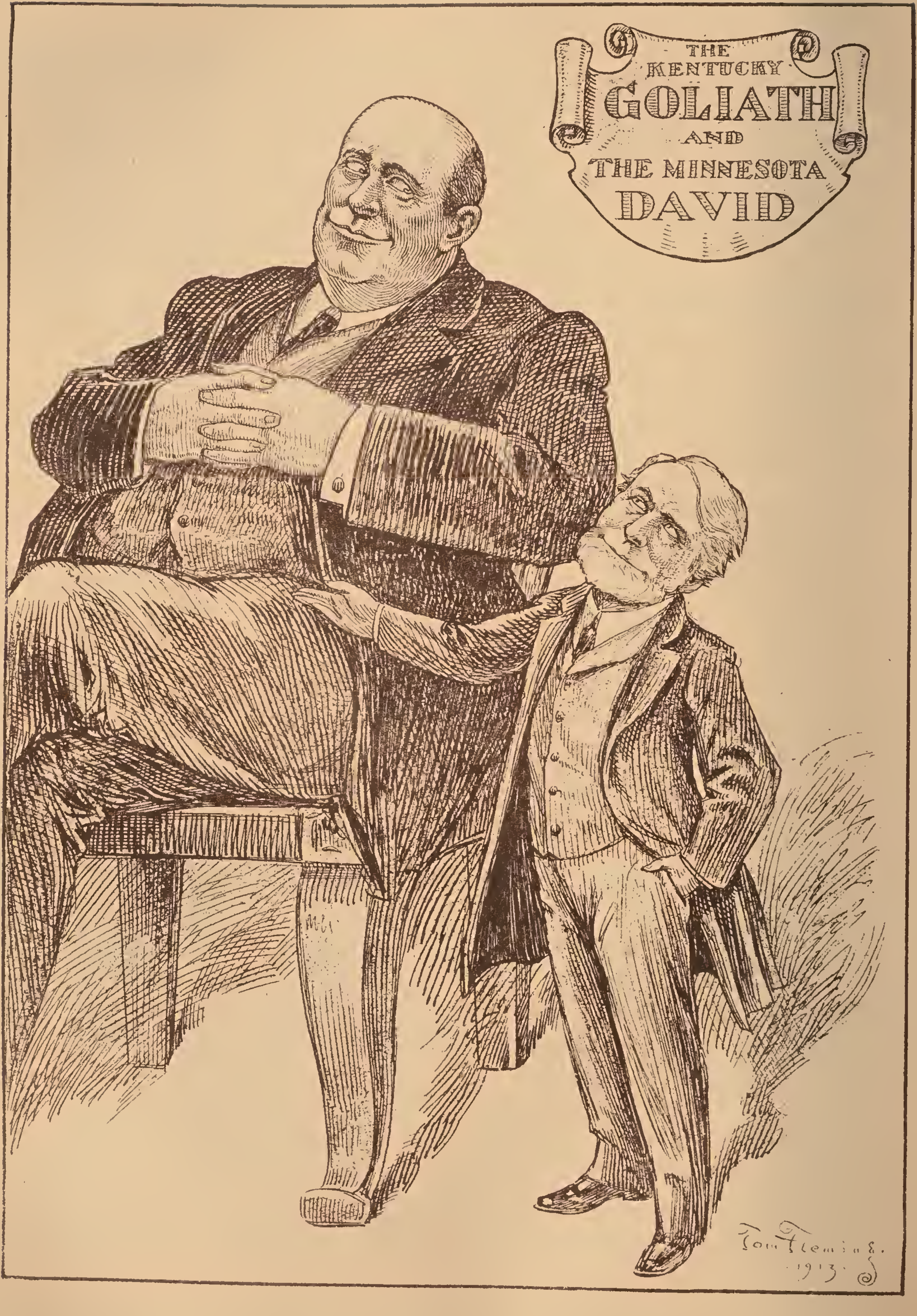
Hon. Edward Taylor, Com.-at-Large, Colo.

A stately colonnade of thirty-six columns, each forty feet in height and six feet, nine inches in diameter at the base, will occupy the floor of this rectangular terrace. They will be emblematic of the thirty-six states in the Union at the time of Lincoln's death.

The design of the Lincoln Memorial, by withdrawing into the seclusion of a monumental hall the statue of Lincoln and memorials of his two great speeches, and by placing in this hall, expressing in its interior the Union, in the seclusion of an area surrounded by groves of trees, bordered by the Potomac river and related to the monument to Washington, will have a significance not possible on any other site in the United States.

Hon. Samuel Wallin, Rep. 13th Dis., N. Y.

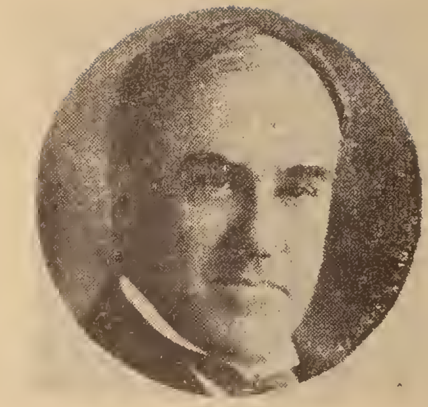
Regarding the fitness of the Greek character of the design, there has been no type better fitted for this purpose than that shown in the


THE KENTUCKY GOLIATH AND THE MINNESOTA DAVID
Tom Fleming. 1913.

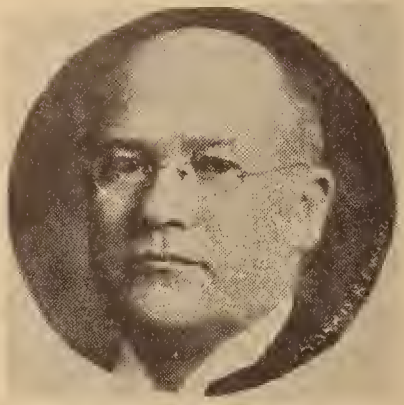
## OLLIE MERLE JAMES—KNUTE NELSON.

Had the David and Goliath of ancient times the peaceful and amiable qualities of the modern Goliath and David of the United States Senate, there never would have been the sanguinary scrap so famous in history. Although they both come from fighting states, they are not fighters. There is a noted fighting namesake of Nelson in Minnesota, with the pugnacious name of "Batler," but he's no relation of the famous Senator. As for Ollie, he is too fleshy, obese, bulky, stout, sebaceous, and fat to fight.

marvelous conception of the famed Greek artists. In whatever relates to artistic expression, whether in poetry, in eloquence, in sculpture, or in architecture, who is there in the world that can surpass the ancient Greeks? While few remnants of Greek architecture have survived the hand of the barbarian and the ravages of time, yet when we come to view their fragments today, broken and mutilated though they be, we stand enthralled in wonder and admiration.


Hon. Benj. G. Humphreys,
Rep. 3rd Dis., Miss.

Than the majestic column of the Greek there is nothing more beautiful in the realms of architecture. The Greek column is eloquent. It illustrates dignity, beauty, simplicity and strength. And however the soul of Lincoln might have been chiseled in its making, as he finally developed, every one of those elements were represented in his noble character.


Hon. William R. Smith,
Rep. 17th Dis., Texas.

Apart from its artistic advantages, there is a sentimental side to the selection of the site for a memorial to the Great Liberator. As he sat in the White House upon a spot over which his eyes used to look longingly and yearningly tow-

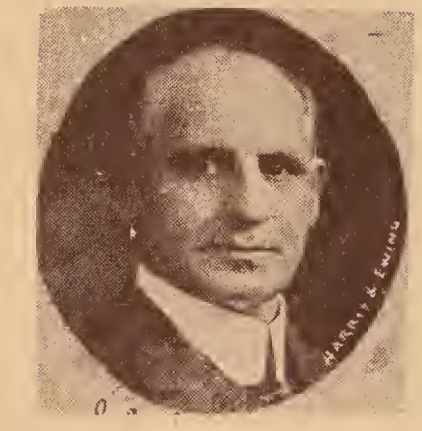
Hon. George F. O'Shanessy,
1st Dis., R. I.

ard that part of the Union which he was bending every energy to keep as a part of our common country, the location of his monument is especially felicitous.

The view from the White House windows, looking towards the hills and valleys of Old Virginia, over the Potomac, will encompass the beautiful marble memorial in its scope and ever serve to recall the memory of the man in whose honor it is erected.

That sentiment is by no means dead within the Halls of Congress was evinced during the days in which the project of erecting the memorial was debated.

"The Roman city gives a striking example," said Representative Kahn, from the cultured district of San Francisco. "I recall that somewhere near the Forum stands the Arch of Titus. It is scarred and weather-beaten, for it has braved the elements since the first century of the Christan Era. The surrounding buildings have crumbled into dust, but that Arch still stands, a mute reminder of the eventful history of Titus. Near by stands the ruins of the



Hon. John M. Evans,
Cong.-at-Large, Mont.

Coliseum, built by this same Titus, but now crumbling, moldering; the lizards and bats its sole inhabitants. Close by stands the Arch of Constantine, well preserved through the ages. There, too, the columns of Trajan and Hadrian still rear their lofty tops after centuries."

**Hon. George McClellan**
**Rep., 27th Dist., N. Y.**

The tributes to Lincoln during this memorable debate were many; and the final decision by Congress to appropriate a large sum of money to erect the memorial was a lasting proof of the Nation's grateful appreciation.

The philosophy of a life like Lincoln's takes hold upon millions. It abides in the hearts of men.

Born in wretched poverty, he has been numbered with the greatest of the earth.

Never in his lifetime regarded as an orator, his Gettysburg address alone, will never die.

Never educated, he is conceded to have been one of the wisest of men.

**Hon. Bird S. McGuire**
**Rep., 1st Dist., Okla.**

Never a trained soldier, he commanded in war greater armies than any general or monarch.

The humblest of men, it fell to him in an hour

Hon. Augustine Lonergon
Rep. 1st Dist., Conn.

of crushing responsibility, by the stroke of a pen to forever extinguish slavery in the land of the free.

There is no obscurity in the philosophy of such a life. Its lessons are for all. From the honored Lincoln we should take increased devotion to that cause for which he gave the last full measure of devotion, that this nation under God should have a new birth of freedom, and that Government of the People, by the People, and for the People, should not perish from the earth.

Hon. Charles D. Carter
Rep. 3rd Dist., Okla.

# CHAPTER XXXV

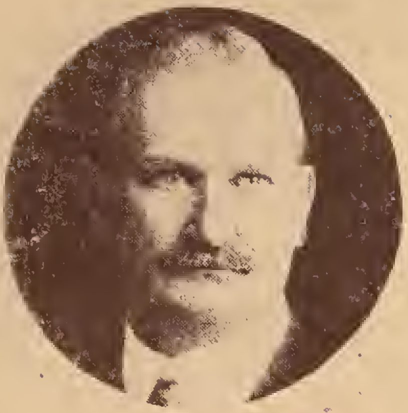
## THE PENSION BUREAU.

A FAMOUS General once epitomized war as a sort of brimstone and phosphorus affair. This characterization was doubtless correct regarding its immediate effects, but until the advent of the Pension system nobody suspected that it was so enduring in its results.

The Civil War was ended some fifty years ago, but Uncle Sam is still paying the bill in the shape of pensions to the cripples of that war, who seem to be steadily increasing in numbers as the years progress.

The last annual pension bill, of 1913, appropriated the neat little sum of $180,000,000 to help keep the wolves from the doors of the long-lived relics of the days of '61. As a superinducement to longevity, Uncle Sam's Pension Bureau is unsurpassed.

The Pension Building is an immense structure covering an area of 200x400 feet. The roof of iron and glass is sustained by enormous columns of brick construction. Each column



Hon. Willis C. Hawley
Rep., 1st Dist., Ore.

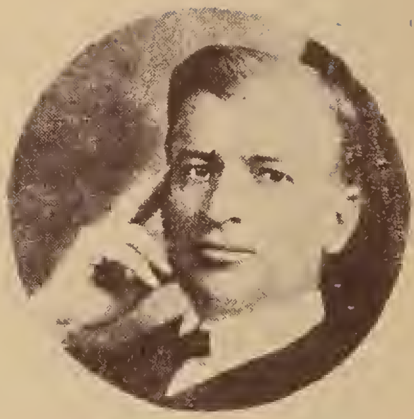
Hon. Henry G. Dupre
Rep., 2nd Dist., La.

contains over 55,000 bricks which rest on a foundation 18 feet below the floor. Some idea of the spacious interior may be had from the fact that it measures 75 feet from floor to roof. The floor space is filled with rows of cabinets, in which are filed the hundreds of thousands of pension documents. Over 2,000 clerks are required to conduct this immense bureau.

There are at present almost a million names on the Pension list and it will soon require $200,000,000 a year to meet the steadily increasing demands of the Bureau.

The pension roll should be a roll of honor, and everyone entitled to a pension should be considered as being in the honorable class. But there are many names on the roll that should be expunged from it.

In the year 1911, $2,500,000 was recovered from fraudulent recipients and fifty-one pensioners were convicted of fraud. In a recent investigation a number of pensioners were found to have been army deserters during the war. A number of men who were dishonorably discharged for desertion, drunkenness, em-



Hon. Howard Sutherland
Rep., W. Va.

Hon. Leonidas C. Dyer
Rep., 12th Dist., Mo.

bezzlement, homicide, or cowardice have lately been detected by the Bureau. One of these men had been branded on the body with "D"—deserter. Another, a Major, had been court-martialed and dismissed from the service for failing to advance in battle. He was found snugly ensconced in the pension-roll drawing a comfortable allowance from the government he had so dishonorably served in its time of need. Another official, a Captain, had been a beneficiary on the roll, although his record upon investigation showed that he had been dismissed from the service for abandoning his command in the face of the enemy.

By making the pension-roll public all these derelictions would be made impossible. Publicity is a great corrector of evil. Turn on the light and the rats will all run to cover.

An old soldier on a visit to Washington, happened in at the Pension Building one afternoon. He was spare of build and inclined to limp somewhat, as if at sometime in his earlier life he had been severely wounded and the intervening years had not palliated the injury to any great extent.

**Hon. Charles M. Thompson**
**Rep. 10th Dist., Ill.**

He looked about the vast structure in a most interested way. The monster brick pillars in the centre of the big barn-like interior, riveted his attention. They seemed disproportionately large for the apparently light burden they supported. Approaching the attendant who stood guard at the great doorway, he saluted after the manner of a soldier to his superior officer.

In response to the old man's queries for information regarding the famous building, the attendant replied: "A great lot of fun has been poked at this building, but it's a grand old structure. Twenty thousand people assembled here on the occasion of the last Inaugural Ball."

"But the new administration doesn't believe in 'Turkey-trots' and 'Tango's,'" chuckled the old man.

"They used to call it General Meig's barn,—'Turkey-trots' ought to go in a barn," laughingly retorted the attendant.

"Speaking of barns, what do you keep in all those 'pigeon' holes?" inquired the old soldier, indicating case after case which seemed to fill the ground floor.

**Hon. George C. Scott**
**Rep. 11th Dist., Iowa**

"Those are the repositories for hundreds of thousands of documents relating to pensions, and so perfect is the system that within five minutes after inquiry the entire record of a pension case may be ascertained."

"And I suppose there's many a fraudulent claim secreted among the lot," jocosely remarked the old soldier.

"Those cabinets contain the records of thousands of deeds of heroism," quickly retorted the attendant, who drew himself up in pride at the thought.

"And they also contain thousands of arguments against war," sententiously remarked the old soldier as he departed, leaning on his cane as he limped along.

# CHAPTER XXXVI

## THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

TO make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before—that that is the purpose of Uncle Sam's Agricultural Department. In 1865, the yield of wheat per acre was ten bushels. To day it is fifty per cent. greater Fifty years ago corn yielded twenty-five bushels per acre, now over fifty bushels can be raised in an average year, and all other crops show the same proportionate increase.

Hon. Thadeus Caraway
Rep., 1st Dist., Ark.

The Bureau of Soils has completed the survey of over two hundred and fifty thousand square miles broadcast, and has catalogued more than eight hundred soil types. The Agricultural Department wants to know the likes and dislikes of every acre.

This is their method: A soil expert from Washington bores a three-foot hole in a farmers' corn field, to the farmers' amazement. His curious-looking auger brings up a cylinder of soil which the expert carefully preserves and analyzes strata by strata. He figures on its

## DAVID FRANKLIN HOUSTON.

The Secretary of Agriculture hails from the State of Houn' Dawgs, Mules and people who demand to be shown. Although a native of South Carolina, he has imbibed the main characteristic of his adopted State, and wants to be shown why the farmers are not living in marble palaces as a result of the high prices for hogs and garden-sass. Although only a theoretical farmer, he has many practical ideas about farming, believing in the rotation of crops to such an extent that he advises the raising of mortgages after the raising of prices. His motto is—"Don't count your government seeds before they sprout."

UNCLE SAM'S
OFFICIAL
FARMER
Tom Fleming
·1913·

Hon. George C. Perkins
U. S. Senator, Cal.

geological character, tests it scientifically, and files the information away in his card-index. Then if the farmer is up-to-date he will carefully read the Farmer's Bulletin, sent to him at the request of his Congressman, and learn more about the soil of his farm than he ever dreamed of, and furthermore, he will learn that the Government has shown him a way whereby he can almost double his crops by a judicious application of nitrates and phosphates; or he can learn that instead of turning out five per cent. dividends by raising corn, he can earn twenty per cent. by growing peas.

The old idea was that an acre of ordinary soil could grow anything. It is the purpose of the Department of Agriculture to show that every acre is especially adapted to some special crop.

Hon. George E. Gorman
Rep. 3rd Dist., Ill.

It is an unquestionable fact that the crops are not keeping pace with the growth of population. Our wheat crops are called "bumper" but they only average about six million bushels more than a decade ago, while the population has increased over twenty millions. The way

Hon. Lawrence B. Stringer
Rep.-at-Large, Ill.

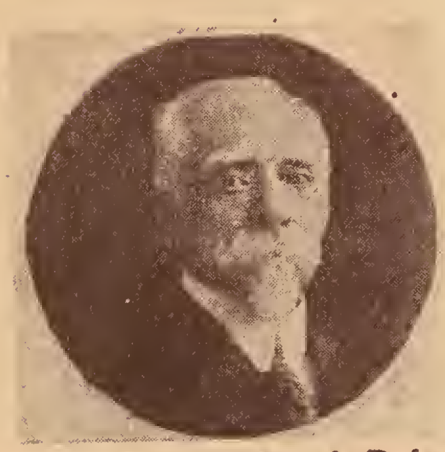
to combat this menace is to spread the gospel of good farming, which the Department is doing by means of bulletins, reports and circulars. The Bureau of Statistics has a corps of almost one hundred and forty thousand crop reporters who gather and publish information respecting the area and condition of the growing crops. The greatest care is exercised in preventing this information from getting into the hands of speculators ahead of time, for gambling purposes. There are over fifty agricultural experiment stations which are engaged in testing the value of seeds by actual experiment. Their aggregate work results in adding a great amount of valuable information to the sum of agricultural knowledge possessed by the farmers.

Unrelenting campaigns are conducted against the codling moth, the gypsy moth, the orange thrip, the brown-tail moth, and myriads of insect pests that annually destroy over a billion dollars' worth of plant life.

Hon. Daniel E. Garrett
Rep.-at-Large, Texas

The Bureau of Plant Industry is doing remarkably good work in extirpating the noxious

**Hon. Francisco J. Paynado**
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Dominican Republic.



**Hon. Pedro Ezequel Rojas**
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of Venezuela.

diseases of plants, which it studies as thoroughly as physicians study the diseases of the human race. It also explores the world for new crops for American farmers. Dates have been brought from Egypt, grapes from France, olives and figs from Itlay, wild peaches from China, rice from Siam, onions from Spain, millet from Siberia, and many other varieties of plants from remote parts of the earth.

A remarkable instance of the effectiveness of this method of adding to the resources of agriculture is shown in the rice industry. Some years ago rice plants were brought from China and planted in South Carolina. Now there are over six hundred thousand acres of rice grown annually in the Southern States, which bring a return of over fifteen million dollars to the planters, and add a valuable food staple to the list of American cereals.

For the purpose of increasing the knowledge of farmers in regard to the varieties of birds in the country, the Agricultural Department has issued a beautiful little book showing every species in natural colors. This book is in great demand. A Western Congressman requested a local paper to publish an announcement to the effect that he would send a copy to any one who would write to him. One of his constitunets read the notice hastily and immediately wrote as follows:

*"I just seen youre advertisement about free birds an rite too send me one of youre gren talking parrotts. If you haven't no parrotts left an irish thrush will do."*

The Congressman sent him a spelling-book.

The Department, under the administration of Secretary Houston, has taken on an impetus that promises well for the future of American Agriculture, and the American farmer will soon be in a class by himself—the class that raises mortgages in rotation with other crops.

**Hon. Clement Brumbaugh**
**Rep., 12th Dist., Ohio**

**Hon. William Richardson**
**Rep., 8th Dist., Ala.**

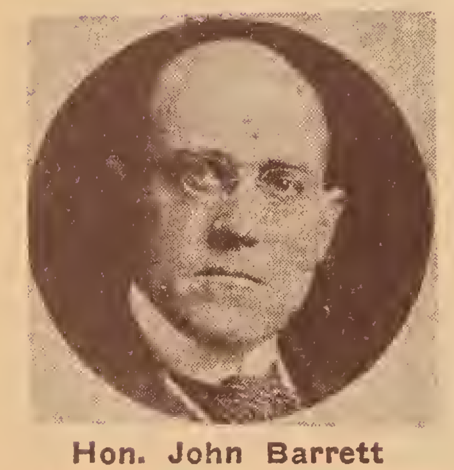
## CHAPTER XXXVII

## A CAPITAL PLANNED TO ORDER.

Hon. George W. Rauch
Rep. 11th Dist., Ind.

NO book on Washington would be complete without a reference to the man who so ably planned it. It is the only capital in the world designed solely for the purposes of government, and the only one named after a nation's first leader.

As it stands today it expresses the personal taste and intentions of George Washington, who selected its site, and under whose fostering care the foundations were so securely laid that today it has become one of the great capitals of the world. As he passed on his way to and from Georgetown, the site of the future capital was familiar to him and a more appropriate setting for a governmental city it would be difficult to secure.



Hon. John Barrett
Director Pan.-A'erican Union

He selected a young military engineer Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a Frenchman and a near relative of D'Estaing, only twenty-two years of age, to draw a plan for the new federal city.

Fixing upon the elevated plateau in the eastern quarter as a site for the Capitol, the young engineer planned to locate the other public buildings in the west, over a mile away.

If Washington has become one of the great capitals of the world and grown to be the most beautiful city of this great nation, it is largely due to the far-sightedness of this talented young engineer "who planned a capital, not for thirteen colonies, but for a republic of fifty states, and for hundreds of millions of inhabitants;"—a regal city conceived in the spirit of Tom Moore's prophetic lines,

"In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this 'second Rome.' "

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